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The Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

VOL. III

PART I.

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SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSH

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THE OBJECT OF THE MAGAZINE.

The main object of the "Hindu Spiritual Magazine" is to render death—which has a horror most men—easy to meet with. It contains articles calculated to throw light on life after death, on manifestations of psychic experiences and other cognate subjects of the spiritual world or bearing on mesmerism or the Yoga system of the Hindus.

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THE
Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

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EDITED BY

Shishir Kumar Ghose.

VOL. III

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

No. 7

SPIRITUALISM TESTED BY COMMON-
SENSE.

—:-(X):—

SPIRITUALISM claims that men live after death in the spirit world, and the demans of that world, can, under certain circumstances, communicate with men in this earth. In an article in our last, we said that the spirits promised to prove scientifically the two propositions referred to above, and they have fulfilled that promise. Two years ago this Magazine was started in India with a view to investigate into the claims of spiritualism. Let us now see whether the new facts published by this journal are or are not sufficient to prove the claims of spiritualism.

We believe, we have published enough incidents to prove its philosophy. We shall now only deal with those facts on which there can possibly be no doubt whatsoever.

Take, for instance, the incident of pelting of stones in the town of Deoghur, witnessed by the Editor and many hundreds of men in broad daylight, and in an open field, where there was no possibility even for a hare or a fox to conceal itself.

Let us quote from the first article on the subject —

"As I said, it was broad daylight and though there were hundreds, present, none could tell whence the stones came. The inmates of the house had come back and they were kept in one place huddled together so that they might play tricks. But the scene that presented itself (it was literally hailing stones) convinced every one that there would be no trick at the bottom. The yard was soon filled with the clouds of earth, stones, &c., and they became almost knee-deep in a short time.

"But the most wonderful feat, performed by the ghost yet remain to be told. A big piece of stone, weighing over hundred pounds (more than a *moot*) which it would be difficult for one strong man to carry, was brought out from the bottom of the well which stood on one side of the yard and thrown into the yard. A little before this we had heard a splashing of water in the well, and the big stone was brought out and made to drop in the yard with a thud. This so terrified the sight-seers, that while some fled others took shelter in the huts.

"I had a notion that the girl was a medium and it went through her that the ghost was playing his pranks. This

SPIRITUALISM TESTED BY

motion I gathered by observing one fact. It was this. The clods fell most were the girl's. So, I led her and Gonori's wife to the Eastern side of the house in a field where mustard had been grown, but gathered. It was an open field, filled with clods of earth among which, no doubt, the ghost had found some of his missiles. I made the girl and the woman sit in the field. There they sat, and wonder of wonders, the clods round them began, as it were, to dance! Thus a clod would rise, say four or five feet from the earth and fall down. At times more than one clod would thus rise up and fall down. Here then we had the scene of clods of earth in the midst of the field dancing, as if they were imbued with life, and this at about eleven in the day and in the presence of hundreds. It seemed to me that in the field the ghost had not power enough to be able to throw the clods to any distance."

Now it is simply impossible to disbelieve a manifestation like this. The man who does so is either a knave or a fool; no amount of testimony will convince such a block-head of any fact whatsoever.

Now this pelting of stones does not prove spiritualism conclusively. But it proves that there is an energy which is outside man that can exert considerable force upon matter. To prove spiritualism we have to prove three propositions:—

Namely, (1) there exists an energy which is beyond the control of man; (2) this energy is intelligent; and (3) this intelligent energy is only the spirits of men. The Deoghour incident does not prove much intelligence, though it does, it here and there and that in a remarkable degree. As for

instance, the tricks played by the ghost or ghosts as described in the following paragraphs of the article:—

"Well, we three sat, facing one another. There was almost as clear a light in the room as there was outside. I then addressed the ghost, and requested him that now was the time for him to shew wonders. Saying this we remained quiet. Of course, our people know what a *shika* is—it is a contrivance made of jute like a sling to hang pots and cups on. A *shika* was hanging behind me, on which was placed a cup made of *sal* leaves, containing a small quantity of a sort of coarse pulse grown in those parts, called Kurthi. I heard a rustling sound behind me, and on turning my eyes I saw that the leaf cup, was trying, as it were, to leave its place. After some slight efforts it succeeded in raising itself and pouring its contents, (the Kurthi) upon my devoted head. Of course, I was amused a little at this prank though I was also frightened a bit. So the ghost, was a wit. I told him 'you have soiled my head.' But the ghost, of course, could not speak, and so I got no answer. A minute or so later, I heard a noise proceeding again from the same spot. This time I saw it was a wooden bowl which produced it. The bowl, which had also been put on the *shika*, shewed signs of life, and it seemed that it was also trying to come out of its place of confinement. After some efforts it succeeded in releasing itself and coming towards me. And the bowl now poured its contents upon my head!

"All this while the girl and the woman were sitting before me in broad daylight. And what did this bowl contain? It was salt! So Mr. Ghost poured all the salt that the bowl contained upon my head!

"This was joke number two. And we all three laughed. 'Can you speak, even in whispers?'—I asked the ghost. No answer. There was a bamboo stick—a lathi, in short, a bamboo club about 5ft. in length—in the room, leaning against a corner. This was the third object which was seen to shew signs of life. It trembled a little, as if some one was shaking it, then it stood erect. Next it began to move and approach me by short jumps as some birds would do, when hopping! And then it seemed to me as if somebody had grasped it with both hands and was, in that manner, carrying it towards me; then it struck the earth with great force. My head escaped by a few inches only! If the club had fallen upon my head, it would have received a serious hurt. It seemed to me that the ghost was giving me a hint to depart and thus escape worse treatment."

Here then is intelligence proved.

But we shall prove intelligence also from other equally proved manifestations of spirit power.

We shall next refer to the burial of Haridas, published in Number 5th of this journal (1906) page 351. The accounts of this case are to be found in histories of the Punjab written by Englishmen. Haridas allowed himself to be buried in a vault upon which was sown barley and when it was cut, the tomb was opened by Maharajah Rajit Singh himself and many English officers and soldiers.

The achievements of Haridas have been witnessed by Political Agent Wade, Residency Surgeon Dr. McGregor, Dr. Murray, Mr. Resident Macnaughten, Lieut. Bouleau, General Ventura, Dr. Honigberger, Col. Osborne and six hundred British soldiers who had accompanied the mission to Ranji.

Sing from the British Government, not to say millions of Hindus. No doubt the recorded achievements of Haridas, in short, is to doubt one's own existence. Be it said here that, a crop of barley was sown in the ground under which Haridas in the box was interred by the orders of the Maharajah to make things sure. From the above incident we can deduce that (1) Yoga is really a science and not a delusion, and (2) that the soul is separate from the body, and that the former is everything while the latter is nothing.

The achievements of Haridas do not prove spiritualism completely, but they prove that the soul is separate from the body. It is the soul which gives life to the body. And the soul can exist fully without its body. Haridas's soul returned to the body because it had not been destroyed, but if it had been destroyed the living soul would have fled somewhere else.

The pelting of stones at Deoghur was witnessed by many hundreds of people. The disturbance at the Ahitola (Calcutta) haunted house was also witnessed by a large number of people for several months together, day and night, morning and evening. What Babu Surendra Nath Dhole, B. A., 24-1 Santisam Ghose's Street, himself witnessed, he thus describes:-

WHAT I MYSELF WITNESSED.

1. I saw first small pieces of stones arranged symmetrically on the terrace.

2. The sudden appearance of the water-jar with water, vermilion, and flowers strewn round about it.

3. The worship of Kali with the jar, and fresh, rare and unknown flowers every day, and the increase of water in the jar day by day.

SPIRITUALISM TESTED BY COMMON-SENSE. 7

4. Flowers, milk, sweetmeats etc. placed there daily by the poor man.

5. The Spirit used the flowers and partook of the milk and sweetmeats, and kept something as *prosail*.

6. The *phiz* requisites, milk, sweetmeats &c were kept under a basket with a heavy weight upon it, but he partook of them and put the basket in the same place with the weight upon it as had been done by us.

7. Pelting of stones day and night and everywhere inside the house, and on the roof.

8. Some amulets were kept at the base of the pitcher, and here a few days some fresh roots were found in them.

9. A *Rajah* (ghost doctor) was brought who performed ceremonies, and we heard whispers from above the water jar.

10. Pelting of big stones and bricks on water pitcher and big water pots, and breaking them to pieces.

11. Two big water pots (Jalas) were kept in a room properly locked up, but they were found broken and some bricks and stones lying scattered there.

12. A heavy stone lying by my side was found slowly rising in the air, and then falling upon another big pitcher just in front of me, and breaking it to pieces.

13. Smoking men when asleep by pillows.

14. Another strange thing which struck me most was the rising of the very stones lying on the terrace and then falling down upon us as they had life.

15. Some gentlemen visited the haunted house and said that they did not believe in the pelting of stones and that there were no such beings as ghosts. If there were any he should prove his existence by pelting stones. As soon as they said this, a shower of stones came down in response to their call.

16. One day while we were seated we found a bunch going up and coming down automatically, as if it were imbued with life.

17. The same *Rajah* who performed the ceremonies a week ago was brought again and he tried to invoke the ghost, but in vain.

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As soon as he said that the ghost was not there a heavy brick was thrown just in front of the *Rajah*, and in our presence.

18. Pelting of stones in the kitchen was so frequent that we had to stop cooking there.

19. Disturbances increased at night; playing tricks with the mouth when asleep by removing their pillows and playing other pranks.

20. The pious man who lived there boasted that the ghost was very kind to him, in neither doing any mischief in his room nor throwing any stone there. Scarcely was this remark made than three or four stones were found falling within the room in succession.

21. The clanging of tin canisters in the air was a very weird sight.

22. The breaking of lamps by stones, — all lamps of the house broke in this way.

23. The breaking of cooking utensils, such as, earthen pots, &c. &c.

24. The pouring of water into the fireplace to put out the fire.

25. Burning lamps suddenly going out.

26. The sudden rising of brass pots with water and then falling with the top side down thereby pouring water into the fire place.

27. The breaking of brass pots while placed on fire for cooking.

28. Sudden burning of cloths hanging from a string on the wall.

29. Setting fire to account books, cloths, quilts, pillows, &c.

It was when the ghost began to burn their bedding and valuable papers that they found themselves under the necessity of vacating the premises. Now there cannot be any manner of doubt that there was no trickery in the above manifestations. It was not only the gentleman noted above who saw the manifestation but hundreds of others. The manifestations were seen for months together, and at every hour of not only night but day, and it is impossible to attribute them to any but occult causes.

"H. S. Magazine," July, 1906

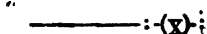
It was not only Mr. Dhale, as we said before, who saw these, but a large number of people, for several weeks together. It is impossible to disbelieve such facts. Here we see all three propositions of spiritualism proved. We see the manifestation

SPIRITUALISM TESTED BY COMMON-SENSE. 9

of energy by invisible agents, we see display of intelligence, and we see an admission by the intelligence that he is a man, though invisible. Said one who had gone there to see the ghost: "I don't believe in ghosts" and immediately evidence was given to him of their existence by a manifestation in day light before many. Another said, "the ghost is not here" and immediately it was proved by the ghost that he was there. It is impossible to resist such evidence.

Let us now note the case of the girl-spirit who came back to her home and stayed there. She would have not gone, at least so hurriedly, if she had not been almost driven by her parents. The father came to us, who was an intimate friend of the Editor, and who was not only highly educated but held a high office under Government. How his dead daughter came back step by step into the house is described in our article which appeared in Vol. 1, No. 4.

EVIDENCE OF IMMORTALITY.



THE popular belief is that the spirits who are more worldly generally manifest themselves to us, and that they are also, generally speaking, mischievous. It is believed that the dear ones, who have become "earth-bound" after their death, do not spare even those by whom they were most dearly loved on earth. Indeed, just as the dear ones, who have unfortunately become insane are not trusted, so the spirits of dear ones, when they have become earth-bound, are not trusted. Then very nature would, it is believed, tempt them to commit mischief and they would not spare even fathers or mothers, husbands or wives, sons, or daughters. Such, however, is not the case—at least not always, nor generally. For innumerable instances are on record which go to shew that people, after death, retain the love and hatred they might have entertained while here. In your June (1906) number I find an excellent case recorded, in which a dead sister is alleged to have materialized herself to nurse her little brother when he was ill, and spending hour after hour with him. Her parents, however, did not like this arrangement, that some harm might happen to them, strongly objected to their daughter mixing too much with them. When she found that she was not wanted but was rather

treated with suspicion by her own parents, she took leave of them with a heavy heart, and was seen no more.

There is also a story quoted in one of your back issues in which it is said, that a father had to materialize himself for his son of eight, who had been left alone and helpless in this world. His great love for his son enabled him to accomplish this feat, and he was permitted to return and remain one full year, for making some provision for his son. It is also related in that greatest of Epics, the *Mahabharat*, that the great saint Vyas succeeded in drawing down a whole army from the other world to meet their dear ones on earth, and that these hosts were permitted to remain one night with their friends. This prejudice that an earth-bound must be an enemy even to his dearest friends, on earth, can only be removed by studying spiritualism. Here is a story which is absolutely true, which will shew that an earth-bound does sometimes serve his friends on earth, instead of doing them harm. This case was witnessed by my friend, Dr. N. C. Sen* of Damodar, who himself related the facts to me. Like me he was an unbeliever in spirits, but his personal experiences at last compelled him to believe in spiritualism.

The Hindus get their girls married early, and so do the Mahomedans of this country. Two years after his marriage, Dr. Sen set out one day, in August, 1890, for his father-in-law's place, in Khulispur (Nafail Sub-Division) to bring home his wife, a girl of 13 summers. He reached the place at about 5 in the afternoon. The day was cloudy

* Dr. Nepal Chandra Sen is now at Navadwip, where he is a homoeopathic practitioner. Ed.

and it had been raining all day. As the house was a small one, he was received in the verandah where he found a few gentlemen, young and old, talking on various subjects. He took his seat among them and joined in their conversation. It was close upon evening, but still the party continued their idle gossip, as they could not stir out on account of the rain. In course of the conversation, one of the party idly remarked, "Oh it is nasty weather, can any one show us a piece of earth which is dry?" Hardly was it said than there dropped in their midst a clod of dry earth, ostensibly from the mud-wall of the house. My friend, the doctor, was evidently very much surprised at this, but those present did not seem to take much notice of this uncanny occurrence. They continued their conversation as if nothing had happened. My friend at this took it to be a good joke played by some one present. After nearly 4, or 5 hours dinner was announced and the party broke up, there being now present in the house only my friend, the Doctor, and his father-in-law, the late Umesh Chandra Dutta. Among the female members also there were only two in the house, the girl-wife of my friend and her mother.

The usual custom is to cook the food and partake of it in a separate house set apart for the purpose. But as it was a rainy day, the dishes were brought into a room of the main house, where my friend and his father-in-law sat down to partake of them. Nepal Babu, my friend, having finished his dinner earlier than his father-in-law, went out into the verandah to wash his hands and mouth. After this he desired to have a napkin to wipe his face with. No

sooner had he wished than lo! there fell into his hands a napkin! From the light that was there, it could be clearly seen that there was none in the verandah at the time. His father-in-law, who kept no servant, was still taking his meal in the room and the two female members were in the cook-shed. His head reeled when he saw this but the napkin was there in his hands sure enough. Who could have given it? He at once recalled the incident of the inexplicable appearance of the dry clod of earth in their midst a few hours before. However, he made the best use of the napkin, and sat down, as before, in the verandah.

While sitting there he felt the desire of having a smoke. Every Hindu knows it that it is forbidden in Hindu society to smoke before an elder, or one worthy of respect. So Nepal thought of getting a smoke before his father-in-law came to the verandah where he was expected after his dinner. The *hookah* was there, the *chillum*, tobacco, everything necessary for the smoke. But where was the fire to be got? There were no matches nor any fire in the verandah,—but hardly had this thought occurred to him than he found before him a fire-pot! My friend now found himself almost losing his senses. For, this time, he could plainly see that his wishes were being complied with by an unseen agency, it being not possible for an ordinary mortal to enter into his mind, know his wishes and act accordingly. He clearly saw that the fire had not been supplied by any one belonging to the house. For he found his mother-in-law still engaged in serving out food to her husband. His girl-wife had not and could not come. However, he took the matter in excellent humour and, making the best of the opportunity, smoked. Next his

father-in-law appeared and smoked without, however, at all questioning how the fire-pot had come to be there. Though Nepal was still thinking of the strange occurrences, he did not question his father-in-law about them but remained silent.

With the advance of night Nepal found himself in bed with his wife. It was then that he thought he would get an explanation of his queer experiences. His wife, on hearing him, only smiled, and said that they would at times get even greater services from the unseen than the petty ones rendered to him. It was the spirit, of a relation of theirs who was rendering such uncalled-for services ever since his death, which had taken place a year ago. Though the spirit did them practically no harm but on the other hand did them many useful services, and had not done anything to frighten anybody, both her father and mother were disgusted with him and had several times thought of giving *Pinda* at Gya, to get rid of him, but could not carry out their wishes on this time on account of their poverty. You readers very well know that the belief here is that earth-bounds are released by the offering of a *pinda* (an offering with certain ceremonies) on their behalf at Gya, a city in Upper Bengal. On the following morning Nepal broached the subject to his father-in-law who confirmed what his wife had said and inquired of Nepal if he could be of any help to them in the matter. Nepal himself thereupon undertook to have the *Pinda* ceremony performed at Gya.

This was done and strange as it may appear, nothing was heard of the spirit after the ceremony.

BIDHU BHUSAN GHOSE,
Head Master, Basundia School.
Basundia P. O. Dt. Jessore.

OCCULT THERAPEUTICS.

—: (X) :—

(Continued)

IN my last article, I dealt with Magnetic Healing, and now I come to

MENTAL HEALING

Mental Healing is the treatment or control of the mind in the cells, either direct, or through the central mind of the patient. This form of healing includes what is known as Self-healing, Suggestive healing, Absent healing, etc.

Mental healing is based upon the effect of mind upon the body. The body responds to the mental states of the central mind, and anything affecting the latter naturally affects the former. In giving mental treatment, the healer forms a mental picture of the ideal condition that he wishes to bring about, and raises his vibrations until they reach the proper stage, when he telepathically transmits them to the mind of the patient, the result being that the vibrations are produced there, and the consequence is that the mind of the patient, which has absolute control of the sensations, functions, and conditions of the body—reacts upon the mind in the cells and re-establishes normal conditions. In short, the healing power depends upon the degree of realisation of the supremacy of mind, and the greater the degree of

realisation, the greater the degree of success in mental healing. Now this realisation is imperfect in the average sick person, and here is where the healer comes into service and renders valuable assistance to the patient.

SELF HEALING.

Self Healing consists of the repetition of affirmations or auto-suggestions, and may be administered to one's self, with the best possible effect. A man's physical health is largely a matter of self-suggestion. The central mind gives commands to the subordinate cell-centres or cell-minds, and the latter always carry them out.

"As a man thinketh, so is he" is an old maxim the truth of which is becoming clearer and clearer to us every day. Just as one may bring sickness upon himself by improper suggestions, so may he restore himself to health by proper suggestions. The right way to start in a course of Self-suggestions is to practice right thinking, and right thinking consists in maintaining the proper mental attitude of *cheerfulness* and *fearlessness*. These two things make a powerful force.

Cheerfulness promotes health, while *fear* does the reverse. Fear poisons the cells of the body, and acts as a brake on the mind, preventing the latter from doing its accustomed work properly. Remove the fear, and the cause of the trouble ceases to exist. The mind recovering its equilibrium, again restores normal functioning, and normal functioning, after all, is what we call health.

SUGGESTIVE HEALING.

Suggestive healing is based upon the treatment of mind by oral suggestions, in which the healer impresses upon the patient

the desired physical conditions. The aptitude to receive suggestions varies in persons; in the hypnotic state it is particularly developed, when the degree of susceptibility or receptivity is considerably heightened. Suggestion gains force by repetition, and where one is not influenced by a single suggestion, repeated suggestions along the same lines have a much greater effect.

In Suggestive healing, before a patient can be successfully treated, it is necessary that he should have a certain definite attitude of mind, and that attitude of mind is best defined by the word "faith." It may be asked "why is it that faith has anything to do with the exercise of the healing power, if it be true that the real cure is effected through the mind in the cells?" This is a good question, and the reply to it is, that the healing power, being a mental force, is necessarily governed by mental conditions, and while it is true that the cure is effected through the mind in the cells, still it is a fact that these cells, instead of doing their work the best, they know why, do as little as possible, and remain negative to the influence of the central mind of the patient, though the cells, through their minds, being amenable to control by suggestion, it follows that the mind in the cells may be controlled by suggestion, firmly and intelligently applied, and the desired result obtained.

ABSENT HEALING.

Absent Healing means the treatment of the patient at a distance. It is accomplished by means of telepathy. Telepathy, like wireless telegraphy, was once disbelieved, but is now beginning to be recognised by the scientific world. In giving Absent treatment, the healer forms a clear-cut mental image

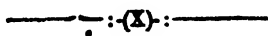
of the patient, and proceeds in precisely the same way as if the patient were seated in front of him. He intently thinks of the conditions that he wishes to bring about, and sees them in his mind's eye, just as if they were actually before him, exposed to his physical gaze. Like the Marconi waves, the thoughts of the healer, charged with magnetism, flash across space and reach the mind of the person attuned to receive them, where they set up vibrations of such intensity and strength that the patient is restored to health.

The process of transmitting the thought is not difficult or strenuous. In fact, this part of the work seems almost automatic. All that the healer has to do is to form the desired mental image—and, that once accomplished the thought is easily transmitted by a mere act of will or desire. Many healers fix certain hours for treatment. This is not absolutely necessary, for the patient is always attuned to receive harmonious vibrations from the healer, by reason of his constant expectancy. But in cases where hours are agreed upon, the patient places himself in a state of passivity and receptivity, during which period, the healer sends forth thought vibrations by actually uttering the words or speaking them mentally. Absent healing is not a case of *mind* against *matter*, but *mind* against *mind*, the *will-mind* against the *cell-mind*.

Now I might go on writing page after page, but any attempt to give further directions would be useless, and mere repetition. Under the head of Mental healing, I have given in a few words the very essence of the teaching, which the reader will find to underlie all forms of healing, under whatever names they may be disguised and masked.

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Practical Hypnotist and Psychic Healer.

SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA FOUND IN INDIA.



IN Europe and America there are numerous societies, for collecting, tabulating and investigating phenomena which are called supernormal or superphysical, instead of by the common denomination, supernatural, because, it is believed, that these phenomena, though they appear, at present, to be wholly inexplicable, by the known laws of nature, will be found, at some future period, with the advance of our knowledge of the laws of nature, nothing more or less than particular cases of some hitherto unknown natural laws, which nevertheless govern the whole created universe. At the present time, we are perhaps far away off to understand the nature and operation of such laws. Still evidently it is our duty to collect all individual cases of such supernormal phenomena, with all necessary evidences which will go to show their genuineness. India is the home of this kind of phenomena, and perhaps in no country in the world they occur in such abundance. But unfortunately, in India very little scientific interest as compared with the western countries is taken regarding them.

I would bring it to the notice of the readers of the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* that it might contribute a good deal

to the scientific knowledge, if they could only report such cases of supernormal phenomena which came to their notice, in a faithful way. A western scientific man will care far more for a definite physical phenomena, apparently going against the known laws of nature than any manifestation of 'spirits'. I am also inclined to think that the study of the kind of phenomena above described may be of far greater importance for the development and progress of the science of spiritualism than to concern oneself only with the indefinite class of phenomena known as the manifestation of spirits, or ghost stories. I proceed to report below a case of super physical phenomenon, which is undoubtedly a puzzle to scientific men and the authenticity of which need not be doubted in view of the respectable men whom I cite as witnesses.

There is a Pujari Thakur, a priest, who worships the image of a god, an idol named Radha Govinda, at the village and the post office named Ramdia Nali, sub-division Manikgunj, district Dacca. The name of the Pujari Thakur is Guru Charan Chakravarti. He is an inhabitant of Patia in the district of Ghittagong. He is serving as Pujari for more than 30 years and is aged at present nearly 60 years, though he has kept a stout and stalwart appearance. He can produce, at any time, if requested, by the mere exercise of his will, without the influence of any visible agency, camphor, sugar, *Santosh*, *Batasa*, (varieties of sweetmeat.) Sometimes he would take a little quantity of dust between his right index finger and thumb and will breathe upon the same for a second or two. Then when he will pour out the dust on the hand of a visitor, the latter will notice that it is

SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA FOUND IN INDIA. 21

no longer pure dust, but is mixed either with particles of camphor or sugar. In some rare instances the whole of the dust is converted into either of the two articles. Immediately after the exhibition of the phenomenon, the exhibitor manifests signs of being under the influence of some very strong nervous strain. His eyes become reddened, his hands tremble, his breathings become spasmodic and short and he cannot utter anything for about five minutes. The Pujari is very averse to exhibit his powers publicly and it requires a good deal of persuasion to induce him to show the phenomena. The reason he adduces for this is that he has been prohibited by his Guru, who is a Fakir, to make any display of his power. His explanation is that he has got some spirits under his control and with their help he is able to produce the phenomena.

An eye-witness describes one of these phenomena thus. When the Pujari was cooking his food at about 8 p. m. in the night, a gentleman suddenly called upon him and induced him, after much persuasion, to show some phenomenon. He suggested that a *Batasa* (suga. cake) should be produced immediately. The Pujari looked towards the sky and closed his fist. When the fist was opened an entire *Batasa* was found in his hand, which he gave to the visitor who tasted it and found it to be a real *Batasa*. The *Batasa* produced appeared like one of local manufacture. The phenomena produced by the Pujari have been witnessed by the following gentlemen, who had taken all necessary precautions for testing the genuineness of the phenomena* :—

*Is it jugglery or is it the work of spirits? Indian jugglery which has a world-wide reputation is now almost a

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Babu Satish Chandra Sen, M. A. B. L., Special Excise
Deputy Collector, Burdwan.

Babu Umesh Chandra Sen, B. L., Munsiff, Perojpur.

Babu Jagadish Chandra Sen, B. L., Munsiff, Durbhanga.

Babu Abinash Chandra Sen, L.M. S., Medical Practitioner,
Dacca.

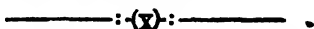
Babu Satyendra Nath Sen, Pleader, Manickgunge.

Babu Purna Chandra Sen, Press Correspondent, Allahabad.

DR. SARASI LAL SARKAR, M. A.

thing of the past. We refer our readers to the wonders shewn by the so-called Bengalee jugglers to Emperor Jehangere, which the Emperor himself described. Each one of them shews unmistakable super-normal power. A wonderful account of jugglery has been supplied to us by Babu Abinash Chandra Das of Azimgunge which is likely to appear in our next.—Ed
H. S. M.

COMMUNICATION WITH THE DEAD.



WE quote the following from an American paper which is neither sympathetic nor antagonistical :

"Sir Oliver Lodge, F. R. S., after causing a good deal of anxiety for some time past to friends of his scientific reputation, has gone over to the necromancers. He declares it to be his opinion that 'a good case has been made out' for accepting the possibility of 'lucid moments of intercourse with departed spirits.' He speaks of 'definite and crucial' tests having convinced him, and he gives us on his own account some positive information about the next world. The departed spirits, he tells us, have displayed as much ingenuity as ourselves (which is saying a good deal) in bridging the gulf, and he knows that 'there has been distinct cooperation' between the two sides. He also mentions some mental and moral characteristics of the other worlders, and we are disappointed to gather that on the whole the change is less startling than we had supposed. In short, we warn the whole faculty of philosophers of the occult that they will find something to their advantage by consulting the August number of *Harper's Magazine*.

"An irresistible accumulation of proofs has, it appears, forced Sir Oliver to take this *mauvais pas*. For twenty years, little as we had suspected it, members of the Psychica

Research Society have been holding back 'excellent evidence' of chats with the dead on the bare possibility of explaining the matter some other way. Sir Oliver has now come to the conclusion that this 'chance has ceased to deserve consideration and that the inevitable significance of the material must no longer be concealed. His article is apparently an 'advance notice' of the publication of it, and though it offers no scrap of the evidence itself it gives some glimpse of its general nature.

"New methods have not been employed in obtaining it. Sir Oliver believes in such familiar mediums as our own Mrs. Piper as the sole channel of intercourse. It will be remembered that in the *trance à la* Piper spirit and body are supposedly 'dislocated,' that is to say, the spirit is said to retire and leave the body to itself, like a typewriter whose operator has gone home. In this vacant hour a departed spirit, roaming bodiless, espies, or, as Sir Oliver says, 'detects,' the deserted instrument and eagerly takes possession and 'makes use of it to achieve some desired influence on the physical world'—usually to set the medium's tongue or hand to 'work conveying messages. The 'crucial' tests by which Sir Oliver was overcome are directed, of course, to determining the origin of such messages. Do the words really come from 'beyond the veil' or only from the medium, either unaided or else 'telepathically' influenced by some other living person? That is the question which Sir Oliver believes may be settled by the following devices :

" 'Cross-correspondence,' that is, the reception of part of the message through one medium and part through another, is good evidence of one intelligence dominating both automatists. And if the message is charac-

testific of some particular deceased person, and received by people to whom he was not intimately known, then it is fair proof of the continued activity of the personality.'

'Sir Oliver assures us that we may look in the near future for much evidence thus rigorously controlled, and of a completer and more impressive quality than any yet submitted to us. The prospect is not without a serious side, and we venture to speculate how the public mind is likely to be affected. One probability seems to be thrown into relief by past experience. We believe the public will pay most attention to the fulfilment of that particular condition which spiritualists have hitherto most unaccountably neglected—the condition roughly denoted above by Sir Oliver with the word 'characteristic.' It is a goodish while since Defoe wrote his treatise about apparitions, wherein he finally summed up sceptically because all the manifestations he could hear of were so sadly senseless and illogical. That is still the commonest objection to the alleged intercourse, the results of which might indeed cause a man if asked by Browning 'What comes next?' to reply 'The madhouse.' A passage in Sir Oliver's article excites our misgivings whether he will, after all, meet this objection any less scurvily than his predecessors have done; any better than the Darwinian, Dr. Alfred Wallace, for instance, who could only dodge it by putting the horse behind the cart in this fashion: 'If intelligent beings of another order do communicate with us, this fact is of such overwhelming importance that the question [of their saying anything worth while] is altogether subordinate.'

'Sir Oliver's answer, alas, is scarcely less artful in evading what the pigheaded public happens to demand. 'The objec-

tion often raised,' he remarks, 'that the communications are trivial, shows a lack of intelligence or of reflection. The object is to get not something dignified but something evidential; and what evidence of persistent memory could be better than the recollection of trifling incidents?' We fear that the public will hardly recognize the implied monopoly of the Psychical Research Society in so portentous a matter, Sir Oliver writes as if, the entire company of the dead, mighty and otherwise, were confining their attention to the doings of that society and to its plan of inquiry. The public, however, so far as it cares to imagine the possibility of extramundane intercourse, is apt to indulge its fancy in visions of the powerful departed spirits of 'great men' burning to 'get through' something of value to us, and the supposition of their being 'held up' by officials of the Psychical Research Society for purposes of identification and compelled to "restrict themselves to trifling reminiscences" may strike it as humorous. Besides, if identification is an unavoidable ceremony, could bright particular spirits possibly identify themselves better than by giving us 'a taste of their quality?' Would not that be far more convincing to us than any trifling reminiscences? Imagination fondly pictures them in their zeal to vsward infusing into their perchance other wise anonymous contributions an extra special dose of themselves, and trusting our *flair* to detect the brand. Yet nothing of the kind has ever 'come through' which might mislead the most innocent child!

"The demand of the public, already indicated more than once by it, for a proof of this awesome commerce first of all by distinctive utterances from renowned spirits whose

sharply stamped powers and manner are well known to all, has in truth on its side plenty of reason, if we may venture to use that word in discussing this matter. If a description of the next world purporting to come from, say, Shakespeare or Goethe and rising clear to the full height of their genius should happen to befall us at a seance, we should then find ourselves in the fix of having to accept either necromancy or else the existence in the living world of a marvellous force which no one had yet discovered there and which was the double of a marvellous force already manifested in another period. Between such alternatives we might perhaps for at least one moment hesitate, as soon as the shock of the poem had left us free to think. On the other hand, a commonplace interview with some departed nonentity of no special brand could never, however ingenious the contrivance by 'cross correspondence' or otherwise, land us in such straits.

"Difficult as it might be to explain the facts by supposing a 'telepathic' influence over the medium, by some living mind, near or remote, there would always exist this or some other bare possibility easier to accept than that of an infernal commerce, which beyond itself involves a whole cycle of other inconceivabilities. Moreover, interviews with great men ought actually to be more feasible than audience with the obscure. For surely the strongest and brightest spirits should be not only the most eager but also the most able to 'detect' any temporarily vacated instrument and to master it so as to push their communications through. Indeed, we may reasonably reproach these spiritual athletes for not having favored us before. For our part, we have

certainly given them every opportunity, providing in all ages a good sprinkling of Mrs. Pipers and many audiences quite as credulous and as eager as the members of the Psychical Research Society.

"Let us hope that Sir Oliver is about to reveal to us that they have repaired the omission at last."

A cautious man like Sir Oliver Lodge had no help but to admit the truth of spiritualism. For facts are stubborn things before which scientists who are truth-loving have to yield. Here is an evidence of the truth of spiritualism furnished by Sir Oliver Lodge himself:

"One of the best sitters' was my next door neighbour, Isaac C. Thompson, F. L. S., to whose name indeed before he had been in any way introduced, Phinuit sent a message purporting to come from his father. Three generations of his and of his wife's family living and dead (small and compact Quaker families) were, in the course of two or three sittings, conspicuously mentioned, with identifying detail; the main informant representing himself as his deceased brother, a young Edinburgh doctor, whose loss had been mourned some twenty years ago. The familiarity and touchingness of the messages communicated in this particular instance were very remarkable, and can by no means be reproduced in any printed report of the sitting. Their case is one in which very few mistakes were made, the details standing out vividly correct, so that in fact they found it impossible not to believe that their relatives were actually speaking to them." (From *Proceedings* S. P. R., Vol. VI. p. 455.)

Such cases as the above convinced Sir Oliver Lodge of the truth of Spiritualism as they are bound to convince every truth-seeking investigator.

THE SHADOW WORLD.



[MR. HAMLIN GARLAND is the President to the American Psychical Society of Boston. He has contributed a series of most interesting articles to *Everybody's Magazine* chiefly drawn from records of his own personal experiments. Mr. Hamlin says that for literary purposes he has thrown them into a series of conversations, and for other more obvious reasons he has concealed names and places; but no important phenomena have been consciously distorted. Without allegiance to any theory, he has followed where the evidence has led him. Mr. Hamlin has tried his best to make the difficult subject of spiritualism clear to persons of most ordinary intellect and, as such, the narrative is likely to be of great value to many of our Indian readers. We quote for the present, the first article of the series with a hope to reproduce others in future issues of the *H.S. Magazine*.]

A hush fell over the dinner-table, and every ear was open and inclined as Cameron, the host, continued: "No, I wouldn't say that. There are some things that are pretty well established—telepathy, for instance."

"I don't believe even in telepathy," asserted Mrs. Quigg, a very positive journalist, who sat at his right. "I think even *that* is mere coincidence."

Several voices rose in a chorus of protest. "Oh, no Telepathy is real. Why, I've had experiences—"

"There you go!" replied Mrs. Quigg, still in the heat of her opposition. "You will all tell the same story. Your friend was dying in Bombay or Vienna and his spirit appeared to you, *a la* Psychic Research, with a message at the exact hour, computing difference in time (which no one ever does), and so on. I know that kind of thing—but that isn't telepathy."

"What is telepathy, then?" asked little Miss Brush, who paints miniatures. 180615

"I can't describe a thing that doesn't exist," replied Mrs. Quigg. "The word means feeling at a distance, does it not, professor?"

Harris, a teacher of English, who seldom took a serious view of anything, answered, "I should call it a long distance touch."

"Do you believe in hypnotism, Dr. Miller?" asked Miss Brush, addressing her neighbor, a young scientist whose specialty was chemistry.

"No," replied he; "I don't believe in a single one of these supernatural forces."

"You mean you don't believe in anything you have not seen yourself," said I.

WHAT IS THERE IN HYPNOTISM?

To this Miller slowly replied: "I believe in Vienna, which I have never seen, but I don't believe in a Vienna doctor who claims to be able to hypnotize a man so that he can smile while his leg is being taken off."

"Oh, that's a fact," stated Brierly, the portrait painter, "that happens every day in our hospitals here in New York City."

"Have you ever seen it done?" asked Miller, bristling with opposition.

"No."

"Vell," asserted Miller, "I wouldn't believe it even if I saw the operation performed."

"You don't believe in any mystery unless it is familiar," said I, warming to the contest.

"I certainly do not believe in these childish mysteries," responded Miller, "and it is strange to me that men like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes should believe in slate-writing and levitation and all the rest of that hocus-pocus."

"Nevertheless, hypnotism is a fact," insisted Brierly. "You must have some faith in the big books on the subject filled with proof. Think of the tests,—"

"I don't call it a test to stick pins into a person's tongue," said Mrs. Quigg. "We newspaper people all know that there are in the hypnotic business what they call 'horses'—that is to say, wretched men and boys, women sometimes, who have trained themselves so that they can hold hot pennies, eat red pepper, and do other 'stunts'—we've had their confessions times enough."

"Yes, but their confessions are never quite complete," retorted young Howard. "When I was in college I had one of these 'horses' appeal to me for help. He was out of a job, and I told him I'd blow him to the support of his life if he would render up the secrets of his trade. He took my offer, but jarred me by confessing that the professor really could hypnotize him. He had to make believe only part of the time. His 'stunts' were mostly real."

"It's the same way with mediums," said I. "I have had a good deal of experience with them, and I've come to the conclusion that they all start with at least some small basis of abnormal power. Is it not rather suggestive that the number of practising mediums does not materially increase? If it were a mere matter of deception, would there not be thousands at the trade? As a matter of fact, there are not fifty advertising mediums in New York at this moment, though of course the number is kept down by the feeling that it is a bit disreputable to have these powers."

"You're too easy on them," said Howard. "I never saw one that wasn't a cheap skate."

Again I protested. "Don't be hasty. There are nice ones. My own mother had this power in her youth, so my father tells me. Her people were living in Wisconsin at the time, and the settlers from many miles around came to see her perform. An uncle, when a boy of four, did automatic writing, and an aunt recently wrote to me in relation to my book 'The Tyranny of the Dark,' that for two years (beginning when she was about seventeen) these powers of darkness made her life a hell. There are many decent people who are possessed by strange forces, but are shy of confessing their abnormalities. Ask your family physician. He will tell you that he always has at least one patient who is troubled by occult powers."

"They call it 'hysteria,'" said Harris. . . .

"Which doesn't explain anything," I answered. "Many apparently healthy people possess the more elementary of these powers—often without knowing it."

"We are all telepathic in some degree," declared Briery

THE READING OF SEALED LETTERS.

"Perhaps all the so-called messages from the dead come from living minds," I suggested — "I mean the minds of those about us. Dr. Reed, a friend of mine, once arranged to go with a patient to have a test sitting with a very celebrated psychic who claimed to be able to read sealed letters. Just before the appointed day, Reed's patient died suddenly of heart disease, leaving a sealed letter on his desk. The doctor, fully alive to the singular opportunity, put the letter in his pocket and hastened to the medium. The magician took it in his hand and pondered. At last he said: 'This was written by a man now in the spirit world. I cannot read it. There isn't a medium in the world who can read it, but if you will send it to any person anywhere on the planet and have it read and resealed, I will tell you what is in it. I cannot get the words unless some mind in the earth-plane has absorbed them.'"

Harris spoke first. "That would seem to prove a sort of universal mind reservoir, wouldn't it?"

"That is the way my friend figured it. But isn't that a staggering hypothesis?"

The hostess rose. "Suppose we go into the library and have more ghost stories. Come, Mr. Garland, we can't leave you men here to talk yourselves out on these interesting subjects. You must let us all hear what you have to say."

In more or less jocose mood the company trooped out to the library, where a fire was glowing in the grate and easy chairs abounded. ~~The~~ people bringing cushions.

placed themselves beside the hearth, whilst I took a seat near Mrs. Cameron and Harris.

THE ILLUSORY SIDE OF LIFE.

"There!" said Miss Brush, with a gurgle of delight "This is more like the proper light and surroundings for creepy tales. Please go on, Mr. Garland. You said you'd had a good deal of experience—tell us all about it. How did you happen to get into it?"

"It came about while I was living in Boston. It was in 1891, or possibly 1892. A friend, the editor of the *Arena*, asked me to become a member of the American Psychical Society, which he was helping to form. He wished me to go on the board of directors, because, as he said, I was 'young, a keen observer,' and without emotional bias'—by which he meant that I had not been bereaved."

"Quite right—the loss of a child or a wife weakens, even such a man as Lodge or Wallace," commented Harris. "No man who is mourning a relative has any business to be calling himself an investigator of spiritualism."

"Well, the upshot was I joined the society, became a member of the executive board and of a special committee on 'physical phenomena,' that is to say, slate-writing, levitation, and the like, and set to work. It was like entering a new, vague, and mysterious world. The first case I investigated brought out one of the most fundamental of these facts, which is, that this shadow world lies very close to the sunny so-called normal day. The secretary of the society had already begun to receive calls for help. A mechanic had written from South Boston asking us to see his wife's automatic writing, and a farmer had come down from

Concord, to tell us of a haunted house and the mysterious rappings on its walls. Almost in a day I was made aware of the illusory side of life."

SHADOW WORLD CLOSE TO NORMAL LIFE.

"Why illusory?" asked Brierly.

"Let us call it that for the present," I answered. "Among those who wrote to us was a woman from Lynn, whose daughter had developed strange powers. Her account, so straightforward and so precise, determined us to investigate the case. Therefore, our secretary (a young clergyman) and I took the train for Lynn one autumn afternoon. We found Mrs. Jones living in a small, old-fashioned frame house standing hard against the sidewalk, and through the parlor windows, while we awaited the psychic, I could watch an endless line of derby hats as the town's mechanics plodded by--incessant reminders of the practical, hard-headed world that filled the street. This was indeed a typical case. In half an hour we were all sitting about the table in a dim light, with the dear, sweet old lady talking to 'Charles' her 'poltergeist'--"

"What is that, please?" asked Mrs. Quigg.

"The word means a rollicking spirit who throws things about. I did not value what happened at this sitting, for the conditions were all the psychic's own. By the way, she was a large, blonde, strapping girl of twenty or so--one of the mill-hands--not in the least the sickly, morbid creature I had expected to see. As I say, the conditions were such as to make what took place of no scientific value, and I turned in no report upon it; but it was all very curious."

"What happened? Don't skip," bade Mrs. Cameron.

"Oh, the table rapped and heaved and slid about. A chair crawled to my lap and at last to the top of the table, apparently of its own motion. A little rocking-chair moved to and fro precisely as if some one were sitting in it, and so on. It was all unconvincing at the time, but as I look back upon it now, after years of experience, I am inclined to think part of it, at least, was genuine. And this brings me to say to Mrs. Quigg and to any other doubter, that you have only to step aside into silence and shadow and wait for a moment—and the bewildering will happen, or you will imagine it to happen. I will agree to furnish from this company a medium that will astonish even our materialistic friend Miller."

There was a loud outcry—"What do you mean? Explain yourself!"

A PSYCHIC SOCIETY FORMED.

"I am perfectly certain that if this company will sit as I direct for twenty-one days at the same hour, in the same room, under the same conditions, events will follow that will not merely amaze but scare some of you, and as for you, Mrs. Quigg, you who are so certain that nothing ever happens, you will be the first to turn pale with awe."

"Try me! I am wild to be 'shown.'"

Harris was not so boastful. "You mean, of course, that some of these highly cultured ladies would develop hysteria?"

"I am not naming the condition; I only say that I have seen some very hard-headed and self-contained people cut strange capers. The trance and 'impersonation' usually come first."

"Let's do it!" cried out Miss Brush. "It would be such fun!"

"You'll be the first to 'go off,'" said I, banteringly.

Harris agreed. "She is neuropathic."

"I propose we start a psychic society here and now," said Cameron. "I'll be president, Mrs. Quigg secretary, and Garland can be the director of the awful rites. Miss Brush, you shall be the 'mejum.'"

"I accept the arrangement provided you do not hold me responsible for any ill effects," I said. "It's ticklish business."

"Is the house ready for the question?" asked Cameron.

"Aye, aye!" shouted every one present.

"The society is formed," announced Cameron. "As president, I suggest a sitting, right now. How about it, Garland?"

"Certainly!" I answered, "for I have an itching in my thumbs that tells me something witching this way comes."

The guests rose in a flutter of pleased excitement, while I busied myself arranging my properties. "The first requisite is a small table——"

"Why a table?" asked Mrs. Quigg.

"It will help us to concentrate our minds, and it will also furnish a convenient place to rest our hands," I replied pacifically. "We may also require a pencil and a pad."

Miller was on his dignity. "I decline to sit at a table in this foolish way. I shall look on in lonely grandeur."

The others were eager to "sit in," as young Howard called it, and soon three of us were seated about a little

mahogany table. Brierly was very serious, Miss Brush ecstatic, and Mrs. Harris rather nervous.

I was careful to prepare them all for failure. "This is only a trial sitting, you know, merely to get our hands in," I warned.

"Must we keep still?"

"Oh, no! You may talk, if you do so quietly. Please touch fingers, so as to make a complete circuit. I don't think it really necessary, but it sometimes helps to produce the proper mental state, singing softly also tends to harmonize the 'conditions,' as the professionals say. Don't argue and don't be too eager. Lean back and rest. Take a passive attitude toward the whole problem. I find it very restful. Harris, will you turn down the lights before——"

"There!" said Miller, "the hocus-pocus begins. Why not perform in the light?"

"Subdued light will bring the proper negative and inward condition sooner," I replied.

WAVING FOR "THE GUIDES."

"Now will some one sing, 'Aminie Laurie,' or any other sweet, low song? Let us get into genial, receptive mood. Miller, you retire to the far end of the room."

In a voice that trembled a little, Mrs. Harris started the dear old melody, and all joined in, producing a soft and lulling chorus.

At the end of the song I asked matter-of-factly: "Are the conditions right? Are we sitting right?"

Mrs. Quigg sharply queried, "Whom are you talking to?"

"The Guides," I answered.

"The guides!" she exclaimed. "Do you believe in the guides?"

"I believe in the *belief* of the guides," was my cryptic rejoinder. "Sing again, please."

I really had no faith in the conditions of the circle. But for the joke of it I kept my sitters in place for nearly an hour by dint of pretending to hear creakings and to feel throbbings, until at last little Miss Brush became very deeply concerned. "I feel them too," she declared. "Did some one blow on my hands? I felt a cold wave."

Harris got up abruptly. "I'll join Miller," said he. "This tomfoolery is too idiotic for me."

Cameron followed, and Mrs. Quigg also rose. "I'll go with you," she said decidedly. "I was willing to quit too, but Mrs. Harris and Miss Brush pleaded with me to continue."

"Close up the circle, then. Probably Harris was the hoodoo. Things will happen now," I said briskly, though still without any faith in the experiment.

Hardly had Harris left the table when a shudder passed over Mrs. Harris, her head lifted, and her eyes closed.

"What's the matter, Dolly?" whispered Mrs. Cameron. "Do you feel faint?"

AMAZING DEVELOPMENTS.

"Don't be alarmed! Mrs. Harris is only passing into a sleep. Not a word, Harris!" I said warningly. "Please move farther away."

In the dusky light the faces of all the women looked suddenly blanched and strange as Mrs. Harris seized upon the table with her hands, shaking it hard from side to side. The table seemed to wake to diabolic energy under

her plans. This was an unexpected development, and I was much interested.

"Sing again," I commanded softly.

As they sang, Mrs. Harris withdrew her hands from the table and sat rigidly erect, yet with a peaceful look upon her face. At length one hand lifted and dropped limply upon the table. "It wants to write," said I. "Where is the pad? I have a pencil."

As I put a pencil under the hand, it was seized in a very singular way, and almost instantly Mrs. Cameron gasped. "That's very strange!"

"Hush!" said I. "Wait!"

Holding the pencil in all its fingers as a crippled person might do, the hand crept over the paper and at last, after writing several lines, stopped and lay laxly open. I passed the pad to Briery. "Read it aloud," I said.

"So, for me stopped. Believe me, you will be happy. I am only the minute's segment of the great work." "MAY I?"

"My father!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron. "Let me see the writing." Briery handed the pad to her. She stared in blank wonder. "It is his exact signature and Dolly held the pen just as he did—he was paralyzed toward the last and could only write—"

"Look! it's moving again," I exclaimed.

A MESSAGE TO A PAINTER.

The hand caught up the pencil and, holding it in a peculiar way, began moving it in the air. Briery, who sat opposite, translated these movements. "She is drawing in the air. She is sketching the outline of a boat. See how she measures and plumbs her lines? Are you addressing me?" he asked of Mrs. Harris.

The sleeper nodded.

"Can't you write?" I asked. "Can't you speak?"

A low gurgle in the throat was the only answer at the moment, but after a few trials a husky whisper began to be heard. "I will try," she said, suddenly began to chuckle, rolling upon one hip and throwing one foot over the other like a man taking an easy attitude. She now held the pencil like a cigarette, laughing again with such generous tone that the other women recoiled. Then she spoke. "You know—San Remo Sands," came brokenly from her lips.

"Sands?" queried the painter. "who is Sands?"

"Sands San Remo boats."

The painter was puzzled. "I don't remember any Sands at San Remo. It must be some student I knew in Paris. Is that what you mean?"

Mrs. Harris violently nodded. As abruptly as it came, this action left her, and then slowly, imperceptibly, a look of ineffable maternal sweetness came into her face; she seemed to cradle a tiny babe upon her arm. At last she sighed, "Oh, the pity of it! Oh, the pity, the pity of it!"

For a minute we sat in silence, so compelling were her gesture and her tone. At last I asked, "Has any one here lost a little child?"

Mrs. Cameron spoke hesitatingly. "Yes—I lost a little baby—years ago."

"She is addressing you—perhaps."

Mrs. Harris did not respond to this suggestion, but changed into a rollicking girl of common fiber. "Hello, Sally!" she cried out, and Mrs. Cameron stared at her in blank dismay as she asked: "Are you talking to me?"

"You bet I am, you old bag o' wool. Remember Geny? Remember the night on the door-step? Ooo! but it was cold! *You* were to blame"

THE PERSISTENCE OF THE MESSAGES.

"What is she talking about?" I asked, seeing that Mrs. Cameron was reluctant to answer this challenge.

"She seems to be impersonating an old classmate of mine at college——"

"That's what!" broke in the voice.

Mrs. Cameron went on. "Her name was Eugenia Hull——"

"Is yet," laughed the voice. "Same old sport. Couldn't find any man good enough. You didn't like me, but no matter; I want to tell you that you're in danger of fire. Don't play with fire. Be careful of fire——"

Again a calm fell upon the psychic's delicate and sensitive face, and the hand once more slowly closed upon the pencil.

"My father again!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron. "How could Dolly have known that he held his pen in just that way? She never saw him."

"Do not place too much value on such performances," I cautioned. "She has probably heard you describe it. Or she might have taken it out of your subconscious mind."

The pencil dropped. The hand lifted. The form of the sleeper expanded with power. Her face took on benignity and lofty serenity. She rose slowly, impressively, and with her hand raised in a peculiar gesture, laid a blessing upon the head of her hostess. There was so much of sweetness and tolerance in her face, so much of dignity and power,

in every movement that I was moved to applaud the actress. As we all sat thus, deeply impressed by the figure that seemed to tower above us, Mrs. Cameron whispered: "Why, it is Bishop Blank! That is exactly the way he held his hand—his robe!"

"Is it the Bishop?" I asked.

Mrs. Harris bowed and in solemn answer spoke. "Tell James all will yet be well," she said and, making the sign of blessing once more, sank back into her chair.

Voice succeeded voice, almost without pause. The sweet mother with the child, the painter of San Remo, the jovial and slangy girl, the commanding and majestic figure of the bishop, all returned, repeatedly, in bewildering mixture, dropping away with disappointing suddenness. And yet each time the messages grew a little more definite, a little more coherent, until at last they all cleared up, and this *in opposition to our thought, to our first interpretations* developed that the painter was not named "Sands," but "Felipi," and that he was only trying to tell briefly that to succeed he should paint rocks and sands and old boats at San Remo. "Pauline," the woman who had seemed to hold a babe, was a friend of Mrs. Cameron's who had died in childbirth. And then, swiftly, unaccountably, all these gentle or genial influences were scattered as if by something hellish, something diabolic. The face of the sweet little woman became fiendish in line. Her lips snarled, her hands clawed like those of a cat, and out of her mouth came a hoarse imprecation. "I'll tear your heart out!" she snarled. "I'll kill you soul and body—I'll rip you limb from limb!" We all sat in amazement and wonder. It was as if she had suddenly gone insane.

I confess to a feeling of profound astonishment. I had never met Mrs. Harris before, but she was an intimate friend of Mrs. Cameron, and very evidently a woman of culture. I could not think her so practised a joker as to be "putting this on."

A GHASTLY IMPERSONATION.

While still we sat in silence, another voice uttered a wail of infinite terror and despair. "I didn't do it! Don't kill me! It was not my work." And then still more horrible to hear, a sound like the gurgling of blood came from the speaker's lips, mixed with babbled, frantic words. I had a vivid impression that she was impersonating some one with his throat cut. Her grimaces were disgusting. The woman shivered with horror. Then her face changed: the hideous mask became white, rigid, & exalted terror. Her arms were drawn back as if tied at the elbow behind her back. Her head was upraised, and in a low, monotonous, hushed voice she prayed: "Lord Jesus, receive me."

A gasping, gurgling cry cut short her prayer, and with tongue protruding from her mouth, she presented such a picture of a strangling woman that a conception of what it all meant came to me. "She's impersonating a woman on the scaffold," I explained. "She has shown us a murder and now she is depicting an execution. Is it Mrs. R. of Vermont?" I asked.

She nodded slowly. "Save me!" she whispered.

"Waken her, please. Don't let her do that any more," pleaded Mrs. Cameron in poignant distress.

"Yes," said Harris, who had been watching his wife in amazement, "it's time to stop this."

"Thereupon taking Mrs. Harris's hand, I said sharply : 'That is enough! Wake! Wake!'" In answer to my command, she ceased to groan. Her face smoothed out, and with a bewildered smile she opened her eyes. "What are you saying? Have I been asleep?"

"You have, indeed," I replied, "and you've disclosed a deal of dubious family history. How do you feel?"

DANGER TO NOVICES.

"I feel very funny around my neck," she answered wonderingly. "What have you been doing to me?" She rubbed her throat. "My neck feels as if it had a hand round it, and my tongue seems swollen. What have you been about?"

"I held up a warning hand to the others. 'You want off into a quiet little trance, that's all. I was mistaken. You were the psychic, instead of Miss Brush'"

As we stood thus confronting one another, Mrs. Cameron came between us, saying, "Do you know. Pauline came and talked with me——"

At the word *Pauline* the spell seemed to fall again over the bright spirit of Mrs. Harris. Her eyelids drooped, her limbs lost their power, and she sank into her chair as before, a helpless victim, apparently, to the hidden forces. For a moment I was at a loss. I could not believe that she was deceiving us, but it was possible that she was deceiving herself. "In either case, she must be brought out of this," I decided, and putting my hands on her shoulders I said: "If there is any 'control' here, let them stop this. We want no more of it. Stop it!"

My command was again obeyed, and the psychic slowly came back to herself, and as she did so I said warningly.

to Mrs. Cameron: "Do not utter another word of this in Mrs. Harris's presence. She seems to be extremely sensitive to hypnotic influence, and I think she had better go out into the air at once." And turning to the others, I added: "You see, *this is not a game for novices to play at.*"

Harris, who had been studying his wife with half-humorous intentness, now took command. "If you've been shamming, you need discipline; and if you haven't, you need a doctor. I think we'll go home and have it out," he added, as he led her away.

No sooner were the Harris' out of the door than the women of the party fell upon me.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Garland?" asked Mrs. Cameron.

"If Mrs. Harris were not a lady, and if I had not seen other performances of the same sort, I should instantly say that she was having her joke with us. But I have seen too much of this sort of thing to take it altogether lightly. That's the way this investigating goes. One thing corroborates another. 'Impersonation' on the part of a public medium may mean nothing—on the part of a psychic like Mrs. Harris it means a very great deal. In support of this, let me tell you of a similar case. I have a friend, a perfectly trustworthy woman, and of keen intelligence, whose 'stunt,' as she laughingly calls it, is to impersonate nameless and suffering spirits who have been hurled into outer darkness by reason of their own misdeeds, or by some singular chance of their taking off. My friend seems to be able in some way to free these poor 'earth-bound souls' and

send them flying upward to some heaven. It's all very creepy," I added.

"Oh, delightful! Let it be *very* creepy," called Mrs. Quigg.

SENSATIONS DURING A TRANCE

"To begin with, my friend is as keen-eyed, as level-headed as any woman I know—the last person in the world to be taken for a 'sensitive.' I had never suspected it in her; but one night she laughingly admitted having been 'in the work' at one time, and I begged for a sitting. We were dining at her house—Jack Ross, a Miss Wilcox, and I, all intimate friends of hers, and she consented. After sitting a few minutes she turned to me and said: 'My guide is here. Be sure to keep near me; don't let me fall.' She still spoke in a humorous tone.

"You see," she explained, "I seem to leave the body and to withdraw a little distance above my chair. From this height I survey my material self, which seems to be animated by an entirely alien influence. Sometimes my body is moved by these forces to rise and walk about the room. In such cases it is necessary for some friend to follow close behind me, for between the going of 'the spirit' and the return of my 'astial self' there lies an appreciable interval when my body is as limp as an empty sack. I came very near having a bad fall once."

"In a few moments a change came over her face. She sank into a curious negative state between trance and reverie. Her lips parted, and a soft voice came from them. She spoke to Miss Wilcox, who sat opposite her: 'Sister

--I am very happy. I am surrounded by children. It is beautiful here in the happy valley--warm and golden--and oh, the merry children!"

NAMELESS WANDERING "SPIRITS"

"Miss Wilcox was deeply moved by this message and for a moment could not reply. At length she recovered her voice and asked, 'Are you speaking to me?'

"Yes, I am worried about mother. She is sick. Go to her. She needs help. Good-by." The smile faded, my friend's face resumed its impersonal calm.

"Did you recognize the spirit?" I asked.

"Miss Wilcox hesitated, but at last said 'My sister was active in the work of caring for orphan children. But that proves nothing. Anna may have known it--there is no test in this. It may be only mind-reading.'

"You are quite right," I replied. "But the message concerning your mother can be tested, can it not?"

"At this moment the face of the psychic squared, and a deep, slow voice came pulsing forth. 'Why do you wilfully blind your eyes? The truth will prevail. Mystery all about you. Why doubt that which would comfort you?'

"Who are you?" I inquired.

"I am 'Theodora Parker, the psychic's control,' was the answer.

"Soon after this my friend opened her eyes and smiled. 'Do you know what you've said?' I asked. 'I always have a dim notion of what is going on,' she answered, 'but how I do it I don't know. It is just the same when I write automatically. I know when I do it, but I can't see the connection between my own mind and the writing.'

She now passed into another period of immobility and sat for a long time. Suddenly her face hardened, became terse, common, vicious in line. Flinging out her hand, she struck me in the breast. 'What do you want of me?' she demanded, in the voice of a harridan. 'What are you doing here? You're a nice lot of fools.'

'Who are you?' I asked.

'You know who I am,' she answered with a hoarse laugh. 'A sweet bunch you are! Where is Jim?'

'Does any one recognize this "party"?', I asked. 'Ross, they must be one of your set.'

'Ross laughed, and the "influence," thrusting her face close to his, blurted out menacingly. 'Don't know me, hey? Well, here I am. I wanted a show and they let me in. What you goin' to do about it?'

'I reckon you hit in the wrong dooryard,' I replied. 'Nobody knows you here, Skiddoo!'

'She made an ugly face at me and stuck at me with her claw-like hand. 'I'd like to smash you.'

'Good-by,' said I. 'Get out!' and she was gone.

'Before a word could be spoken, a look of hopeless, heart-piercing woe came over my friend's face. She began to moan and wring her hands most piteously. 'Oh, where am I?' she wailed. 'It is so cold, so cold! So cold and dark! Won't somebody help me? Oh, help me!'

'I gently asked: 'Who are you? Can't you tell us your name?'

'Oh, I don't know, I can't tell,' moaned the voice. 'It's all so dark and cold and lonely. Please tell me where I am. I've lost my name. All is so dark and cold. Oh,

pity me' Let me come in. Let me feel your light. I'm freezing' Oh, pity me. I'm so lonely. It's so dark.'

"Come in,' I said. 'We will help you.'

"The hands of the psychic crept timidly up my arm and touched my cheek. 'Thank you! Thank you! Oh the cheer! Oh, the light!' she cried ecstatically. 'I see! I know! Good-by!' and with a sigh of ecstasy the voice ceased.

"I can hardly express to you the vivid and yet somber impression this made upon me. It was as if a chilled and weary bird, having winged its way into a warm room from the winter's midnight, had been heartened and invigorated, and had rushed away confident and swift to the sun-land of the South.

"One by one other 'earth bound souls' who were unable to find their way upward came into our ken like chilled and desperate bats condemned to whirl in endless out-and-backness and silence—poor abortive, anomalous shadow whose voices pleaded piteously for release.

"Some of them appeared to be suffering all the terror of the damned, and as they moaned and pleaded for light the lovely face of my friend was convulsed with 'agon, and her hands fluttered about like wounded birds. Singular conception! Wonderful power of suggestion!

"At length, with a glad cry, the last of these blind souls saw, sighed with happiness, and seemed to vanish upward, as if into some unfathomable, fourth-dimensional heaven. Then the sweet first spirit, the woman with the glad children, returned to say to Miss Wilcox, 'Be happy—George is coming back to you.'

"After she passed, my friend opened her eyes as before, clearly, smilingly, and said, 'Have you had enough?'"

"'Plenty,' said I. 'You nearly took my eye out in your dramatic fervor. I must say your ghosts are most unhappy creatures.'"

"She became very serious. 'I do have the worst collection of "influences." My work is purely philanthropic, so Theodore Parker used to tell mother. It was my duty, he said, to comfort the cheerless, to liberate the earth-bound. That's why I gave it up. It got to be too dreadful. We never could tell what would come next. Murderers and bunburners and every other accursed spirit seemed to be privileged to come into my poor empty house and abuse it, although Parker and his band promised to protect me. I stopped it. I will not sit again,' she said curtly. 'I don't like it. It would be bad enough to be dominated by one's dead friends, or the dead friends of one's friends, but to be helpless in the hands of all the demons and suicides and miscreants of the other world is intolerable. And if I am not dominated by dead people, I fear I am acting in response to the minds of vicious living people, and I don't like that. It's a dreadful feeling--can't you see it is?—this being open to every wandering gust of passion. Don't ask me to sit again, and please don't let my friends know of my "gift."'"

"Of course, we promised, but the effect of that sitting I shall not soon forget. By the way, Miss Wilcox phoned and proved the truth of her message. Her mother really was ill and in need of her."

As I closed this story Cameron said: "Garland, you tell that as if you believed in it."

"I certainly do believe in my friend. She is quite certain that she is controlled by those 'on the other side.' You may call it hysteria, somnambulism, hypnotism, anything you like, but that certain people are moved subconsciously to impersonate the dead I am quite ready to believe. However, 'impersonation' is the least convincing (from my point of view) of all the phases of 'mediumship.' I paid very little attention to it in the course of my investigation. You are still in the tattered fringes of 'spiritism' even when you have seen all that impersonation can show you."

PLANS FOR THE NEXT MEETING

"As I told you at beginning, I have had a great deal of experience with these elusive 'facts,' and it chances that a practised though non-professional psychic with whom I have held many baffling sittings, is in the city. I may be able to induce her to sit for us."

"Oh, do, do!" cried Mrs. Cameron and Miss Bruce together.

"Who is she?" asked Miller.

"I'll tell you more about her—next time," I said tantalizingly. "She is very puzzling, I assure you. When and where shall we meet?"

"Here," said Cameron promptly. "I'm getting interested. Bring on your marvels."

"Yes," said Miller, and his mouth shut like a steel trap. "Bring on your faker. It won't take us long to expose her little game."

"Bigger scientific bigots than you have been conquered," I answered. "All right. I'll see what I can do. We'll meet one week from to-day."

"Yes," said Cameron; "come for dinner

As I was going out, Mrs. Quigg detained me. "If it had been anybody but nice little Mrs. Harris I should say that you had made this all up between you. As it is, I guess I'll have to admit that there is something in thought transference and hypnotism. *You were her control*."

"That will serve for one evening," I retorted. "I'll make you doubt the existence of matter before we finish this series of sittings." And with this we parted.



INTERESTING EXPERIENCES WITH MEDIUMS.



THE venerable W. F. Nye, of New Bedford, Mass., U. S. A., who was in the eighty-fifth year of his age, relates in the *Progressive Thinker* some interesting experiences with mediums, which he regards as affording evidences of spirit identity. He says that when he sat with the Fox Sisters the raps sounded upon the table and spelt out the message, 'My dear uncle,' and Kate Fox said to him, 'It is for your son, a spirit child.' Mr. Nye continued:—

I could think of no spirit child who might thus address me, and so stated to those present, when a clairvoyant lady sitting at the table stated: 'It is a little girl, and she lies upon the table here in a wreath of flowers.' Then it came to my mind that my brother in California, had lost a little girl years before. This being my first experience I was at a loss how to question the spirit, but was told to ask questions either mentally or by writing them upon slips of paper lying upon the table. I did both, and every question was intelligently replied to, when voluntarily came this message: 'I can hear and speak now, dear, uncle.' The meaning of this being questioned, I explained to those present that this bright little soul, who had passed away at five years of age, was both deaf and dumb from infancy.

From that time on I have been an investigator—a student—witnessing many materialisations of spirit forms, and receiving many spirit messages and spirit writings, and, I may say, many remarkable instances of spirit identity, up to the announcement of the perishing of the two crews of the ships ‘Vigilant’ and ‘Mt. Wollaston’ in the rigid Arctic seas. On the eve of February 22nd, 1889, when nothing was known of their fate, my brother, Captain Ebenezer Nye, of the ‘Mt. Wollaston,’ came at the audible voice seance of Mrs. Nelson Collins, and revealed to us the sad intelligence in his own voice, painfully assuring me in reply to my question: ‘Is it true that you with your hardy crew have perished and now come back to us?’ ‘Yes, dear brother, it is true that I am born to the life eternal. I am with mother in her beautiful spirit home.’ I said to him: ‘Hard, indeed, will it be to us if this is your sad fate.’ His reply was: ‘I know it. That dear old father—he told me to make a short voyage and not make another, but tell him I will be the first to meet him when he comes over.’ This was his intended last voyage—his twentieth to that rigid icebound sea, ~~for~~ ^{for} the valuable bowhead whale.

Many times has this brother made his presence known to me by taking my watch from my hand and, at my mental request, placing it in the hands of all present, in a dark room and returning it to me, and then patting me on the head and shoulders. At times he has made the request, at a seance where I was not present, that they should call me to meet him at a following seance, when he invariably came, and at one of these meetings his object was (as he stated) to tell me that I did just right in the adjustment of a

matter that came before the court in the settlement of his estate. I think in this instance he fully sensed my mind and wished to relieve me of some misgivings I had and I was glad to say to him that I did just as I would have done had he returned from his last voyage.

My hero brother, Ephraim, who fell at Fort Steadman at the end of his nineteenth battle in the war of the rebellion, very unexpectedly made himself known by loud raps on the table before me, after the tiny raps had come from the little deaf and dumb child, and gave me a lengthy patriotic message. Turning me from my questioning he as to the cruel manner in which he was shut down after surrender at Fort Steadman, he said: 'But, my dear brother, I died in a glorious cause - I died rejoicing that I stood bravely for my country, now one and indivisible, that its flag now waves over a united people revered by the nations of the earth.'

Another remarkable manifestation, and no less an astounding revelation, was given me at Lake Sunapee through Mrs. Cadwell, who had just arrived and was a stranger to me. Finding that she was to hold a seance in the evening, I climbed the New Hampshire hill, during the rainy afternoon, and gathered a very pretty bouquet of wild flowers and presented them to her.

That evening Mrs. Cadwell's little control, 'Maude,' a mere child, came from the box where Mrs. Cadwell was chained by her own request, and began to prattle to the sitters. To me she said: 'You brought my medium a nice bouquet.' 'How did you know that?' I asked. 'Well, I

went with you all the way up the hills in the rain.' The little spirit child's hair was flowing to her shoulders. When I asked her to let me feel it, she assented, and as I lifted it in my hands, I asked her to tell me how it grew. 'Tell me how the orange grows—then I can tell you' she replied.

At another seance, on a very cold winter evening in New York, only Mrs. Cadwell and a lady friend, a prominent Brooklyn Spiritualist gentleman, and myself were present. The severe cold had prevented others from attending, and I said to Mrs. Cadwell that with so few present we would not exact a sitting from her. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'I will sit.' And here again I received a grand proof. From the cabinet in which Mrs. Cadwell sat there came out a female form with water dripping from her garments—she appeared greatly distressed and motioned to me when asked to whom she came. I at once stepped to her and took her hand. It was wet and cold, and the water ran into my coat sleeve and upon the floor. 'Who is this?' I questioned. 'Gracie,' she replied, when at once all came back to me. Gracie Lawrence, daughter of Reuben Lawrence, of my native village, Pocasset, despondent over family affairs, left her home at early morning and drowned herself in a shallow brook near by. I recognised her without a shadow of doubt and said to her: 'Gracie, I understand your sad, distressed condition; you have come back through the gateway by which you left this sphere. This is the law; you have lifted your cross and will feel much relief when you return, as wise spirits will help you to better comprehend the law now that you have expressed your desire to meet it.' Her lips moved, but she could not articulate as she seemed to desire.

And now let me go back to the audible voice circles of Mrs. Nelson Collins, where many conversed with us and many remarkable cases of spirit identity were made manifest. The departure of my own dear daughter, Minnie, the youngest of the family, cast over us the deepest sorrow. As she neared the border, I felt that my life would go out with her life, and though she was zealous as a church member and opposed to me in sentiment, I ventured to say to her a short time before she left 'Minnie, you know I think you will come back to me.' 'No, father, I shall not come back; do not distress me,' was the faint reply. So I said no more, realising that her ruling sentiment was strong in death. A week after her departure I was invited to another seance at the Collins circle, when, to my unspeakable joy, my precious daughter called to me in her perfect life accents, 'Father, father.' 'My immediate response was 'Why, Minnie, this is your own voice.' 'Yes, father, it surely is, and no one else is now talking to you.' I responded, 'My precious darling, do you know what an unspeakable joy you bring to me?' 'Yes, father, I know it all now—I know I told you I would not come back, but when I found I could come I wanted to come; and, father, I want to tell you that but a few minutes after you held my hand and watched my last breath, I awoke amid scenes so beautiful I cannot describe them to you. But, dear father, if you could only realise the beauties of the spirit world, you would have no dread of coming.' She came nearer and nearer to me as we conversed, then lifted my hand from the table. When I asked if she could kiss me, she replied, 'I'll try,' and presently kissed

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES WITH MEDIUMS. 59

me as naturally as ever in life. Often has she come to me since, and I often feel her sweet presence.

One of the most remarkable prophetic revelations I ever met with was at an evening seance in New York soon after my awakening through the Fox Sisters. I was then attending a course of Sunday lectures by Emma H. Britten and other prominent speakers of those early days. Among the acquaintances I made at the time was a very intelligent gentleman of the city, who stated to me that a daughter of his was making remarkable revelations in his own family circle, and though but sitting for development, he kindly consented to my attending, though not to sit in the circle, as that was exclusively formed. I invited to attend with me a favourite cousin, Captain Joseph Dimock, who chanced to be in New York with his vessel at the time. He occupied a seat near the entrance of the circle room. I was seated near the medium on the opposite side of the room. We were both utter strangers to the young lady medium, but turning in her seat she first gave the captain a veritable message from his brother Lot, who had but recently died in Mobile, and who, through the medium, instructed him as to the division of a property he had left in Massachusetts. Here was a clincher to my previous discovery with the Fox Sisters, for how could Lot talk with his brother through this young lady medium, if he did not still live? and I was credulous enough to accept the fact that Lot still lived, for captain Joe recognised all that was said as true. He was the soul of truth, the first to embrace Spiritualism in his native town. Closing her message to Joe, the medium raised her head

and looked intently at me across the room, saying, 'And you, sir, are in a way that you scarcely know what you had best do—you are troubled over ill success of late. I was in New York doing business with the South, and it was turning out badly. She said : 'Drop all—go back to your home, and that business you left there will be a success.' I acted upon her advice, which has proved true to the letter. 'Who is talking to me?' I asked. She replied, 'One whom you never knew.'

Surely these are evidences that the human soul survives after dropping the material form that it has animated.

THE FLIGHT OF A SOUL SNAPPED.



DR. HIPPOCRATE BARADUC, the celebrated French scientist, leading nerve specialist and apostle of "Spiritualistic medicine," has just come forward with the statement that he has been able to obtain remarkable photographs of a soul slowly departing from a human body at the hour of death. He further states that at his wife's death he took a photograph of a globe of light, which escaped from her like a soul. To the lay man the announcement may cause amusement, but Dr. Baraduc has a responsible position in the scientific world, and he deserves always to be heard with respect.

The idea of photographing a soul is not new. Scientific experiments to determine the weight, size, substance, and even the very existence of the soul have been conducted from time to time during the past few years, with varying results. The prominence of the medical scientists who made the experiments and the serious importance attached to their findings would indicate that the newest researches and discoveries of Dr. Baraduc will receive a like consideration from scientific men and all others interested in spiritualistic phenomena.

Nadine was the name of a young girl, a patient of Dr. Baraduc, whose soul, he declares, he has succeeded

in reproducing on plates. To be exact, Dr. Baraduc prefers not to adhere to the use of the word "soul" in referring to all his photographs, for he claims to know of a hundred different psychic forces surrounding or contained in the human body during life which in photographic form appear as "mental globes."

When Nadine was dying of an incurable disease in Dr. Baraduc's hospital he arranged to put to a supreme test the photographic apparatus with which he asserts it is possible to obtain soul pictures. The young patient was very devout and fully prepared for the end when it came. As death beckoned to her she uttered in French three words—"Jesus," "Peace" and "Light"—and a few moments later was dead.

It is the photograph Dr. Baraduc obtained just at the moment of the girl's death to which he attaches the most importance, for he says that on developing the vitreous plate on which this particular "soul photograph" was taken three distinct "mental globes" were revealed. Dr. Baraduc firmly believes that there is a spiritualistic connection between the three "globes" and the three words uttered by Nadine as her soul was leaving her body.

"I am neither a spiritualist nor a doctrinaire," said Dr. Baraduc in offering an explanation, "but speak from experience. I have found forces surrounding man-force which have been registered on photographic plates. Man is surrounded by an atmosphere of personal ether. Every human being has an impalpable double which reproduces his form and which allows us to explain ghost stories and the phenomena of double sight. Spiritualism, you can call it; soul, if you like, or astral body.

"When a person dies this particular ether survives, but not generally more than eighty hours after death. Occasionally, however, this double lasts very long and becomes visible as a phantom. I have photographed this ether double eighty hours after death. When my wife died I photographed a nebulous globe which departed from her like a soul.

"My son, Andre, stricken with consumption, said to me when we believed there was no hope. 'Father, take me to Lourdes to die or to be cured.' I carried out his wish, but hardly a month after his arrival we understood that the end was near. Andre who was very pious, prayed unceasingly, and in his prayer these words frequently recurred. 'Confidence,' 'Jesus,' 'Light,' to which I attributed a great power, capable of disengaging the soul from the ties of the body. At the very moment of his death, when he could no longer speak he was able to pronounce these words with force, although nothing more escaped from his lips except the jewels of confidence), 'u' (Jesus) and 'e' (lumiere), and in this effort, with his face lighted up, he expired.

"Directly after he had been placed in his coffin I photographed it, and on the sensitized plate when developed I were distinctly visible fluids, of 'mental globes,' driven away by his evocation flying into the ether. Some days later, when taking a photograph of an oratory, what was my joy and surprise when developing the plate to find a portion of the ceiling the face of my dear Andre, smiling at me in ecstasy. You see, there are forces in this world and forces in the other world. When, in the name of truth, spiritualistic scientists unite with material scientists, we shall

arrive at a knowledge of the synthesis of the forces which regulate our life and our immortality for man does not belong to this planet only, but to the starry spaces in which his thoughts revolve."

As an additional proof of his theory Dr. Baraduc and his assistants have recently taken several photographs of what he terms mental vibrations which emanated from human bodies, and when these were in varying conditions. These photographs, we are told, show these varying conditions very clearly. Thus "the vibrations which emanated from the calm body were tranquil, those which emanated from the body in a state of cerebral or cardiac activity resembled the normal atmosphere of the sun, and those which emanated from a body in a state of fury or profound trouble resembled the solar tempests as they have been photographed by astronomers."

Two years ago Dr. Baraduc astonished the scientific world by producing a series of photographs of prayers. They were taken during a prayer meeting held on the top of the Eiffel Tower. While the service was in progress Dr. Baraduc trained his camera on the worshippers results. The *Sunday World* reproduced three of the prayer photographs several weeks later. One was described as the emanation of a soul in the transports of religious fervor—such a soul as might be found at the climax of a camp-meeting. Another showed a form of prayer winging its way heavenward. Dr. Baraduc has also shown a photograph of the benediction as it flows from the upraised hands of a priest at the altar. This resembles flakes of transparent snow, falling gently through the black night.

It is interesting to know that Dr. Baraduc takes most of his pictures in the dark with a highly sensitive plate, but when he takes the astral body or aura photographs he sometimes uses a green electric light. The consulting rooms and laboratory in his private hospital in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, are mysterious-looking little chambers fitted up with electrical machines, cameras and instruments for detecting and measuring occult forces.

If a patient afflicted with "ultra sensibility" complains of a headache Dr. Baraduc places a specially prepared photographic plate near his head, and later interprets the signs which he obtains in this manner, and is then able to diagnose the complaint. Dr. Baraduc shows pictures, obtained from a vitrose plate, of the region of the liver, which he interprets as indicating that the "hepatic life is bound." Or again he exhibits pictures showing that the psychic life may be bound or that the whole person may be enveloped in some peculiar atmosphere. Some envelopes of this kind are capable, he maintains, of rendering the person idiotic or maniacal.

On the day of Pentecost Dr. Baraduc, shutting himself up in his study and praying fervently before a crucifix that healing force might ever be vouchsafed to him, obtained a photograph showing a "mental globe" over his head and a flow of force from the crucifix to his own arm forming a large ribbon of force from right to left. The "mental globe" shown in iridescent colors was even reflected in the mirror. But of all those picture wonders the most astonishing is the photograph, showing the fluid inspirations of the soul with the serpentine bond holding them, as it were, back to the body.

Prof. Henry Price, a retired teacher of music, now residing at Mount Vernon, N. Y., recently announced that he had discovered a process of photographing the human soul in transit. So sure was he that his apparatus would solve the question as to whether the soul has any substance in fact that he applied to the authorities at Bellevue Hospital for permission to make experiments there. The requisite permission has not yet been granted.

Prof. Price, who was for forty years the baritone soloist at Trinity Church, says that he has made this subject a life study, and that he is convinced that the soul has a real existence and that the reason it cannot be seen in taking its flight from the body is because those present at the time of death are invariably hypnotized. The theory that the soul really exists and has substance is brought out, Prof. Price says, by the fact that the body becomes lighter immediately after death.

The plan of Prof. Price is to photograph the soul as it departs from the body with a battery of specially designed cameras, using specially sensitized plates. "I should like," he said, "to have about half a dozen scientific men in the room as witnesses to the experiment, and I should also want a stop-watch to record the transition. According to my belief the soul does not really take flight, as some would have us believe. It passes into another body but it has to be removed by some one, whom we call an angel. The angel has to remove the soul from the body while it is yet warm and put it into another being."

Prof. Price was asked if he had formed any idea regarding the organism of the human soul. "Necessarily," he replied,

"the organism must be very small. It may be like that of an oyster or a mollusk."

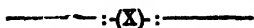
"Far more satisfactory and more productive of results is the opinion of experiments conducted by Dr. Duncan MacDougall at Boston. He did not photograph a soul. He weighed it in stead, and as a result of his investigations has been able to announce that the weight of the human soul is from half an ounce to an ounce."

Details of these experiments have been furnished by Dr. John Sproul, of Haverhill, Mass., and Dr. William V. Grant, of Lawrence, Mass. Hospital patients known to be dying passed away in comfortable beds which rested on scales. In every case at the instant of death, it was asserted, the scales showed a sudden diminution of weight varying from one half ounce to an ounce. This, the doctors present agreed, was wholly unaccountable for in any other way than the flight of the soul.

Dr. Sproul said that in order to confirm their tests the doctors caused the death of thirteen dogs ranging in weight from fifteen to seventy pounds. Each case was watched with the utmost care, but at the instant of death there was not the slightest diminution of weight on scales adjusted to indicate even such a slight variation as one-tenth of an ounce.

Dr. MacDougall, in reviewing his experiments, said: "There is really nothing proved yet. The research must continue extensively to demonstrate conclusively that the soul has weight. Any hospital that will give us the opportunity to continue these experiments will be reimbursed."

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.



A SPIRIT VISITANT.

ONE of the most marvellous psychic experiences of my life occurred about the middle of last June, which I feel is right worthy of a nook in the ever-interesting *Two Worlds*.

I have seen many beautiful spirits during the course of my career, midnight and midday, but I could never muster sufficient courage to speak to one. Unspeakable terror always struck me dumb and petrified my tongue and froze my blood, while my senses of sight and feeling were intensified beyond expression with pain amounting to agony. But in the instance I am about to relate I spoke to one—a lady—without feeling in the remotest degree conscious that I was seeing and speaking to a spirit, and that too in bright daylight, in one of the most charming sylvan spots in South Wales.

One of the most delightful walks in Aberdare Valley is round the “Duffryn,” Lord Aberdare’s domain, and it was in the course of one of my strolls around his Lordship’s mansion that I saw and spoke to the lady spirit, whom I had known in her earthly form for upwards of forty years.

It has been almost my daily pleasure for the last thirty years to walk around the “Duffryn” and past the pretty

lodge in which this lady had resided, and I frequently conversed with her near the lodge gate, so it was impossible to mistake her for someone else.

One lovely afternoon, last June, I again strolled that way quite alone under the sheltering branches of the old oak trees. I was not pondering anything particularly interesting at the time, and my mind was infinitely removed from the subject of this article. So I was not biassed in any manner. As I was descending the road and approaching Mrs. T——'s lodge, I was suddenly confronted by her. She appeared exactly as if she had just left her homely cottage for a little airing. She wore nothing upon her head and carried nothing in her hands, which were resting peacefully on her waist. Her appearance was very happy and contented, and when I drew very near to her I accosted her by saying, "How are you, Mrs. T——; it is a lovely afternoon, isn't it?"

"Yes," she replied softly and pleasantly, with a winning and graceful smile suffusing her comely features. I nearly touched her as I was passing. After I had passed her I whispered to myself, "Mrs. T—— has recovered from her severe illness wonderfully well, she looks as hearty and as lively as ever she did, but I wonder why I have not seen her these many months past." I thought no more about her then, nor for the next three weeks.

What brought her to my mind again? This—and now—comes the awful truth that astounded me and my sister. As we were taking our tea after one of my strolls round the "Duffryn" one Saturday afternoon, my sister said, "How happy Mrs. T—— would be if she was alive, to see the

little children of the St. Margaret's Sunday School playing in the "Grove" before her garden gate next Monday. She would be delighted."

"If she *was* *alive*," I replied, with sharp astonishment and concentrated gaze, "Mrs. T—— *is* *alive*, and as alive as ever I saw her, I said with pretty heavy emphasis. "Alive," gasped my sister in return, "No, boy, Mrs. T—— is dead since last Christmas, everybody knows that." "That is absolutely impossible," I answered, with increasing warmth and certainty, "for I saw Mrs. T—— with my own eyes and spoke to her near her old lodge three weeks ago in broad daylight, about half-past four in the afternoon, and she looked as well as ever. You have made a mistake." "Well," she exclaimed, with terror and bewilderment flashing from her eyes, "it was her spirit you saw, and not her body, for the body was buried six months ago. I am positive, and you ought to know, passing by there every day."

This greatly astonished me, and I was prompted to think that my sister was dreaming. My thoughts were revolving with electric velocity. Had I really seen and spoken to a spirit? I hurried as quickly as my feet could carry me up to her lodge to consult her son-in-law. There, under the pretty trailing roses of various hues and bewitching scents floating around our nostrils and around the old oak trees he broke the spell of uncertainty and settled the matter beyond all controversy. Mrs. T—— had crossed the great gulf and entered the eternal home in Jan. 4th, 1907. The following June, I saw and spoke to her near her dear old lodge. Blessed truth, blessed light, blessed comfort, blessed revelation.—Gwilym Edwards in the *Two Worlds*.

HAUNTED HOUSES IN LONDON.

LONDON, May 28.—It has been discovered by a searcher after things unseen that London is full of haunted houses. The region from Fleet street to Oxford street is the cockpit of metropolitan spookdom, while the dreary Euston district is habited by phantasms remaining earthbound after many tragedies.

This latest discoverer and explorer in the byways of horrors is Elliott O'Donnell. For the last few years he has focussed his entire attention upon London ghosts, and now he is telling his experiences and professes himself willing to form parties to visit haunted houses. He has spent the night in many residences with ghostly reputations and has had some hair raising adventures by his own account.

There is a house in Berkeley Square that boasts a room in which any one dies who sleeps there at a certain time of year. The rest of the year the room is like any other well conducted bedchamber, but the rash individual who tempts fate by sleeping in its precincts at the time when the spectre is due never lives to tell his friends what really happened.

Mr. O'Donnell did not venture to sample the sleeping accommodations of the room. The last person who did was a certain Major Hector Munroe of the Royal Engineers. He was engaged to marry a young girl, Phyllis Denman, who with her mother had lived for some years in the Berkeley Square house. Having heard the old story the Major was consumed with a desire to sleep in the haunted room at the critical time, and when the month approached he insisted so strongly that his fiancée and her mother

with many misgivings consented and the Major came on day to taken possession of the room

Mrs. Denman and her daughter decided that they would not retire at all the first night he slept there, so in another part of the house they sat and tremblingly awaited event. Just before dawn they heard the sharp crack of a revolver, and the terrified girl, in spite of her mother's entreaties, rushed to the room, only to find Major, with the revolver still smoking in his hand, quite dead from fright.

There are also houses in Berners, Newman and Bryans tone streets which are sordid, dirty abodes of ghosts as well as present day suffering humanity. There is a fine mansion in Dean's Yard, Westminster, where the spook takes the shape of a Cavalier with a ghastly wound in his forehead, and there is an old residence in Jermyn street in which the spectral visitant imitates all noises made by the occupants of a room, even if it is nothing more than the creaking of a chair.—*The New York Sun*

TRUE GHOST STORIES.

THREE times in my life, each instance separated by an interval of years, have the experiences here told been mine

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but my mother relates the circumstances.

Our home was in Brooklyn and we had gone for the summer to Greenfield Hill, Conn. I was so young that I still wore dresses and was in charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a girl of her own class so that I was well acquainted with Annie.

She died suddenly and was buried in the county church yard, but I was not told of her death, being considered too young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past the cemetery one evening in the edge of dusk her superstitious horror can be imagined when I cried, pointing directly to Annie's grave

"Oh, Maggie, there is Annie, she is waving her hand for us to come over to her!"

I broke away from my nurse and ran to the cemetery fence. She caught me up and ran in a panic to the house, nor would she ever again pass the cemetery after dark.

The only idea in my mind was that of a familiar friend whom I had not seen for some time.

The second instance was, at the most unromantic age possible to a boy--about thirteen. I was attending boarding school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy of about my age, had left the school some days before for his home, in the West, leaving in perfect health.

At about nine in the evening I sat on the edge of the bed removing my shoes, when the wall of the room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim forms of the trees gently waving in the wind. As I sat spellbound at this strange sight at the rift of the wall, against the background of the night stood my friend as I had last seen him, just as in life. He waved his hand to me in token of farewell, stood looking at me a moment, and gently the vision faded.

I said to my roommate, who had seen nothing

"Charlie is dead. I have just seen him."

The next morning a telegram to the school said he had died the night preceding.

In the third instance I had grown to manhood—a normal, healthy man, over six feet tall and weighing nearly 200 pounds. I am a civil engineer, the hardy outdoor life being far removed from dreams and morbid imaginings.

It was on one occasion necessary for me to consult a lawyer and one evening I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business. In the course of the conversation he asked me a question which I was undecided about answering. I stopped a moment before replying for consideration, lowering my eyes, and when I raised them there stood behind the attorney a favorite sister, dead many years.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, her fingers on her lips. I instantly absorbed the idea conveyed by her suggestive pose and did not give the lawyer the information he asked. As it afterward proved, it was greatly to my interest not to do so.

The lawyer shivered slightly as the visitant stood behind his chair, and said that there was a draught through the room! He never knew that the sensation of cold conveyed to his nervous system was a breath from an unseen world.

Science has proved that light, sound and color are all the results of vibration of greater or less rapidity. In the scale of vibrations of which sound and color are composed certain vibrations affect the ear as sound, and when these become too rapid to effect the ear as sound they affect the eye as color, the sensation of red being produced by 474,000,000,000,000 vibrations per second, while violet is

nearly an octave higher in the scale, or 699,000,000,000,000 of vibrations. The intermediate colors of the spectrum lying between red and violet are represented by varying speeds of vibration.

As says Dr. Tyndall in "Electricity and Its Similitudes" "Photography aided by electricity has revealed the fact that the part of the spectrum occupied by the rays invisible to the eye is twenty-five times as long as that part we can see.

Above the violet rays with their inconceivably rapid rate of vibration are still the ultra-violet rays, the X rays and the Becquerel rays, each with its own vibration, office and possibilities.

But what of the vast space filled with those vibrations which affect none of our senses and yet unknown to science? Could our senses respond to them, what secrets of the unseen might not be revealed, and who can say but the secret of these strange sights which sometimes greet the eye of mortals is hidden in this unknown range of vibrations, hiding a world that is all about us, mingling with an overlapping surrounding and telescoping our common humdrum daily life, and only in rare moments of attunement drawing the veil aside for a glimpse into the unknown.

"And Elisha prayed, and said, 'Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see.' And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

"This muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close us in——"

so that our glimpses of the surrounding world are rare and fleeting. —A correspondent in the *Sunday Record Herald*, Chicago, May 3, 08.

A PHANTOM SEAMAN

A REMARKABLE story of a spectre seaman who appeared at the bedside of a boy dying in a London hospital is vouched for by Miss Isla Stewart, the well-known matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In one of her wards lay a little boy who was dying of hip disease. He was an orphan with only one brother, a sailor, then serving on the China station, of whom he was very fond. One morning the boy told her that he had had such a happy night, as he had dreamed that his brother was with him at his bedside. When the night nurse came to report to her, she said that she had had a curious experience. When looking along the ward during the night she had been astonished to see a sailor in the ward beside the boy's bed. Resenting the intrusion, she had gone to the bed to inquire the matter, when she found there was nobody there. Twice afterwards during the night she had seen the same apparition — *The Wellington Journal and Shrewsbury News*

NOTES.



It is a matter of regret that the leading spiritual organ, the *Banner of Light*, of Boston, should cease to appear. We have however this consolation that if the *Banner* has ceased to exist, the *Progressive Thinker* is flourishing in its stead. The one great reason why the organs of spiritualism do not flourish is that most of these papers fill up their columns with matters other than spiritual. Thus they do for dearth of fresh matter. The *Progressive Thinker* flourishes because there is no humbug in it, it is an avowed organ of spiritualism and it is, to all intents and purposes, a spiritual paper. Others, for want of fresh matter, fill up their columns with trite and that, with vague philosophy, with dry nothings, which do not and cannot interest practical men like spiritualists, who want facts. They want facts to strengthen their faith in immortality and they want to know the nature of the life that is beyond the grave. The *Progressive Thinker* does not suffer for want of matter, however. The *Annals of Psychological Science* is a high class journal edited by scientists, who are experimenters.

The reason why spiritualistic papers do not find fresh matter, as they used to do before, is also very plain. In

Early days the idea that the dead conversed with the living convulsed the world. The Fox girls threw America into a state of greatest possible excitement. Almost every family was induced to hold circles. But getting used to this idea men have ceased to feel that irresistible attraction for the subject as they used to do before. And hence fewer circles are held, and the spiritual papers do not find fresh matter for every issue.

But, as we said, the enterprising *Thinker* does yet find it is it however necessary to regale the reader with fresh matter every day? From the days, when the Fox girls announced the philosophy of spiritualism, innumerable books have been written on the subject. The report of the Dialectical Society itself would form a library. Why not draw matter from old records and discuss upon them? It matters very little whether Eusapia is a fraud or a genuine article when there is no doubt about the manifestations that happened through Home. Jesus Christ flourished for two or three years; the incidents of his life can be written in a small pamphlet, yet how many millions of books have been founded upon the few incidents of the three years of his life? Are not the wonders that followed the sittings of Stainton Moses enough to satisfy the hungry columns of the biggest organs of spiritualism? Why not reproduce them and write able and clever articles upon them? For it ought not to be forgotten, that the present generation has very little knowledge of the wonderful manifestations which were vouchsafed to men, through the agency of the older mediums. Has not Sir W. Crookes given to the world, by his careful researches, an array of facts

calculated to humble the most unreasonable sceptic of the day? Has not Sir A. Wallace done the same?

THOSE who are more intelligent than their fellows will attribute the spiritual communications to "telepathy," "unconscious cerebration," "subliminal self" and many other unintelligible phrases made up of some hard words strung together. The spirits say that they are spirits and neither telepathy nor subliminal self, but the intelligent critics take delight in attributing the manifestations to the unintelligible theories. Madame d'Esperance says —

"This appears a very difficult and unsatisfactory explanation. To say the least, it gives one a vast amount of trouble to understand it, and when one has succeeded to some extent in grasping the idea, one finds one's self involved in a maze of new theories, and complications of theories, till one is bewildered. Why should we throw aside the statements of the spirits that they are the spirits of persons who lived, and who died to find death but a change of life, and that they have found means to come and acquaint us with the fact? Why, instead of believing this, should we prefer to invest mediumistic persons with such fabulous powers as those of being able, by the exercise of will and concentration of thought, to produce a human form and having produced it, to endow it with the genius of a clever actor, the craft of a Machiavel, the memory of the person whose *role* it plays, and the duplicity of the father of lies himself? They who accept such theories are in many respects like the dog in the fable, who dropped his piece of flesh into the stream in order to grasp the shadow which was reflected there."

So telepathy has formed a conspiracy to deceive all men of the world, from China to Peru, who invoked spirits.

A DISTINGUISHED German scholar who had devoted his faculties to what he claimed to be the demonstration of

atheism came consistently to his death-bed. He was prepared, he said, to prove out of the expiring sparks of his own life, that it must become a quenched and blackened flame. He observed the process of dissolution calmly, with the long habit of the scientific method. Friends, themselves unbelieving and unhoping, stood about him, waiting to catch the last flicker of defiance from a soul to its God. For some hours he had lain unexpectedly silent, and with eyes closed. He had very dark, large eyes, piercing and powerful. Suddenly he opened them, and from their caverns shot out a fire before which the coldest scoffer in the room shrank back. With a loud voice the old scholar cried out, "There is another world!" and fell upon his pillow, dead.

THE Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

—:-(X):—

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INDIAN OCCULTISM.

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Indian Jugglers have a world-wide reputation. But the mischief is, you cannot always have them either for love or pay. That the thing itself is not a fiction is now admitted by Europeans. The question is, why are jugglers so rare if they are not fictions? A real Indian juggler can make a fortune easily. Why then does he not exhibit his powers and make his pile? To answer this question, we must first settle another which is, is Indian jugglery, properly so-called, jugglery at all?

The belief in India is that the real jugglers do not deal in sleight of hands and other "tricks." If they had dealt in

tricks, the father would have taught them to his children and wealthy men would have easily learnt them by expenditure of money. Indeed, if the real jugglers had manipulated tricks, they would have been found in plenty. Why is it, then, it is difficult to find one, a real master, in one's life time?

The reason is that real Indian jugglery is not made up of tricks, and so the secrets cannot be imparted from father to children, or to a *chela* (disciple) who is not worthy. The Indians know very well, why jugglery is not to be learnt in the ordinary way. They attribute the higher jugglery to the following four causes:

1. *Bhelki* or hypnotism
2. *Pichas siddhi*, or mastery over earth-bound spirits
3. Natural occult powers.
4. Possession.

1. Now *Bhelki* is Hypnotism, pure and simple. It is claimed that the magicians go round the audience, and beat their drums and play their pipes, and as far as the sound goes, the people are brought under the influence of the will of the operators. The people see whatever the operator wish them to see. Indeed, it has been alleged that sometimes people outside the influence had seen nothing except that the magicians were idly smoking their pipes!

2. *Pichas siddhi* is having earth-bound spirits under control. How this is accomplished is another question. Thus Hossein Khan, who shewed inexplicably wonderful feats to thousands of the highest classes in Calcutta, had some earth-bound spirits under his control, who did what they were bid to do. Thus the company, where Hossein is shining by his brilliant conversation, ask him to provide them with a good dinner

"Is it so?" replies Hossein Khan. Then he invokes the spirits. He loudly addresses them in these words, "*Huzratli, Huzratli*, (master, master,) they want a dinner. Will you not provide them with one?" and forthwith a first class and costly dinner is provided. The men who are *Pichas shidha* are treated with contempt by the public when they abuse their opportunities. Generally they do so, but sometimes they do not, and then they are very much respected, and sometimes given the place of a saint.

3 Natural occult powers do not come to all or to many, very few people are blessed or cursed with the gift. We saw, cursed, for sometimes these powers are utilized for evil purposes. In our last, we gave an account of a Brahmin priest having the power of producing sugar cakes at his will. Many of our readers must have come across people provided with such powers.

4 In cases of possession, the spirit sometimes make use of his or her mediums to perform super-normal feats.

The following wonderful performance was witnessed, about eleven years ago, in broad day-light, by a large number of people, some of them being men of the highest position and education. The account has been described by the well-known author and journalist, Babu Abinash Chandra Das, M. A. B. L., who was also an eye-witness. Babu Abinash Chandra thus writes to us from Azimganj. --

"We often hear or read accounts of the wonderful feats of Indian jugglers. But it seldom falls to one's lot to witness a real performance. I was fortunate enough, to witness the wonderful tree-growing trick performed by an Indian juggler in broad day-light, in the presence of several gentlemen, all of

whom, like myself, were at a loss to account for the phenomenon which we witnessed.

"The performance took place one fine afternoon in the month of December, 1897, at the house of Rābu (now Raja) Bijoy Sing Dudhuria, a promising young nobleman of Azimganj, in the district of Murshidabad. Several well-known gentlemen of the locality were present on invitation to witness the performance which began punctually at 4 P. M.

"The house of the distinguished host, which is aptly named 'Riverside' is beautifully situated in a cosy corner of the little town of Azimganj, on the right bank of the Bhagirathi, with a broad terrace facing it. The pillars that supported the terrace rose, as it were, from the water's edge, so that you could command a very fine view of the noble stream as it glided past under your very feet. The afternoon was bright and beautiful, and the weather highly enjoyable, the air having been cold, crisp and bracing. The sunny bank opposite was peacefully lying with a glorious profusion of yellow corn, and the air wafted across the river, was laden with the delicious scent of flowering herbs, so that what with the immediate gratification of the senses, and what with the prospect of some hot fun looming in the near future, one could not help feeling one's spirits a little elated, as one paced along the terrace with a bit of self-complacency, and not a little of expectancy.

"The terrace having been selected for the scene of the juggler's performance, we drew our chairs in a semicircle, leaving ample room in our front. The juggler was a stout-looking Indian of medium height, wearing beards and having for his head-gear the well-known Panjabi *guggri*. He had

chupkan on his person with tight-fitting sleeves, and the tapering *pyjama* on his legs. He was accompanied by a young man, similarly dressed, carrying a big sack, containing sundry articles, and a three-footed wooden stand, resembling a camera stand, but a trifle larger in size and height. He and his companion politely salaamed to us, as they quietly put in their appearance with the sack and the stand. The juggler, having formally asked our permission to begin the performance, proceeded to take out of his sack a wooden human head of jet black colour, the mouth wide open and the tongueolling out, a piece of bone which for aught I know once formed the rib of a monkey or a human being, and is commonly believed by people to possess great charming or hypnotizing virtues,—a pipe with a bulb in the middle and sundry other little things, all of which were arranged on the floor in our front. He also put up the wooden stand with the three legs set wide apart at equal distances, and surrounded it with a *purdah** lent then and there by our host,—so that the whole device presented the appearance of a little pyramid about 6 feet in height. But before wrapping up the stand with the *purdah*, the juggler caused about a basketful of moist earth to be fetched from the over-bed and put inside the three legs, just in the middle. After this, he took out from the sack one green little thing, about the size of a copper pie, looking like a dry small crumbled leaf, and putting it in the hand of one of the spectators, asked him to plant it himself in the little heap of earth inside the *purdah*. The gentleman did as he was asked, but not without first satisfying himself that there

* It was like the caliche of Peru. H. S. M.



was nothing else but the heap of earth within the enclosure. The juggler then took off his chapkan, and his person would have been totally nude but for a tight jacket with half sleeves.

"He now took up this pipe and played on it for a few minutes, all the while walking round the enclosed stand. The playing having abruptly ceased, he occupied the attention of the spectators by performing certain minor tricks, common to all jugglers, and very commonplace too. I gave little heed to them, as I kept my eyes steadily fixed on the stand to watch and see how would things develop, and occasionally walked round the enclosure to see that none came near it. The juggler's companion took no part in the tricks, and stood away at a respectful distance behind our back. The tricks over, the juggler took up his pipe, played on it again for sometime, after which he asked another gentleman to step up and have a peep into the enclosure from above the stand.

"What do you see Sir?" asked the juggler.

"Little green leaves," was the reply.

"How many in number?"

"More than I can count," was the reply.

"The juggler gave a sly look at us, and seeing incredulity clearly painted on our face, asked a third gentleman to examine for himself the state of things within the *purdah*.

"To our great surprise, he corroborated what the second gentleman had said. Some of us manifesting a little eagerness to examine the seedlings, the juggler politely asked us to be patient, as, he said, he would himself presently bring out the little plants for our inspection. He asked for some

water, which having been brought in a *lota*, he took out a small quantity in the hollow of his palms and pushing his head into the enclosure, evidently sprinkled it over the little plants and instantly brought them out with a quantity of moist clay attached to the roots. He passed before our wondering eyes with the plants in his hands, the water just sprinkled dripping from the leaves, and we noticed with amazement not merely one plant, but quite a little bushy, all grouped together but none higher than a foot the tiny roots visibly shooting into the clay! The juggler then took them back into the enclosure and planting them firmly in the soil, sprinkled some more water over them. This was the first stage of this wonderful performance.

"The second stage commenced with some fresh tricks which were more interesting and more engaging than those that he had first exhibited. But my mind was too much occupied with the wonderful performance that was silently going on within the pudaḥ to pay anything like attention to them. In fact, I kept my eyes rivetted on the stand, and was only occasionally casting a furtive, suspicious glance at the juggler's man who all the while, however, stood far away from us, quite stolid and unconcerned, without evincing the slightest interest in his master's performances. The other side of the pudaḥ was visible to most of us, and I carefully watched that none excepting the juggler came near it. Suddenly did the juggler take up his pipe and start a most weird and fierce tune which startled us in our seats and made us wish that it had ceased. The tune did cease however, and very abruptly too, and no amount of blowing or puffing away at the pipe would emit even a single

discordant note. The thing seeming to stick fast in his mouth, the juggler hastily threw it on the floor, gazed fiercely at it, gnashed his teeth, muttering something unintelligible, probably a curse, and looked unaccountably flurried and excited. He then addressed the pipe in a coaxing tone, and took it up again, this time playing a tune which alternated between the merry and the mournful. The playing over, he asked one of the spectators to come up and have a peep into the enclosure. On being questioned as to the sight he was seeing within, the gentleman replied that he was seeing a profusion of flowers on the plants which had by that time grown larger. Others followed, satisfied their curiosity, and repeated the same story. Every one of us was simply filled with wonder and amazement, and waited with bated breath for further developments. This was the end of the second stage. The third stage commenced as before with more tricks and more spasmodic blowing away at the pipe, during which time, however, be it said, I did not remit my watch on the stand, even for a single moment. But what I was seeing all the while filled me with awe and wonderment which gradually developed into positive dismay, as I noticed the plants growing and bulging out, and pushing off the *purdah*, and tightening it at the top by their expansion. I was seated only two yards off, and I thought as if I was close upon the gates of *infernus* itself, and was face to face with its dark denizens and actually coming under their malevolent influences. The strongest nerves were sure to be unstrung by such uncanny thoughts, and I instinctively shuddered back in horror, and a cold shiver seemed to pass through my ~~entire~~ frame.

"With a startling abruptness did the weird tune cease, and as abruptly too did the juggler make for the enclosed stand. The purdth had bulged out to its utmost extent and capacity, but he removed it just where it faced us, sufficiently to let us have a full view of the plants—and lo! we saw quite a little grove of plants of different kinds, about 6 feet in height, bearing ripe fruits, all pleasant to the sight and probably to the taste too—guavas, custard apples (*Atta*), pomegranates, lemons, sweet lemons (*varbat nebu*), oranges, almonds, pistachio nuts (*pesta*)—all in beautiful confusion and looking quite fresh and tempting! 'Am I dreaming?' I asked to myself. No, I was not. For surely there was our young host, the zemindar, as much non-plussed and dumb-founded as myself, and there were the invited guests all rubbing their eyes, as if to make sure that they were not dreaming. The juggler profusely, sprinkled water over the plants and the fruits, and proceeded to pluck the latter, one by one, and collect them in a heap before us, taking care not to denude the little branches entirely of their precious loads. The best fruit-stall in the town had not such a show of nice fruits, and some of them rare ones too at the time. The guavas and the custard apples were almost out of season; but the almonds and the pistachio nuts? Well, not a single tree of the former could be found within some miles round, and the latter grew only far, far away, hundreds of miles off, on the hills of the western frontier of India—somewhere in Cashmere and Afghanistan, and are imported only by Afghan merchants, not so fresh, to be sure, and with flowers and leaves, but quite dried. How could fresh pistachio nuts be made to grow

and ripen in the unkind soil of Bengal, and that in the course of less than an hour, was more than I could explain. In fact, everything about this trick seemed weird, puzzling and inscrutable to a degree. The juggler handed over the fruits to every one present, but he never allowed anybody to appropriate a whole fruit, as that would bring trouble to him, he said. He, however, cut the fruits in twain and in pieces, and asked everyone to take home or eat, just as he pleased, as many pieces as he cared for. Some tasted the pistachio nuts and pronounced them to be excellent, while others tasted the almonds, the guavas, the oranges, the custard-apples, &c., and declared they were very nice and delicious. I thought that we had all been hypnotized, so instead of tasting anything then and there, I took home several pieces in my pocket to see and examine for myself whether they were the real things they looked to be, or mere figments of our dazed brain. I must say here in passing that they did not disappear or vanish, but lay on my table for several days till they became quite dried and crumbled up, when they were thrown away by the servants.

"The juggler, having distributed the dressed fruits among the spectators, covered up the stand with the purdah, and playing again for a while on his pipe thrust his head into the enclosure and evidently doing something there with his hands for a couple of minutes, came out and played again on the pipe. The playing continued for full five minutes, at the end of which the purdah suddenly collapsed, and the juggler taking it off the stand, the plants were nowhere to be found! They were all gone! I confess, we all looked hopelessly confounded and stupid, and vacantly

gazed at one another for sometime. Some one, however, proceeded to examine the purdah; but no, not a single leaf was to be found within it. In fact, not a single vestige of the plants was to be found anywhere, excepting, of course, the remnants of the fruits cut in pieces and lying before us, and the little twigs that were plucked along with the fruits. I had carefully watched, that none came near the enclosure excepting the juggler, and the terrace rose about 40 feet from the river-bed, and the river water had receded far away from the house in the month of December. So no foul play was at all possible. And yet the trees suddenly disappeared as they suddenly came, and bore ripe fruits, some of which were rare too in Bengal!

"And how did all this come about?" I asked the juggler in my perplexity, as he proceeded to put back his things into the sack.

"Assuredly, not the work of your humble servant, Sir, but only of masters (*maliks*); and Allah is ever great and merciful." That was the only reply the juggler gave me with a meaning twinkle in his eye.

"The above account is written from notes which I jotted down very soon after the performance, and therefore may be taken as correct in every detail."

Now what do you say to the above? About the facts there is no doubt. But how could the magician create real pistachios in an hour and in lower Bengal? To attribute such feats to trickery is to talk unreasonably. Now this man had the power; probably, he got it from nature, that is to say, he was a natural Psychic. What he needed was only a cabinet. And the trees grew, yielded fruits and then disappeared.

If you had paid this man boards of money, we would have yet declined to teach you his "secret." He would have told a lie and have said that his master had forbidden him to impart the secret to others. But the real fact is, that it is not in his power to do it. He can produce trees and fruits, but he cannot teach others how to do it.

It is well-known that our so-called jugglers, of the higher plane, can show such feats but how many have seen it done? The fact is, men with such powers are very, very rare and it is exceedingly difficult to find a genuine master. There is another well-authenticated case of creating trees and fruits in a moment, and we shall refer to it in its proper place. As for Indian jugglery, we refer our readers to what Emperor Jehangere saw and described in his auto-biography. The account was reproduced in this journal. As that account has not attracted that attention which it should, we may reproduce it once again. Jehangere saw feats accomplished by men which seemed simply miracles, that is to say, would be regarded as such by the uninitiated

MIRACLES, OR VERY NEARLY LIKE THEM.



MADAME BLAVATSKY mentions five Messias or Avatars who have appeared in this world. They are, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammud and Gauranga. It is not necessary to explain what is meant by a Messias or Avatar. They are Beings who are regarded as God's own, sent by Him here, to instruct men how they should improve their spiritual nature. They accomplish grand objects which it is impossible for an ordinary man to do. In that greatest of books, the *Bhagabat Gita*, Lord Sree Krishna declares that, God Himself comes down, or sends His representatives to places, where evil has been able to obtain supremacy over righteousness. It was thus that there are so many Messias in the world, and Madame Blavatsky mentions the name of the most important five.

The world knows something of the first four, namely, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, and Mohammud, but it knows nothing or very little of the last, the Lord Gauranga of Nadia.

Now this is a pity. The sayings and doings of the Avatars or Messias, must always be exceedingly useful, not to say interesting, to men. The writer thinks that his new birth began when he came across the career of Gauranga. Now this last Avatar has a unique distinction. Jesus is worshipped

as the Son of God, Mohammud as the friend of God, but the Lord Gaurāṅga is and was regarded by his devotees as the God Almighty Himself.

And who were they? Not fishermen or peasants, or half-civilized Arabs, but the profoundest philosophers of the age, who were his contemporaries. Nadia had, and even it has now, the distinction partly, of being the most learned city in the world. It was here that the subtle philosophy of the Nyayas was developed; it was here that Buddhism got its last polish. And the foremost master of Nyaya, Basudeva Sarabhūm, was first an opponent of Gaurāṅga, and then a believer. That is to say, he latterly believed the Lord Gaurāṅga to be the Lord Almighty Himself. What do you think of the personality of a Being who is regarded, by the most intelligent among his contemporaries, to be the God Himself? Is not the career of such a personality useful and interesting?

But if he was accepted by the profoundest philosophers as the Lord God, millions also believed him in the same way. Millions accepted him as the Lord God when he was only twenty-three. Why? Because of his exalted character, and of the "miracles" that followed his steps.

Nadia, the town in which he flourished was, at that time, the most populous city in India, perhaps the world. It was celebrated, because of the learning of its citizens. It was not the seat of the empire, nor the emporium of trade or commerce, but it was a place where learned men resided, and this was the cause of its Asia-wide celebrity. Every street of that city had an educational institution where thousands got the finish on their education, and these flocked from all parts of India, nay, also from Thibet, Corea, China, Burma, Siam,

and Japan. It was a city of professors and of students. The students thronged the streets, the market places, the bathing ghats, where constantly they had their intellectual tournaments, where a Professor with his thousands of students, were pitted against another equally strong. It was in this city, in the midst of these professors, philosophers and students, that the Lord Gauranga flourished! So this "wonderful young lad," whom miracles followed, who was more learned than the most exalted professors; who was beautiful as a god, whose colour was likened to molten gold; who was strong as a lion and tall as a pillar, necessarily became the object of fierce disputations amongst the learned, between opponents and friends, and thus we know the incidents of his life in "tedious" detail.

At that time of literary activity, a large number of books were issued from Nadia every day,—books on Tantras, a good many of which seem useless, books on the Sûdha, books on the Nyaya philosophy, which seem a mere dissipation of intellectual energy. on Poetry, Drama, Astronomy, Astrology, Mathematics, Medicine, &c. &c. The sayings and doings of the young Avatar necessarily occupied the attention of many of the authors. So we have authentic accounts of eye-witnesses of the career of the Lord. The sayings and doings of the Lord have been preserved for us, even to the minutest detail, by eye-witnesses, and by his immediate followers—themselves, learned and holy men of the highest character and position. His advent was immediately followed by the appearance of thousands of books bearing on his life and works, and the creation of thousands of saints, saintly families, and sacred places. All the data necessary for the purpose of conclusively

establishing a historical fact, do exist to prove the reality of the wonderful deeds of Sree Gauranga.

The traces of the wonderfulness of Sree Gauranga are to be seen in thousands of places throughout the country, from Agra to Cape Comorin. The place where he had chanced to pass a night became holy, as did the spot where he once sat; rivers changed their names because he had bathed therein; villages were called after him because he had passed through them!

Unlikely incidents are very naturally not accepted as true in the beginning, but if similar things happen at other places, and at other periods, the very improbability of the occurrences tends to prove their reality. Many of the minor wonders that followed Gauranga have been performed latterly by the spiritual mediums of the West, Europe and America. It will be found that there is nothing in the super-normal incidents collected by Myers and Gurney which will appear new to the student of the life of Gauranga. Not only does his life contain the wonders performed by spiritual mediums of America and Europe, but also many wonderful incidents which seem simply miraculous. We shall in future issues describe these "miracles."

Before we proceed, however, we must beg leave to ask our readers, who desire to improve their spiritual nature, to study the career of this last Messiah. We assure such readers that a perusal of his life will prove in the highest degree beneficial, even to those who are agnostics, or atheistically inclined. He taught the highest philosophy; he opened a new world to men,—their spiritual and emotional capacities—and he practised what he taught. Other Messias

taught men to love God, but Gauranga not only taught this grand and pleasing duty, but himself shewed how to do it. The study of his career will soften the hardest heart.

"He was full twelve months in the womb and was born the biggest child that ever came out of its mother's womb. He flourished for forty-eight years in this world, and never had a day of illness, except on one occasion, when he took a simple fever for the purpose of accomplishing an object, which was to shew that diseases could be healed by spiritual remedies. He was the strongest and tallest man of the period! His personal beauty was celestial and he was regarded as a savant, when only eighteen."

We said before that from his birth he was accompanied by supernatural incidents. His parents, nurse, and neighbours saw the babe, only a few days old, surrounded by illuminated human figures. At first they were very much frightened but gradually they came to be used to them. They sometimes saw the babe surrounded by a luminous aura. Now and then he dropped words of the highest wisdom and then he did not seem to be an infant of four, but an old man of unfathomable wisdom. He had constant fainting fits from the age of four, and his parents at first thought that he had hysteria, but these fits did him no harm, he got up from them a perfectly healthy child. It was at the age of eight, that he first told a wonderful story. He fainted away as usual and having regained his senses, he said "Listen, father and mother. My brother Viswarup came and told me to salute you for him, &c." The lad of eight also conveyed other messages from his brother. Now this brother was dead! So only at the age of eight, he began to personate dead people

and some of them the highest men of this country. We shall gradually shew that he anticipated all the wonderful feats performed by the mediums of Europe and America, and he did shew also many which can be regarded as almost miraculous. His education was finished at the age of eighteen, when he was attacked by a fit of trance which lasted for several weeks. It was during this trance that he personated dead people. All this time he remained utterly unconscious. After he had got over this, his body, which was perfect, was subjected to a most wonderful spiritual training.

After remaining in this unconscious state for several weeks, he gradually recovered his senses. But though he became partially conscious, yet the influences, which had overpowered him, played mad pranks with him. If he wants to say something the influence prevents him, and he is forced to say something against his will, in spite of his resistance. Thus he is forced to ignore himself and personate others. He begins to weep and weeps for hours. The weeping is accompanied by floods of tears which actually make the earth, where they fall, muddy. Tears gush forth from his eyes as water from a fountain.

It soon came to be perceived that, if one symptom appeared, the opposite was soon to follow. Thus the weeping is followed by laughter which continues for hours or so! Sweating was one of the symptoms, and says the book *Chaitaniya Bhagabat* :—

“Whenever the Lord perspired,
Even Ganges’ self seemed to flow from him.”

His body then becomes dry, and absorbs big jars of water. Sometimes there is violent shivering and clattering of

the teeth, and sometimes the body becomes so rigid that it seems to be made of a single piece of an unyielding material. Sometimes the breathing is suspended, and sometimes it becomes so strong that it seems a storm is blowing. Sometimes the body becomes heavy and sometimes light, sometimes the limbs are drawn in, and he looks like a tortoise, and sometimes the body is elongated and he has the look of a giant of prehistoric period. Sometimes there is hiccuping, sometimes he forms his body into a circle by bringing his feet in touch with his head, and revolves round and round in the open yard. Sometimes the colour of his body, and sometimes that of his eyes change, sometimes the eyes exhibit two different tints. But we hope to continue the description of his training in future issues, and then narrate the wonders which followed him and which have the look of "miracles."

THE LAST REVELATION.



IN the foregoing article we have earnestly requested our readers to make themselves acquainted with the *leela* (divine career) of Gauranga. Of course, we owe a debt of immense gratitude to this Avatar, so anything we may speak of him is apt to be regarded with suspicion. Luckily we have in hand, just received from America, an article which appeared in that high class journal, the *Balance*, and that article gives a concise account of the teachings of Sree Gauranga, and how they differ from those of other religious faiths. The writer, an American, has no reason to be prejudiced in favor Gauranga. Here is the article :

AN ANALYSIS OF VAISHNAVISM AS TAUGHT BY GAURANGA.

(WRITTEN FOR THE *BALANCE*, JUNE 1908.)

By Rem. A Johnston.

Gauranga appeared in India toward the latter part of the fifteenth century, at a time when, in the opinion of Nadia, his birthplace, man was born only to acquire knowledge. So remarkable have been the claims made for Gauranga by his devotees, that a strong, and apparently enduring, cult has sprung up to add its complexity to the world of religious thought. Gauranga's latest biographer, Shishu

Kumar Ghose, naively introduces him to the attention of the western world as follows.

"Europe and America, on account of the scientific discoveries of their savants, may now deservedly claim superiority over India, but in 1485 A. D., when Lord Gauranga was born, India was no doubt the foremost country in the world in every way. Certainly India was more civilized than Judea when Christ flourished, or than Arabia when Mohammed taught. Jesus Christ was regarded as the Son of the Almighty God by his disciples, and Mohammed as the friend of God by his followers. But in India, the most civilized country in the world then, Sri Gauranga was worshipped as the Lord God Almighty Himself."

From this it may be seen that Gauranga's devotees do not err on the side of modesty, and, it must be apparent at once, that the man, divine or not, who could evoke a reverence that has persisted with such increasing fervency for five hundred years, and in a country that produced Buddha, must have possessed extraordinary spiritual attributes.

Mr. Ghose says: "Fancy the magnetism of this Prophet. He had all the frailties of man, he ate and slept like a man. In short, he behaved generally like an ordinary human being, but yet he succeeded in extorting the love and reverence due to the Almighty from the foremost savants in India."

It is the contention of those who have espoused Vaishnavism in the East, as well as in the West, that Lord Gauranga gave the world a "beautiful religion such as had never been known before." The principles of these teachings, as drawn from the ancient *leelas*, may afford the casual reader food for thought, in that Vaishnavism actually appears

to offer, in many ways, standards of breadth and tolerance that would seem to indicate a divine source.

The Vaishnavas contend that all other religious faiths acknowledge only their own founders, and that they ignore the claims of others to the possession of a doctrine that may contain truth. The Christian says, for instance, that Jesus only is the Son of God, that all others are pretenders, that God will send no other avatar. The Buddhist says that Buddha is the only fit prophet for mankind to follow. The Mohammedan is, if anything, even more brutally sure that his Prophet gave the single revelation.

On the other hand, quoting from Ghose, "Vaishnavism says that this divine institution of Avatar, that is to say, the sending down of messengers from heaven for the enlightenment of man, is a law of nature, and that wherever there is an urgent necessity for the appearance of an Irresistible Teacher from Heaven God sends One. Thus though the Christians will not acknowledge any other Prophet than their own, the Vaishnavas admit the claims of all the Prophets who have given religions to the world—Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed and others. Vaishnavism contends that, if God sends Messengers to one race, the impartial God must send Messengers to others; if he sends Messengers at one time, He must send others at other times to teach subtler truths, for men are progressive beings. The teachings of Moses did not prove sufficient to the Jews of the later age, and they had to be taught by Jesus. Thus Vaishnavas acknowledge that Jesus and Buddha, etc., were Messengers from God."

God, according to this doctrine, may be known by observation, meditation, devotion, inspiration and direct

Revelation. By communion with God a man may fill his mind so full of reverence for the Divine Essence that he senses the highest truths, God Himself breathing these truths into his mind on the higher planes through intelligent beings.

Wherever there is an especial need for the objective manifestation of God a Messenger will be sent; whenever ~~the~~ wickedness, selfishness and the baser instincts predominate God will "come down" upon the earth "to establish the superiority of righteousness over sin."

The men of the various religions well known in the Occident worship God either to escape the pangs of eternal punishment or for the purpose of "obtaining favors." The Vaishnavas assert that God is not pleased by such worship. Accordingly they seek to induce in themselves a tender feeling towards the Almighty. Mr. Ghose says: "Try to feel a deep reverence, or affection, or love for Him, and that is Vaishnava worship."

The Vaishnavas say that God serves as He is served. If one worships God as a bounty giver, God answers his prayer, gives him the bounty, and ends the connection there;—the First Cause having fulfilled the demand made on Himself. If one loves God simply then he receives in return love. The real devotee tries to establish a relation with God that will endure. He prays after this fashion: "My Creator! Let my soul cling to Thee, let my mind be filled with reverence for Thee, or allow me the inestimable privilege of loving Thee!"

Another of the cardinal principles of Vaishnavism is that there is but one God, and He has no equal. This, of course, differs in no point from the Christian dogma. H

created the visible universe and the invisible universe'; He made man out of Himself, and therefore all men are brethren. He pervades the universe of which He is the total, and is the life of everything. Mr. Ghose says: "This is proclaimed not only by Vaishnavism, but by every other religion. But the Vaishnavas add to the above that if God is Almighty, He is also all-sweet. In this latter principle Vaishnavism differs from every other religious faith."

The Vaishnavas assert that they consider God's "all-sweetness" before any other attribute. "They must worship God only as the all-sweet Being; for if the establishment of a tender relationship with God be the sole aim of the existence of man, the almightiness of God does not help in establishing it; on the other hand, it creates an impassible gulf between the Creator and man. Is it possible for an elephant and an ant to establish a tender relationship between them? It is simply impossible." If man is obliged to love God, God must become man to enable him to do so.

This leads out to the principle that "God though so grand is but a man." The inquirer worships the objective manifestation, and feels that he is at one with his Creator. His soul expands in its attempts to merge itself with its Maker. The ability of the brain to cognize the vibrations of higher life is increased and expanded. Under the flux of spiritual emotion the man dilates to a feeling of divinity, of which the devotee sees himself as one with his Lord.

As has been stated, the Vaishnavas are tolerant in their attitude to all religions. The growth of their organization has been rapid of late years, and now that the history of the founder may be had in English, the cult

may be expected to grow and flourish in American soil. Certainly nothing can be more sane or helpful than Mr. Ghose's conclusions from his studies of Gauranga's teachings. "To the true man of religion God is not only what marks Him out from man, but also what makes Him common with man. The first part of God is useless to him, and he seeks to that which is common to both. As he develops himself, he appropriates to himself, little by little, this something, which, in the beginning, is beyond his reach, and becomes gradually more divine in nature as his progress."

It will be seen that while we, in our article, have talked of the "miracles" that followed the steps of the Lord, the writer, Mr. Johnston, is altogether silent about them, and has discussed only his teachings. We said that Gauranga was worshipped as God Almighty because of the wonders that followed him, and of his teachings and high character. As we are interested, in proving the reality of spiritual phenomena, the existence of a spiritual world, of the immortality of the soul and of communication between the dead and the living, we gave prominence not so much to his teachings as to the wonderful manifestations that followed him. The writer of the article, Mr. Johnston, on the other hand, is interested in discussing the teachings of the Lord, so he had to keep his attention confined to the philosophy that the Avatar taught.

Mr. Johnston compared the teachings of Gauranga with those of other Messias. He had, therefore, to shew in what respect Vaishnavism differed from other religions, and in going to do it, he had to come to the conclusion that

it was of "divine origin." Says he: "The teachings afford the reader food for thought, in that Vaishnavism actually appears to offer, in many ways, standards of breadth and tolerance that would indicate a divine source." He found no difficulty in proving that Vaishnavism was not only more liberal than other religious faiths, but it contained sublime truths not to be found elsewhere, and at the same time it is more "sane and helpful."

Mr. Johnston notices only a few of the salient points of Vaishnavism which marks it out from other religious faiths. Thus all other religions worship God as the Almighty Master, Vaishnavism regards Him as the All-sweet Lover. Vaishnavism lays down the principle that God serves as He is served. If you serve Him as a Bounty-giver He appears to you as a Bounty-giver and nothing more. Love Him, and He gives His love in return.

Chaitanya preached that "God is not only what marks Him out from man, but also what makes Him common with man. The first part of God is beyond his reach and therefore the really religious man sticks to that which is common to both. As he develops, he appropriates little by little, this something, which was in the beginning beyond his reach and gradually becomes more and more like God Himself." Thus Vaishnavism taught the highest religious truths not known to men before, and it was for the reason that we earnestly recommended our readers to study the teachings of the last Avatar. Mr. Johnston is of opinion that Vaishnavism is more liberal than other important religions of the world.

A SCIENTIST LOSES CASTE BY ACCEPTING SPIRITUALISM.



FLAMMARION, the French Astronomer, is a diligent student of spiritualism for forty-five years and also an honest man, and, as such, is bound to be a believer. But then he is a scientist, and as such he cannot admit the philosophy and lose his position amongst scientific men. Scientific men cannot account for the phenomena, and, therefore, they deny them. But Flammarion being honest cannot go so far. Thus he testifies to the following proofs of spiritualism. —

At one of the seances with the Neapolitan medium, M. Jules Bois, one of those present, held a book before a curtain. The room was dimly lighted by a small lamp, with a shade, fairly far from the curtain. Everything was distinctly visible.

An invisible hand behind the curtain seized the book.

It was a small volume, bound in red, which Flammarion, himself had just taken from his library.

Mme. Flammarion, who was askeptic regarding psychic phenomena, had slipped to the window behind the curtain in order to observe carefully whatever might happen; she hoped to detect some movement of the medium's arm and call attention to it.

She could distinctly see the head of Eusapia, perfectly quiet, in front of the mirror reflecting the light.

Suddenly the book appeared before her. It had gone through the curtain and was supported in the air, without help from hands or arms, for one or two seconds. Then she saw it fall. She cried out: "Oh! see the book! It has just come through the curtain!" And, pale and amazed, she started back into the midst of the observers.

He frankly admits.

"Some fluid body is formed, flows from its organism, moves, and acts.

"What intelligent force directs this fluid body and makes it act this way or that? Either it is the spirit of the medium, or some other spirit which makes use of this fluid."

Why then does he not vote for the spiritual theory at once? He says further, very justly:

"If one wishes to go to the trouble of reasoning, one is surely forced to admit one's self irrevocably held up before this dilemma. Either all investigators have been dupes of the mediums, who have continually played tricks on them, or these amazing things really exist.

"As the first hypothesis is eliminated, we must admit the reality of the phenomena observed."

So here the phenomena are admitted. Why then does he not accept the theory of spiritualism without reserve? Because, he says.

"The conditions upon which certainty is based should be understood by all investigators, yet it is astounding to hear how intelligent people are surprised at our doubts and

at the strict scientific obligations under which we are placed. In order to be sure of such seeming impossibilities, one must be a hundred times sure; one must have observed them not once, but 100 times, as, for instance, table raisings have been observed."

His final conclusion is:

"Given the present state of our knowledge, it is impossible to give a complete, total, absolute, and definitive explanation of the phenomena observed."

So he admits everything, yet hesitates to call himself a spiritualist. Why? The reason is this. It is true he has seen spirits, real ones, but he has seen them only ninety-eight or ninety-nine times. He has not as yet got their hundredth visit! Is it not so?

Since Mr. Flammarion admits the facts, let us assume that some intelligent invisible forces announced themselves to him as his dead relations, and proved their identity by various means,--by automatic writings by slate-writings, by trumpet-voices, by photographs, by shewing themselves to him and by disclosing facts only known to the alleged relations. But yet the astronomer could not accept them as relations, since they proved their identity by less than hundred ways! Is it not so?

Let us take one fact into consideration. There are few who are pledged not to accept the spiritual theory, on any account whatever. They are affected with the disease, which brother Ralph Shirley of the *Occult Review*, calls Padmorism, after Mr. Padmore. There are others who admit the phenomena, but attribute them not to spirits, but telepathy, subliminal self, unconscious cerebration,

and other unknown forces. How is it then that this telepathy, this subliminal self etc., always call themselves spirits? This telepathy, and subliminal self must be great liar. "Who are you," asks an inquirer? The invisible force replies "I am your dead brother and I can prove my identity easily." Instead of this, why the question is not answered by this force, by the frank admission that, "I am only telepathy or I am the subliminal self of the medium?" The medium when an ordinary man, is voted honest, but he become a great liar as soon as he is influenced by the invisible forces.

HOW AN UNBELIEVER WAS CONVINCED.

—:-(X):—

AN Extract from a Letter from a Gentleman in Barbadoes to a Friend Published in a London (England) Magazine One Hundred and Fifteen Years Ago, and Copied by L. D. Hammond, of New York, for the *Progressive Thinker*

Many people will not believe that departed spirits can appear to mortal eyes, and among the incredulous I was one, until convinced to the contrary by the narration of a very affecting story of one that appeared to a youth, lately deceased in this place, and which has been so strongly confirmed that I am no longer a heretic.

A great friendship existed between Thomas Ostrahan and Robert Straker, two youths of this island, which was contracted at school in England, and continued after their arrival here. Ostrahan died lately. Straker attended his funeral, and expressed lively marks of sorrow at the death of his friend. On his return at night to rest in his chamber, he there ruminated on Ostrahan's death, and consoled himself for his loss, in a hope that his friend would enjoy a degree of happiness in the invisible world that he could not have expected here. Whilst he was thus employed, he on a sudden saw a glimmering light at a distance from him, which seemed to approach near him.

and directly there appeared to his sight a form that made every nerve in him tremble with fear, and so wrought on him that he sank speechless in his bed. After some little time he recovered from his swoon, and saw the same form sitting in a chair by the side of his bed, and notwithstanding the terrific appearance of it, he recognized the features of his late departed friend, Ostrahan, who thus saluted him :

"Do not be terrified, my dear friend, at my appearance. Be of good courage. Do not be surprised."

At these words he recollected his faltering spirits, and offered to take him by the hand.

"No, my dear Bob," says the spirit, "I am not to be touched by mortal hands. I am yet ignorant where I am to go, but at present I have received a command from the Almighty [so regarded by him] to warn you of an impending danger that hangs over your brother's head, which he is yet ignorant of. Tell your father that two intimate friends and companions of your brother will shortly seduce him to the most abandoned wickedness, and that unless he uses some precaution to prevent it, your brother will inevitably be lost. I know you love him, and would not willingly see him undone, therefore fail not to acquaint your father. You, yourself, will shortly die, at what hour I know not, and another of your friends will shortly follow. In order to convince you that I am commissioned from above I will tell you some of your father's thoughts. He designed to have you married at the age of nineteen to Miss W. This thought and design he has never communicated to any person living. As a further proof on

Sunday night you will be drawn to church by a cause you yet know not of, and you will there hear the Parson S.—use these particular words [repeating them]. Fall not to inform your father of your brother's danger." At this he departed from his sight.

Straker was greatly surprised at what was told him, but feared to communicate it to the family. The Sunday night following, he attended the funeral of a neighbor to church, and there heard the Minister S. repeat the very sentences in his sermon which the spirit informed him would be said. This made a deep impression on him, and he returned home very melancholy, of which his mother took notice, and asked him the reason. He told her he should shortly die. She asked how he came to have such a thought, and in answer to her question he told her of his friend Ostrahan's appearance to him, which she laughed at, and told him it was a dream.

"Madam," says he (a little angry at her unbelief) "since you will have it so, it is a dream." At night he retired to rest with his brother as usual, but being kept awake sometime by uneasy reflections on what the spirit had told him respecting his brother, he on a sudden saw a very bright light illuminating the whole chamber, which was so beautiful and striking, that it both pleased and terrified him. At the same instant he jumped out of bed in order to alarm the family, but hearing a fluttering kind of noise, he looked toward the place, and saw his friend arrayed in celestial glory standing before him. Never did his eyes behold a form so beautiful. He was dressed in a long white robe that carried with it an air of inexpressible gran-

deur. His cheeks appeared adorned with a rosy-colored hue that surpassed the beauty of the blooming rose. A glorious illumination sparkled around him. Straker beheld the sight with the most rapturous ecstasy, while he stood some minutes silent to indulge the admiration of his earthly friend. At length this celestial inhabitant broke silence, and said :

"My dear friend, once more I am come to visit you. I am in a place of happiness, and sent by the Most High [as he conceived] to repeat the former command respecting that youth who now lies sleeping in the bed. Why did you delay communicating it to your father?"

Straker replied: "I designed to acquaint my father on it, but my mother ridiculing it as a dream prevented me. Will you permit me to awaken my brother? Your warning him of his danger might have stronger weight."

"No, it is not permitted," repeated the spirit. "Should you awaken him he might see me, because I am at present visible to human eyes; but it would also oblige me to depart instantly. You will yourself bid adieu to this world in a few days! Be resigned and expect the stroke."

"I am not afraid of death," replied Straker. "I think I am prepared to obey the summons of the Most High."

"Three hours before your death," says the other, "I shall appear to you. Be mindful of the injunction laid on you."

He then walked very leisurely towards the open window. Straker had resolution enough to follow him, and trod upon the skirt of the white robe, but it did not seem to feel like a common substance. At this the shining seraph turned round, and most benignly smiled upon him and then appeared to soar up to the heavens.

The morning after this, being Monday, he told the particulars of this visitation to his father, who was very much alarmed at the recital, and felt all the agonies of a tender parent, at the afflicting thought of losing his beloved child.

"My dear son," says he, "I am convinced of the truth of what you have told me, from the circumstance of your marriage. I designed to marry you at the age of nineteen years. I must be content to lose you, my dear Bob, since it is the will of the Almighty. I hope you have made good use of your late hours."

"Yes, sir," says the son, "I have endeavored to prepare myself by prayer and meditation for the awful summons."

Straker a few hours after penned every particular of this visitation, and directed it in a letter to his father. He was soon after seized with a vomiting, which turned in a short time to its opposite disorder. After being seated in a chair, he presently raised his drooping head and cried, "I come, I come, my dear friend. I will soon follow."

His friends around him being surprised, asked him the reason of his exclamation. "I have just seen," says he, "my dear friend, Thomas Ostrahan. I shall expire in three hours."

On being told that the young lady he courted was in the house, he desired his friends to introduce her into his chamber. He then embraced her with great tenderness, and kissing her mournfully, exclaimed, "Farewell, my dear M——! May heaven love you as I have done! Farewell my dear friends!" After this he prostrated himself on his face, and after lying some time in that posture, he expired with a gentle sigh.



SPIRIT IDENTITY.

—:-(X):—

STANTON MOSES was a gifted medium. It was he—who succeeded by his mediumship in convincing a large number of people of the truth of spiritualism. His book on “Spirit Identity” contains conclusive proof of the truth of the philosophy. In the preface of this book he says:—

The communications which form the bulk of this volume were received by the process known to automatic or passive writing. This is to be distinguished from Psychography. In the former case the psychic holds the pen or pencil, or places his hand upon the planchette, and the message is written without the conscious intervention of his mind. In the latter case the writing is direct, or is obtained without the use of the hand of the psychic, and sometimes without the aid of pen or pencil.

Automatic writing is a well-known method of communication with the invisible world of what we loosely call Spirit. I use that word as the most intelligible to my readers, though I am well aware that I shall be told that I ought not to apply any such term to many of the unseen beings who communicate with earth, of whom we hear much and often as being the *reliquiae* of humanity, the *shells* of what were once *men*. It is no part of my business to enter

into this ghost question. My interlocutors call themselves spirits, perhaps because I so call them, and spirits they are to me for my present purposes.

These messages began to be written through my hand just ten years since—March 30th, 1873—about a year after my first introduction to Spiritualism. I had had many communications before, and this method was adopted for the purpose of convenience, and also to preserve what was intended to be a connected body of teaching. The laborious method of rapping out messages was manifestly unfitted for communications such as those which I here print. If spoken through the lips of the medium in trance they were partially lost, and it was moreover impossible at first to rely upon such a measure of mental passivity as would preserve them from admixture with his ideas. I procured a pocket-book which I habitually carried about with me. I soon found that writing flowed more easily when I used a book that was permeated with the psychic aura; just as raps come more easily on a table that has been frequently used for the purpose, and as phenomena occur most readily in the medium's own room.

At first the writing was very small and irregular, and it was necessary for me to write slowly and cautiously, and to watch the hand, following the lines with my eye; otherwise the message soon became incoherent, and the result was mere scribble. In a short time, however, I found that I could dispense with these precautions. The writing, while becoming more and more minute, became at the same time very regular and beautifully formed. As a specimen of caligraphy some of the pages are exceedingly beautiful. The

answers to my questions (written at the top of the page) were paragraphed and arranged as if for the press, and the name of God was always written in capitals and slowly, and, as it seemed, reverentially. The subject matter was always of a pure and elevated character, much of it being of personal application, intended for my own guidance and direction. I may say that throughout the whole of these written communications, extending in unbroken continuity to the year 1880, there is no flippant message, no attempt at jest, no vulgarity or incongruity, no false or misleading statement, so far as I know or could discover; nothing incompatible with the avowed object, again and again repeated, of instruction, enlightenment, and guidance by spirits fitted for the task. Judged as I should wish to be judged myself, they were what they pretended to be. Their words were words of sincerity, and of sober, serious purpose.

The earliest communications were all written in the minute characters that I have described, and were uniform in style and in the signature, "Doctor, the Teacher," nor have his messages ever varied during all the years that he has written. Whenever and wherever he wrote, his handwriting was unchanged, showing indeed less change than my own does during the last decade. The tricks of style remained the same, and there was, in short, a sustained individuality throughout his messages. He is to me an entity, a personality, a being with his own idiosyncrasies and characteristics quite as clearly defined as the human beings with whom I come in contact, if indeed I do not do him injustice by the broad comparison.

After a time, communications came from other sources and these were distinguished each by its own handwriting and by its own peculiarities of style and expression. These, once assumed, were equally invariable. I could tell at once who was writing by the mere characteristics of the caligraphy.

By degrees, I found that many spirits who were unable to influence my hand themselves sought the aid of a spirit "Rector," who was apparently able to write more freely and with less strain on me; for writing by a spirit unaccustomed to the work was often incoherent, and always resulted in a serious drain upon my vital powers. They did not know how easily the reserve of force was exhausted, and I suffered proportionately.

Moreover, the writing of the spirit who thus became a sort of amanuensis was fluent and easy to decipher, whereas that of many spirits was cramped, archaic in form, and frequently executed with difficulty, and almost illegible. So it came to pass, as a matter of ordinary course, "Rector" wrote, but when a spirit came for the first time, or when it was desired to emphasise a communication, the spirit responsible for the message wrote for himself.

It must not be assumed, however, that all messages proceeded from one solitary inspiration. In the case of the majority of the communications printed in this volume this is so. The volume is a record during which "Imperator" was alone concerned with me, though, as he never attempted writing, "Rector" acted as his amanuensis. At other times, and especially since that time, communications have apparently proceeded from a company of associated spirits, who have

used their amanuensis for the purpose of their message. This was increasingly the case during the last five years, that I received these communications.

The circumstances under which the messages were written were infinitely varied. As a rule it was necessary that I should be isolated, and the more passive my mind the more easy the communications. But I have received messages under all sorts of conditions. At first they came with difficulty, but soon the mechanical method appeared to be mastered, and page after page was covered with matter of which the specimens contained in this book will enable the public to judge.

What is now printed has been subjected to revision by a method similar to that by which it was first written. Originally published in the *Spiritualist* newspaper, the messages have been revised, but not substantially altered by those who first wrote them. When the publication in the *Spiritualist* was commenced, I had no sort of idea of doing what is now being done. Friends desired specimens to be published, and the selection was made without any regard to continuity. I was governed only by a desire to avoid the publication of what was no personal interest only, and I, perforce, excluded much that involved allusion to those still living, whom I had no right to drag into print. I disliked putting personal matter relating to myself; I had, obviously, no right to print that which concerned others. Some of the most striking and impressive communications have thus been excluded, and what is printed must be regarded as a mere sample of what cannot see the light now, and which must be reserved for consideration at a remote period,

when I and those concerned can no longer be aggrieved by its publication.

It is an interesting subject for speculation whether my own thoughts entered into the subject-matter of the communications. I took extraordinary pains to prevent any such admixture. At first the writing was slow, and it was necessary for me to follow it with my eye, but even then the thoughts were not my thoughts. Very soon the messages assumed a character of which I had no doubt whatever that the thought was opposed to my own. But I cultivated the power of occupying my mind with other things during the time that the writing was going on, and was able to read an abstruse book, and follow out a line of close reasoning while the message was written with unbroken regularity. Messages so written extended over many pages, and in their course there is no correction, no fault in composition, and often a sustained vigour and beauty of style.

I am not, however, concerned to contend that my own mind was not utilised, or that what was thus written did not depend for its form on the mental qualifications of the medium through whom it was given. So far as I know it is always the case that the idiosyncrasies of the medium are traceable in such communications. It is not conceivable that it should be otherwise. But it is certain that the mass of ideas conveyed to me were alien to my own opinions, were, in the main, opposed to my settled convictions, and, moreover, that in several cases information, of which I was assuredly ignorant, clear, precise, and definite in form, susceptible of verification, and always exact, was thus conveyed to me. As, at many of the seances, spirits came and rapped,

out of the table clear and precise information about themselves, which we afterwards verified, so, on repeated occasions, was such information conveyed to me by this method of automatic writing.

I argue from the one case to others. In one I can positively assert and prove the conveyance of information new to me. In others I equally believe that I was in communication with an external intelligence which conveyed to me thoughts other than my own. Indeed, the subject-matter of many of the communications printed in this volume will, by its own inherent quality, probably lead to the same conclusion.

I never could command the writing. It came unsought usually, and when I did seek it, as often as not I was unable to obtain it. A sudden impulse, coming I know not how, led me to sit down and prepare to write. Where the messages were in regular course I was accustomed to devote the first hour of each day to sitting for their reception. I rose early, and the beginning of the day was spent, in a room that I used for no other purpose, in what was to all intents and purposes a religious service. These writings frequently came then, but I could by no means reckon upon them. Other forms of spirit-manifestation came too; I was rarely without some unless ill-health intervened, as it often did of late years, until the messages ceased.

The particular communications which I received from the spirit known to me as "Imperator" mark a distinct epoch in my life.

I have noted in the course of my remarks the intense exaltation of spirit, the strenuous conflict, the intervals of

peace that I have since longed for, but have seldom attained, which marked their transmission. It was a period of education in which I underwent a spiritual development that was in its outcome a very regeneration. I cannot hope, I do not try, to convey to others what I then experienced. But it may possibly be borne in upon the minds of some who are not ignorant of the dispensation of the spirit in their own inner selves, that for me the question of the beneficent action of external spirit on my own self was then finally settled. I have never since, even in the vagaries of an extremely sceptical mind, and amid much cause for questioning, ever seriously entertained a doubt.

Here are some cases of spirit identity which Mr. Moses had himself come across.

(1) It was in August 1872, that I first became acquainted with evidence of Spirit Identity. Dr. and Mrs. Speer and I were then sitting regularly almost every evening. A friend of Mrs. Speer's, of whom I had never heard, came and wrote through my hand her name, "A. P. Kirkland." Dr. Speer said, "Is that our old friend?" Then I wrote. "Yes. I came to tell you that I am happy, but I can't impress our friend to-night." The handwriting then changed, and there came communications from Mr. Callister (a friend of mine); and from my cousin, T. J. S.; and from another spirit, which I do not think it of importance to mention here.

With regard to these communizations, they were distinct in style, and it is of importance to notice that the handwriting of Miss Kirkland was very similar to her own, which I had never seen, and that of Mr. Callister, on being questioned as to his identity, recalled to my memory a fact

which had escaped it, and referred to a conversation, the last I had had with him on earth. This I do not adduce as evidence of identity, nor do I withdraw it as such."

This was on August 21st, 1872, and on September 4th in the same year there came a little sister of Dr. Speer's, particulars respecting which case are printed in "Spirit Identity," p. 59, as follows:—

- (2) "I pass to a case in which a spirit who first manifested her presence on September 4th, 1872, has remained in permanent communication with us ever since. I note this case because we have the advantage of prolonged intercourse to aid us in forming an opinion as to identity, and because the spirit has not only given an unequivocal proof of her characteristic individuality, but has evidenced her presence in various ways. This is a remarkable case, too, as tending to prove that life once given is indestructible, and that the spirit which has once animated a human body, however brief its tenure, lives on with unimpaired identity.

"The spirit in question announced herself by raps, giving a message in French. She said she was a sister of Dr. Speer's, and had passed away at Tours, an infant of seven months old. I had never heard her mentioned, and her brother had forgotten her existence, for she lived and died before his birth. Clairvoyants had always described a child as being in my company, and I had wondered at this, seeing that I had no trace of any such relation or friend. Here was the explanation. From the time of her first appearance she had remained attached to the family, and her clear, joyous little rap, perfectly individual in its nature, is never-

failing evidence of her presence. It never varies, and we all know it at once as surely as we should know the tone of a friend's voice. She gave particulars of herself, and also her four names in full. One (Stanhope) was new to her brother, and he verified it only by reference to another member of the family (Mrs. Denis). Names, and dates, and facts were alike unknown to me. I was absolutely ignorant of the fact of the existence of any such person."

THE SHADOW WORLD.



[HERE is another article of Mr. Hamlin Garland, as published in "Everybody's Magazine." It will be seen that the phenomena described below are even more amazing than those set forth in the first article on the subject. Authorities of such world-wide renown as Lombroso and Flammarion are quoted. The cumulative evidence begins to shake the scepticism of even the most severely sceptical of Mr. Garland's associate investigators. Yet, as before, the events are plainly reported, without argument, leaving conclusions to the reader. It will also be remembered that these articles are drawn from records of the personal experiments of Mr. Garland and in all essentials they are as true as the reports that he made to the American Psychical Society.]

If there is anything at all in occult manifestations, the condition of the mind of the psychic is the most important part of the combination. It was in view of this fact that I approached this sitting at Miller's house with some fear that it might end in disappointment to him and be a source of chagrin to Mrs. Smiley herself. The house was strange, his attitude intensely critical, and she was very anxious to succeed. It would be remarkable, indeed, if under these conditions she were able to meet us half-way. As we walked up the street together, I did my best to reassure her.

"You may trust me fully, Mrs. Smiley," I said, "and Miller, though an inexorable scientist, is a gentleman. I am sure he will not insist on any experiment that will injure your health or give you needless pain. This is but our second sitting, and I, for one, do not expect you to be at your best."

"I hope we shall have good work," she replied earnestly, "but it is always harder to sit for tests. Tell me about Mrs. Miller. Is she nice? Shall I like her?"

"She is very sweet and gentle; you will take to her at once."

Her voice was very sincere as she said: "You don't know how anxiously I watch the make-up of my circle. It isn't because I am afraid of sceptics—I have no fear of those who do not believe; but each person brings a different influence, and these influences conflict and worry me and then nothing takes place, I don't want to disappoint you."

The Millers occupied a modest little house far up-town, and were suburban, almost rural, in their manner of living. The chemist himself met us at the door and, after greeting us cordially, ushered us into his library, which was a small room at the back of the hall. I observed that it had only one door, and two windows, rather high up in the east wall.

"So this is the den of inquisition," I said, and then, turning to Mrs. Smiley, I added, "I hope you are not alarmed."

"Not a bit," she answered cheerily.

As Mrs. Miller, a quiet little woman not far removed from Mrs. Smiley's own type, entered the room and greeted

us both, I could see the psychic's face light up with pleasure. This argued well for our sitting. Mrs. Miller was about to lead Mrs. Smiley from the room when I interposed: "Don't take her away, Mrs. Miller. I want to be able to say that she did not leave the room until after the sitting."

I could see that Miller had made careful preparation along the lines of suggestions I had given him. A plain old table was standing lengthwise of the room, the windows were hung with shawls, and a worn hickory chair waited with arms wide-spread to seize its victim. As I stood beside the little psychic, surveying the room, she turned to me and said, with a note of satisfaction in her voice: "I like this house; I feel the right associations here. The air is full of spirit power."

"I am glad your mind is at ease," said I, "for I am anxious for a very conclusive sitting. You tell 'Mitchell' what Miller is decidedly worth converting. I want him and 'Wilbur' to do the best, they can for us, and I want to tighten the bonds on you to-night."

DAILY TALK WITH "SPIRITS."

She fearlessly faced me. "I am in your hands, Mr. Garland; do as you like. Mr. Mitchell told me this morning that he would yet convince you of the reality of the spirit world. He is assembling all the forces at his command."

"I am delighted to get that assurance," I responded.

"How do you hear from him?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Sometimes he speaks to me—sometimes he writes on slates," Mrs. Smiley answered.

"You are to sit here," said Miller, indicating to her the hickory chair, which he had placed near the north wall.

She took her seat meekly, placing her hands on the arms of the chair. "I like this," she said, with a smile.

"Now," said I, "I am going to ask Mrs. Miller to fasten this long tape about your ankles as I direct. We mean to take every precaution that you do not involuntarily or subconsciously move your limbs."

Under close scrutiny, Mrs. Miller secured each foot in such wise that the knots came in the middle of the tape, and to make untying them absolutely impossible, I drew the two ends of the long ribbon back under the chair and tacked them securely to the shelf of a bookcase about two feet from the psychic.

TYING THE PSYCHIC.

I then unreeled my spool of silk twist and tied it firmly to the arm of her chair at a point about six feet from the loose end, which I intended to hold. I knotted the silk about the psychic's wrists, drawing it to a hard knot each time, and gave the spool to Miller, retaining the loose end of the thread in my own hands. My plan was to control the ends of the thread and so prevent any possibility of untying. The psychic could neither touch the tips of her fingers together nor lift her arms an inch from the chair. She was as secure as if bound with a rope, but as an extra precaution I passed the thread beneath the chair-arm and pulled it taut. "This will enable us to feel the slightest movement of her hands," I said to Miller, who had copied my device. "Are you satisfied with conditions?"

He answered with some reservation: "They will do, though I should like to have light; however, I suppose that is impossible."

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"No, not impossible," replied Mrs. Smiley, "but the voices are stronger in the dark."

Mrs. Miller took her seat exactly opposite Mrs. Smiley. I was at the psychic's right. Miller, after turning down the gas, sat opposite me and at her left. At first the room seemed as dark as ink, but by degrees I was able (from my position opposite the window) to perceive a faint glow of light through the curtain.

Mr. Smiley's back was near a wall of books and, the room being narrow, Miller's chair pretty well filled the space between the table and the window behind it. The possibility of the action of a confederate was excluded by the bolted door. To enter the room by a window was impossible, for the reason that the slightest noise could be heard and the least movement of the curtain would admit the light. Barring the darkness, conditions were very good.

However, we were hardly settled in place when Miller was moved to further precaution. "Mrs. Smiley, I should like to pin a newspaper over your dress, so that any slightest movement of your knees or feet could be heard. Do you object?"

"Not at all," she instantly replied. "I am sure my guides will do anything they can to meet your wishes. You may nail my dress to the floor, if you wish."

Miller turned on the light, and together we pinned a large, crisp newspaper over the psychic's knees and tacked it securely to the floor in front of her feet. The corners where the pins were inserted were well out of her reach.

Again the lights were lowered, and at my direction Miller placed his right hand on the psychic's left and

touched fingers with Mrs. Miller. I completed the circle. In this way we sat quietly conversing for some time.

A NEW FIELD OF SCIENCE.

"I want to make it quite plain to you," I said, "that I am trying to follow Crookes's advice, which is to strip away all romance and all superstitious ideas from this subject. Whatever happens to-night, Mrs. Miller, please do not be alarmed. There is nothing inherently uncanny or unwholesome in these phenomena. All depends upon the point of view. I am interested in these obscure phases of human life because of their essentially human character. If they are real, they are natural. To me they are absorbingly interesting as dramatic material, and yet I hope I am sufficiently the scientist to be alive to the value of the slightest telekinetic happenings, and enough of the realist to remain critical in the midst of the most startling performances of the invisible forces."

"But you believe in them, don't you?" asked Mrs. Miller.

I replied cautiously: "I am at this moment convinced of the reality of *some* of these phenomena by reason of my own experiments; but even without personal investigation I do not think any reasonable man can read books like those of Crookes, Maxwell, and Flammarion without saying 'there is something in it.' When a man like Lombroso, professor of psychiatry at the University of Turin, tells me that he has seen and touched spectral hands, I must at least listen respectfully. As to what it all means, well, that is another matter."

"But where does it lead if not to spiritualism?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Why, as to the exact country, I don't know, but the best of our experimenters are agreed that the path leads, to a new field of science. Richet* says: 'I am ready to maintain that there is something profoundly mysterious in "materialization" which will change from top to bottom our ideas of nature and of life.' These powers seem to be in advance of us, and may be of value in the evolution of the race. That is why I want to enlist your husband in the work. Nothing like Maxwell's or Richet's thoroughness of method has ever been used by an American physicist, so far as I know. Our leading scientific men have let the subject severely alone."

"Why are they so sceptical?" asked Mrs. Smiley.

"Partly because of inherited prejudice, and partly because of their allegiance to opposing theories, and finally, I suspect, because they are connected with institutions that would not sanction such investigation. There are not many who have the courage of Flammarion,† who said at the beginning of his study: 'As a lover of truth I am willing to face a thousand reproaches. I am not concerned with individuals. My mind seeks the truth and recognizes it wherever it finds it.'"

Miller here interposed with a covert sneer in his voice: "Nevertheless, Flammarion is always more of the romancer than of the scientist."

"His critics do him an injustice," I answered with some heat. "If you will read his latest book, 'Mysterious Psychic

* Professor in the faculty of medicine in the University of Paris, and member of the Academy of Medicine. Author of numerous works on physiology.

† Director of Astronomical Observatory of Jovisy, France. Author of "Marvels of the Heavens," "Popular Astronomy," "The Unknown," etc.

Forces,' with attention and with candor, you cannot but be impressed with his wide experience and his patient, persistent search for the truth. I cannot see but that he has examined very critically the scores of psychics who have come under his observation, and his reports are painstaking and cautious.

FLAMMARION'S TESTIMONY.

"He says definitely that he has proved to himself the suspension of a table. At another place he speaks of *seeing* the movement of chairs without contact, of seeing curtains 'swell out from the cabinet, as if blown by a gusty wind.' He felt and saw hands and forms. Like Lodge, he vouches for many of the phenomena.—But here we go along lines of controversy when we should be sitting in quiet harmony. Let us defer our discussion until after our seance. Have patience, and I believe we can duplicate, if not surpass, the marvelous doings of even Morselli* and Lombroso. We may be able some day to take flashlight photographs of the cone while it is floating in the air."

"Has that ever been done?" asked Mrs. Miller.

• "KATIE KING" IN GASLIGHT.

"Oh, yes. Flammarion secured 'photographs of a table floating in the air. These pictures show conclusively that the psychic had nothing to do with it, at least not in any ordinary way. Richet succeeded in fixing the apparition of a Spanish soldier on several plates.' Crookes photographed 'Katie King' and her medium several times. Sudden, bright light, however, is supposed to be dangerous to a

* Professor of Psychology at the University of Genoa.

medium. One of the most amazing of all Crookes's experiences was when 'Katie,' at their earnest request, took her place outside the curtain and permitted the gas-jets to be turned full upon her. The account is gruesome, tragic. 'She stood with her arms outspread as if crucified,' and disintegrated before their very eyes. It was ghastly to see her lovely face blur, blot, and crumble in the light. In a few seconds she was but a wisp of white vapor and then was gone. Thereafter they were willing to permit the usual half-light."

Miller remained unmoved by all this, but Mrs. Miller shuddered. "It sounds like an actual martyrdom," she said

"It is often the medium who is martyred," I answered "Whatever glory comes to any psychic is earned, as I think you will admit when you have heard the groans and sighs of these victims of science. Think of Eusapia Paladino, the poor Italian peasant woman, sitting for Flammarion. Lombroso, the great alienist; Professor Schiaparelli, the director of the observatory of Milan; Gerosa, professor of physics. Ermacora, doctor of natural philosophy; Aksakof, councillor of state to the Emperor of Russia; Charles du Prel, doctor of philosophy in Munich! Imagine the anxiety to produce, to 'make good,' as Howard would say, on the part of such a medium!"

"Did she make good?" asked Miller.

"She did. She baffled them all, and convinced most of them of the genuineness of her powers."

"But she was exposed at Cambridge by the Psychical Research Society," he objected.

"She was accused of fraud at the time, but afterward Lodge and Meyers both retracted their criticisms. Lodge,

who joined Richet in some experiments at Carquieranne, was reassured in his belief. He saw movements of objects without contact. He heard a piano play without contact. He watched a table overturn itself. He witnessed the appearance of blue marks on a table without the help of any ordinary methods of writing. He felt the blows of a spectral hand while the hands of the medium were under perfect control—in short, he and Lombroso and Flammarion, like Wallace and Maxwell, sustain Crookes in almost every detail. This consensus of observation means something."

Miller remained silent under my bombardment, and with intent to put Mrs. Smiley into a trance, I began to sing a low, humming song. In a few minutes her hands became cold and began to flutter. At last she threw my fingers away as if she found them scorching hot. Miller's hand was similarly repulsed. She then seemed to pass into quiet sleep, and I said, "Withdraw a little, Miller, but keep your silk thread taut."

Almost immediately faint raps came upon the table, and I asked, "Are you there, Mitchell?"

Tap, tap, tap—yes.

"Are we sitting right?"

Tap, tap, tap, answered "Mitchell" in his peculiarly grave and deliberate way. I could now tell the difference between his approach and that of "Wilbur" almost instantly.

THE VOICES MAKE CONDITIONS.

"As to these raps," I remarked, "they are easily simulated, but they have been absolutely proved by several of our best investigators. Crookes obtained them on a sheet of paper held in the air, on pencils, on a strip of cloth,

under every possible condition. Maxwell secured them by pinching his own ear or by squeezing the arm of his neighbor. They are the first manifestations of intelligent 'spirit power'. And yet they persist along with the most complicated phenomena."

Presently a sweet and childish girl-voice came from the direction of the psychic. "*Mr. Mitchell would like to have you tie the threads to the legs of the table.*"

"Are you Maud?" I asked.

"Yes, I am Maudie," she answered. "*Mr. Mitchell wants to try some experiment. He wishes you to tie the threads to the legs of the table.*"

I confess I didn't like the looks of this, but as a temporary measure I was willing to grant it. "If you don't object, Miller, we will do as the 'guides' desire."

He hesitated. "It weakens our test, and I don't see why it is demanded."

"I suggest we yield the point for the present. Perhaps 'they' will permit us to resume the thread a little later. I have found that by apparently meeting the forces half-way at the beginning, we can get concessions later, that will be of greater value than the tests we have ourselves devised."

Accordingly, I tied my silk twist to the table leg at a distance of about twenty-six inches from the utmost reach of the psychic's hands. Miller did the same. We then resumed our seats, and sat in easy converse for nearly two hours.

A LONG WAIT FOR THE "GUIDES."

During this time the psychic was absolutely silent and apparently in a deep trance, and I was beginning to feel both

disappointed and chagrined. Miller's tone was a bit irritating. I knew exactly what was in his mind. "I've fixed her now," he was exultantly saying to himself. "She can't do a thing; even her request to have the threads tied to the table does not avail her."

At last "Maud" again complained of the thread on her mother's right wrist. "*It's so tight it stops the blood,*" she said. "*Please loosen the thread a little. You may turn up the light,*" added the little voice.

While Miller gave me a light, I loosened the thread on Mrs. Smiley's right wrist, which was very tight, but I tied a second thread about her arm in such wise that I should surely know at the end of the sitting whether it had been disturbed or not. The table, I observed at this time, was more than two feet from her finger-tips. I called Miller's attention to this, and said: "She can't possibly untie these threads; and if she breaks them, the sitting is invalidated."

Soon after the light was turned out, "Maudie" requested that we all move away from Mrs. Smiley down to the lower end of the table, and although Miller thought this permitted too much liberty of action on the part of the medium, I urged consent. "There are other sittings coming," I repeated once more. "Mediumship is not a mechanical process; it cannot be hurried nor forced. As Morsell remarks, 'Psychical facts cannot be discharged at pleasure like an arquebus.'"

Mrs. Smiley fell again into deep sleep, but nothing took place for a long time. During this period of waiting I told stories of my experiences, and the curious folk I had met in my search for the true explanation of these singular phenomena.

"Have you ever witnessed any materialization?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"None that seemed to be anything more than mere trickery, or else subconscious impersonation which the medium often, I believe, sincerely mistakes for materialization," I replied. "Indeed, I am persuaded that a great deal of what is called 'fraud' arises from the suggestibility of the psychics. Flammarion speaks of this 'fixed idea' of the mediums—and their persistent, almost insane, attempt to produce the phenomena desired by the circle. You can understand how this would be if there is anything at all in hypnotism. Ochorowicz* says 'the medium is only a mirror reflecting the ideas and forces of those present.' Sometimes it all seems to come from the realm of hypnotic delusion. Early in my career as an investigator I went to Onset Bay, Massachusetts, where in July of each year all the spiritualists and mediums of New England used to gather (do yet, I believe), and I shall never forget the singular assemblage of 'slate-writers,' 'spirit artists,' 'spirit photographers,' 'palmists,' and 'psychometrists' whose signs lined the streets pointed along the paths of the camp.

SPIRITUALISTIC SUMMER RESORT.

"In its way it was as dramatic a contrast of light and shade, of the real and the unreal as this otherwise prosaic republic can show. There under the vivid summer sun, men and women met to commune on the incommunicable, and to question the voiceless. From the warm, pine-scented, afternoon air I crept into one of these tiny cabins and

* Professor Julian Ochorowicz, formerly of the University of Lemberg, now of the Institut General Psychologique of Paris.

sat with my hands upon a closed slate in order to receive a message from Lincoln or Cæsar. I slipped beneath the shelter of a tent to have a sealed letter read by a commonplace person with a negro accent, and I sat at night in dark little parlors to watch weak men and weeping women embrace what seemed to me badly designed effigies of their lost darlings."

"What incredible folly! Can you imagine any reasonable person believing such things?" asked Miller.

"Millions do believe them," I replied.

"Go on," said he. "What happened?"

"Nothing really worth reporting upon. In that air of utter credulity no tests were possible, but immediately after my return to Boston I had my first entirely satisfactory test of psychography. I went with Mrs. Rose, one of our members, to sit for 'independent slate-writing'—that is to say, writing on the inner surfaces of closed slates. I took my own slates—the ordinary hinged school slates—but whether they were my own, or not made no difference, really, for the final test that I demanded was such that any prepared slates were useless. While sitting at the table with both Mrs. Rose's hands and my own resting upon the slates, I dictated certain lines to be drawn upon the inside of the slates, and this was done."

"SPIRITS" WORK AT DICTATION.

"I had in mind the test that Alfred Russell Wallace had used in a similar case. He dictated several words to be written while he held the slates securely in his own hands. In this instance I asked for the word 'Constantinople' to be written. The psychic smiled, shrugged

shoulders, and replied, 'I'll try, but I don't believe they can spell it.' 'Draw a straight line then,' said I. 'I'll be content with a single line an inch long.' She laughingly retorted, 'It's hard to draw a straight line.' 'Very well, draw a crooked line. Draw a zigzag—like a stroke of lightning. Draw it in yellow. Draw a circle with a line across it.' She said no more, but became silent, and we waited without change of position. Remember that I was holding the slate during all this talk. It did not leave my hands."

"What were the conditions? Was it light?" asked Miller.

"It was about two o'clock of an afternoon, and we sat in the bay window of the parlor. It was perfectly light, and the psychic sat opposite us, with her hands in her lap, leaning back in a thoughtful pose. She seemed to be a spectator like ourselves and very little concerned about results. At last a tapping came upon the slate, and she brightened up: 'It is done!' she called exultingly. I opened the slates myself, and *there, drawn in yellow crayon, was a small circle with a zigzag yellow line crossing it exactly as I had dictated*, and under Mrs. Rose's hands in the corner of the slate was drawn a gaily colored bunch of pansies. There were messages, also, some of them in colored crayon, but I paid very little attention to them. The production of that circle under my own conditions overshadowed everything else."

"How do you account for it?" asked Miller. "Of course it was a trick."

"Trickery can't account for that yellow line! The messages could have been prepared beforehand, but no trick

of chemically treated slates can account for my dictated design. I have had other cases of slate-writing that were almost as inexplicable, and Crookes, and Wallace and Zollner, as you remember, were quite convinced by evidence thus secured. Crookes *saw* the pencil at work. I have never witnessed that, but I have *heard* it at work under my hands and under my feet, and I have taken the slate from beneath my feet myself, and found writing upon it."

Miller was much impressed by this story. "I have always considered slate-writing a cheap trick, but I don't quite see how that was done—always providing your memory is not at fault."

"I would not place much dependence on my present recollection," I responded, "but I reported on the case at once, while my mind was most accurate as to details. You can find the bald statement of my experiment in the minutes of the Psychical Society. At another time I held two slates with a psychic, (while we were both standing) and heard and felt creaking and scratching and grinding. I give you my word I was convinced at the moment of holding between my palms a sentient, imprisoned force. I felt as Franklin must have felt when he played with the lightning in the bottle at the tail of his kite."

A SITTING IN SUNLIGHT.

Mrs. Miller was deeply interested. "Tell us more. Have you had other experiences in slate-writing?"

"Yes, many of them. One of the most curious examples of psychography I have ever seen came to me in Chicago. It was a 'new one,' as Howard would say. Old Mr. McVicker told me one day that there was a woman on the West Side

who had a way of producing independent slate-writing beneath the stem of a goblet of water——”

“Why under a goblet of water?” interrupted Miller.

“As a test. You see, nearly every one who goes to a psychic wants first of all to witness a miracle. Each seeker demands that his particular message shall come hard—that is to say, under conditions impossible to the living. This the poor psychic is forced to grant. To be just to the mediums, I must say that I have found most of them fairly willing to meet any reasonable test.

“Well, this particular psychic—a plump, comfortable looking woman—ushered me into her back parlor (which was flooded with sunlight) and asked me to be seated at a small table covered with a strip of cloth. After some general conversation, she filled a goblet with water, and placing it upon a slate, passed it under the table with her right hand, asking me to put my hand beneath hers.”

“There it is!” said Miller, with infinite scorn, “always in the dark or under the table. Why can’t they work in full view?”

“Suppose it’s all the work of an ‘astral’ who can’t abide the light?” I suggested, with malice.

STRANGE POWER WITHIN CLOSED SLATES.

Then, with obvious delight in his opposition, I calmly continued: “I put my left hand beneath hers, and my right upon the table. I could see her left hand lying in her lap, and as she turned sidewise to the table, I was able to keep in view both of her feet. We held the slate so that the top of the goblet lightly touched the under side of the stand. The psychic was all accounted for,

except the hand that was resting outspread on the under side of the slate. We sat for several minutes in this way, while she explained that 'they' would probably take words out of our conversation as a test, if 'I desired it 'I am here to be shown,' I replied. She laughed at my doubts and at once brought the slate from beneath the table with some of the words I had been using written under the stem of the goblet. This was all very well, but I said 'A better test would be to have "them" write words that I dictate'

"I will ask them," she said. She seemed to listen as if to voices inaudible to me, and at last said, "They say they'll try it."

"Again we placed the goblet of water on the clean slate under the table, and while holding it as before, I said, Now ask them to write the name "William Dean Howells."

"Almost immediately there was a decided movement of the slate—or so it seemed to me. A power seemed to wake within the slate, not through the psychic's hand, but independent of it. I heard plainly the scratching of a pencil, at the same time that the psychic's left hand and both of her feet were in full view, and her hand was outspread, apparently motionless, upon the under side of the slate. In a few moments the scratching paused, and the psychic, with an embarrassed smile, said, "They don't know how to spell the middle name."

WRITING UNDER FILLED GOBLET

"I was quite sure that *she* was the one who could not spell the name, and I spelled it for her. A moment later a decided tapping on the top of the table announced the completion of the writing.

"As she slowly drew the slate from beneath the table, I was alert to see what had happened. The glass remained in the middle of the slate, as before, with the water undiminished, and under the glass and doubled back as if the writer had acknowledged the barrier of the glass where its edge rested upon the slate was written

"William Dean
Howells."

"Are you sure the writing was there as she drew the slate out?"

"Yes, I saw the writing while with her left hand she drew a little circle around the outer edge of the stem. I could read the words through the glass. Now, to say that she wrote this with her finger nail on the bottom of the slate and then turned the slate over is to me absurd. The glass of water prevented that—and yet to-day the transaction still remains unexplained to me. I am perfectly sure she willed it, but *how* she caused the writing—the molecular change—is quite another problem. Zollner (I believe it was he) secured the print of feet on the inside of a closed slate, and reasoned that only on the theory of a Fourth Dimension could such phenomena be explained. Of course our senses are fallible, but, so far as my powers of perception may be trusted, I affirm that I have had writing on the leaves of a pad while it was firmly held in both my hands."

"Of course you don't expect us to believe a miracle like that, even on your serious statement," remarked Miller.

"Certainly not," I responded readily. "I wouldn't believe it on any one's statement. I wouldn't believe the report

of my own eyes if I had not made notes of it at the time. But come, let us see what 'the forces' can do for us here to-night. I think we need 'Annie Laurie' to clear the air of debate."

Mrs. Miller began the song and I joined in softly. We sang for nearly half an hour, but nothing happened.

"Our newspaper is a trusty watch-dog," remarked Miller significantly.

BOOKS AND TABLE MOVED BY PSYCHIC FORCE.

As he spoke, the psychic began to toss and writhe and moan pitifully. Her suffering mounted to a paroxysm at last, then silence fell for a minute or two—absolute stillness—and in this hush the table took life and slid away toward us as if shoved by a powerful hand.

"So far as my hearing goes, the psychic has not stirred," I said. "Barring the light, this seems to me a very good demonstration of movement without contact. Every motion of the table—our way removes it farther from the reach of the psychic—makes the demonstration more complete."

"I hear nothing from the paper," confessed Miller, "and yet the table is certainly moving."

"It is not absolute proof," I replied, "but as Mrs. Smiley cannot reach the table with her knees and as her feet are firmly secured by tape nailed to the bookcase, I do not understand how she can apply force to the table."

"It is very perplexing," Miller admitted; "but anything can appear to happen in the dark."

Three times the table was urged in the same direction. Each time, a paroxysm of suffering, of moaning, of struggle, on the part of the psychic was followed a few seconds

later by absolute silence, and in this profound, sepulchral hush the heavy table lurched along the floor.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked. "As a test?"

Tap, tap, tap was the answer.

"How do you account for it, Miller?" I asked, with challenge in my voice. "My conviction is that we are confronting a case of telekinesis—not as convincing as Flammarion's, but still inexplicable."

Miller did not reply—and even as he pondered, the megaphone, which had been standing on the top of the table, began to rock on its base, and a pencil that lay beside it was fumbled as if by a rat or a kitten. In our state of strained expectancy this sound was very startling indeed.

"What about that, Miller?" I asked in a tone of exultation. "Who's doing that? Last time you suspected Howard—now here you must suspect the psychic. How can she possibly reach and handle that pencil? It is at least a yard from her fingertips."

"She can't, unless she has freed her arms," he replied. "Let us touch hands." I complied and, sitting thus with every finger accounted for, we entered into communication with the "spirit" that was busy in the center of the table. By raps I learned that "Wilbur" was again present and that he was going to do great things for us. He was moving the table entirely out of reach of the psychic.

Suddenly, with a loud bang, something heavy fell upon the table. Releasing the hands of my fellow investigators, I felt about for this object and found that a book had been brought and thrown upon the table. A shower of

others followed, till twenty-four were piled about the cone. They came whizzing with power, yet with such precision that no head was touched and the cone remained undisturbed.

"Miller, I find this exciting!" said I, as soon as a lull in the bombardment permitted. "Suppose we ask 'Wilbur' to fetch some small object."

Mrs. Miller, who had remained singularly undisturbed through all this turmoil, said: "Wilbur, there is a box of candy on a shelf back of Mrs. Smiley. Can you bring that to me?"

Tap, tap, *tap!* was the decided answer, and almost immediately the box was placed on the top of the table and shoved along toward Mrs. Miller, who thanked her spirit servitor delightedly.

MR. GARLAND SEES SPECTRAL HAND.

At my request "Wilbur" then wrote his name on a pad, while Miller sat in a kind of daze, his mind too busy with surmise to permit of speech. (He told me afterward that he was perfectly sure the psychic had wrenched free of her tacks and he was wondering how she would put herself back again.)

"Can't you tap on the cone, Wilbur?" I asked.

The force tapped smartly on the tin.

"Now, just to show that the psychic is not doing this, can't you hold up a book between me and the light? I want to see your hand. Hold it high, please."

Instantly, and to my profound amazement, a book rose in the air, and I could plainly see two hands vigorously thumbing the volume, which was held about three feet above the table, and to the psychic's left. Swift on the trail I

called out, "Now, show me your empty hand. I want to see how big it is." A moment later I exclaimed, in growing excitement, "I can see a *large* hand against the window, and the spread fingers are pointing *toward* Mrs. Smiley, the wrist is nearest you, Miller, and at least six feet from the psychic. It is a man's hand. Miller, you are not doing this?"

"Certainly not!" he answered curtly.

"This is astonishing! It certainly is a hand and much larger than that of a woman, and *the wrist is toward you*. It is still at least four feet from the psychic. Either you are doing this, or my eyes deceive me, or there is a spectral hand at work. Oh, for a flashlight camera now! I am perfectly certain that this is not the psychic's hand."

"WILBUR" JESTS WITH SITTERS.

At last it disappeared. The book fell. With a ringing scrape the cone rose in the air, and the voice of "Wilbur" came from it life-like—almost full-toned and with a note of humorous exultation running through it. "*I told you I'd astonish you,*" he said. "*Don't get in a hurry; there's more coming. We are all here and working hard.*"

For nearly two hours thereafter this "spirit" kept us all interested and marveling. He seemed very much alive, and as human as ourselves. We alternately laughed at his quaint conceits, and pondered the implications of his casual remarks, which sounded precisely as if a rollicking Western, or rather Southern, man were speaking to us over the telephone. Granting that it was a piece of ventriloquism, the characterization of the man was perfect. "Wilbur" responded to every question with readiness and perfect

aplomb. He discussed various spirit matters with us. At times he played jokes on us. He bumped Miller on the head and as a test touched him on the cheek farthest from the psychic. At my request he covered Mrs. Miller's ear with the large end of the horn, then reversed, and nuzzled her temple with the small end. She said it felt like a caress, as if guided by a tender hand. This took place at least six feet from the psychic's utmost reach of hand.

"How does she do it?" Miller exclaimed several times. "To accomplish all this by trickery means that she must not only have free use of her hands but rise from her chair and pass between me and the wall."

A SWARM OF TRICKY "SPIRITS."

"The precision of the action is my amazement," I replied. "I've noticed this peculiarity many times. The Continental scientists, Lombroso and Richet, speak of the same thing. Apparently, darkness is no barrier to action on the part of these forces. That cone, you will observe, can touch you on the nose, eyelid, or ear, softly, without jar or jolt. It came to me like a sentient thing—like something human. Could any trickster perform in the dark with such precision and gentleness? Of course this is no conclusive argument, but at the same time it has weight. What is the force that directs this instrument? Can you tell us, Wilbur?"

A chuckle came through the cone. "I'm doing it."

"How can you see?"

"Day and night are all the same to me."

Miller challenged him. "Prove it," he said. "I am holding my right hand in the air—touch my knuckles!" he commanded.

After a moment's silent flight the cone struck his *left hand*, which was lying upon the table more than a yard from the psychic, and a laughing voice asked, "*What made you jump?*"

Before Miller had recovered from the surprise of this assault, the table moved as if grasped and shaken by a man of vigorous muscles—and yet the cone and the books did not move from their places. Hands patted the pillows on a sofa at Miller's right, and one of these cushions was flung against his chair. The room seemed to swarm with tricky Pucks. The cone moved about freely among the heap of books and over Miller's head, while a variety of voices came from it, some of them speaking to Mrs. Miller and some to me. They all claimed to be spirits of the dead with messages of good cheer for friends on "the earth plane." Several of the names given were known to Mrs. Miller, and a few to me. Mrs. Miller remained perfectly placid through it all, and once or twice fell into a doze—perhaps a trance. Once I thought I could see the cone passing between me and the window, high above the table. It seemed to float horizontally, as if in water. Several of the spirits were too weak to raise the cone—so "Wilbur" said.

During this time the psychic was deathly still, but "between the acts" her troubled breathing and low moans could be heard. So far as hearing could determine, she was still at the end of the table where she had been placed, at the beginning of the sitting. None of these movements occasioned the slightest rustling of the newspaper. When the cone was moving, no sound was heard. The floor was of hardwood and the newspaper tacked down firmly, and, as

my hearing was very acute in the darkness, I am certain Mrs. Smiley did not rise from her chair. She was for the most part as silent as a dead woman.

The force expended on the table was impetuous, almost furious, and even if the psychic had been able to extend her foot or release a hand, she could not have produced such movement, and if she had used an arm we could have detected it. Intelligent forces were plainly at work on the table, and writing was going on.

MRS. SMILEY'S BONDS UNBROKEN.

At length "Wilbur" said "good night!" I rose, and Miller eagerly, expectantly, turned the light slowly on. *Mrs. Smiley sat precisely as we had last seen her. Her eyes were closed, her head lay against the back of her chair. Her hands were fastened exactly as we had left them, and, strangest thing of all, the table was pushed away from her, so that the silk threads were taut!*

"Do you see that, Miller!" I exclaimed. "Will you tell me how all that was done? 'Wilbur' has given us a test. Even if she had freed her hands, she could not have returned to her bonds; and if she were not free of her bonds, how could she have pushed the table away till these threads were taut? Besides, her dress is nailed to the floor—and the newspaper is still on guard. That table was not moved by any ordinary expenditure of force. Her hands were here, the table was there. We have to do with 'the psychic force' of Crookes or the bio-psychic power of Morselli."

Miller was confounded, but concealed it. "She may have pushed the table with her knees."

"How? Your newspaper is undisturbed. Not a tack is drawn. But suppose she did! How about the books? Did she get the books with her feet? How about the large hand that I saw? How could she return to her bonds? See these threads actually sunk into her wrists?"

Mrs. Miller was indignant at our delay. "The poor thing! It is a shame! Unfasten her at once! You are torturing her."

CURIOUS TURMOIL IN PSYCHIC'S HEAD.

Thereupon I took note of the psychic's physical condition. Her pulse was very slow, faint, and irregular—only a faint, sluggish throb at long intervals, followed by a feeble fluttering. Her skin was cold, her arms were perfectly inert and numb, and she came very slowly back to consciousness.

While I rubbed her hands and arms, Miller made notes and took measurements. There were more than a score of books on the table, and some of them had come from shelves three feet distant, and a little above the psychic's shoulders. The pad was scrawled upon. "Wilbur" was written there, and there were also several short messages from "Mitchell" and others. These changes in inert matter proved that we had not been the victim of "collective hallucination."

As she came to consciousness, Mrs. Smiley complained of being numb. "My arms are like logs," she said to me, "and so are my feet. If you will put one palm to my forehead and press the tips of your fingers to the base of my brain, it will help me to *liven up*."

I did as she requested, and was conscious of great heat and turmoil in her head. It appeared to throb as if in

receding excitement and, considering the chill inertness of her limbs, this was very curious.

"Were you conscious of groaning and gasping?" I asked.

"No, I have no recollection of anything. I am told I do sometimes make a great fuss, but I'm not aware of it. Did anything happen?"

"A very great deal happened," I replied, and she smiled in quiet satisfaction.

Mrs. Miller patted her hand. "You must be very tired, poor thing."

"I do feel weak. What time is it?"

Miller looked at his watch. "Great Scott! It's after one o'clock."

"Absorbing business, isn't it?" said I, much amused at his amazement.

Mrs. Miller invited Mrs. Smiley to stay the remainder of the night and took her away to bed, leaving Miller and me to measure and weigh and surmise.

"Everything took place within her reach, provided she could have freed her hands," Miller repeated.

"Miller," said I with conviction, "*that woman did not lift her wrists from that chair.*"

"I don't see how she did it—but to say she did not is to admit the preposterous. I wish she had permitted us to hold her hands."

"I don't know of another psychic in America who would have submitted to the test we put upon Mrs. Smiley to-night, and yet 'Wilbur' assures us he will go farther. I feel as if the great mystery were almost within our grasp. Suppose that it is all the work of the psychic's mind acting through

some unknown form of force, isn't it worth while? A physicist like yourself should be ready to give a year, ten years, to demonstrating a single one of these physical effects. Let us have our next sitting at Cameron's. It is only fair to readmit them, for we have proved that they had nothing to do with producing the 'stunts' of our first sitting. I am going to ask to be permitted to hold the hands and feet of the psychic and also to take a flashlight picture of the floating cone. We may yet touch these ghostly hands, as Flammarion has done."

Miller was groggy but still in the ring. "I don't believe it, I can't believe it."

IS HYSTERIA THE ANSWER?

"Now, seriously, this is the way it all looks to me," I said. "Mrs. Smiley seems to have three stages of hypnotic sleep. In the first stage the 'spirits' speak through her own throat or she impersonates, just as Mrs. Harris did. Her second and deeper sleep permits of 'telekinesis,' 'independent slate-writing,' and so forth. But in this final, deathly trance she has the power of projecting 'supernumerary limbs,' whatever that may mean, and by their use she handles books and the cone."

"I don't believe a word of it," declared Miller. "It is all impossible. She is hysteric and possessed of all the diabolic unconscious cleverness of the neuropath."

"Well, what are you going to do with this performance? What about the tacks, the threads, the tapes that bound her? She brought books, shook the table, touched us—hysteria does not explain this sitting."

"I don't know. She seems a nice, simple little woman, and yet this very simplicity may be a means of throwing us off

our guard. I would give a hundred dollars for permission to hold her hands while the cone is moving."

"If you do not believe in the testimony of tacks, would you believe in the touch of your fingers?"

"If she will permit that, and the cone moves, I will surrender."

"No, you won't. You think you will, but you won't. Don't deceive yourself. I've been all through it. You *can't* believe until some fundamental change takes place in your mind. You must struggle, and back and fill, just as Lombroso did. Habit is bondage. You'll go on with the experiments, won't you?"

INABILITY TO BELIEVE.

"Yes, but I must turn the screws tighter. Let's devise some other plan to make ourselves doubly certain of her innocence."

With this understanding I said good night, and took my lonely way to my apartment.

It was deliciously fresh and still out of doors, and as I looked up at the glowing stars, and down the long empty street, my mind revolted. "Can't it be that the good old theory of the permanence of matter is a gross and childish thing? Do the dead tell tales, after all? I wish I could believe it. Perhaps old Tontonava was right. Perhaps if we should all pray for the happy hunting-grounds at the same moment and in perfect faith, the lost paradise would return, builded by the magic power of our collective will."

Then the substance of Richet's moving confession came into my mind: "It took me twenty years of patient research to arrive at my present conviction. Nay—to make one last confession—I am not yet absolutely and irremediably convinced. In spite of the astounding phenomena which I have witnessed, I have still a trace of doubt—doubt which is weak, indeed, to-day, but which may perchance be stronger to-morrow. Yet such doubts, if they come, will not be due so much to any defect in the actual experiment as to the inexorable strength of prepossession which holds me back from adopting a conclusion which contravenes the habitual and almost unanimous opinion of mankind."

NOTES.



WE find the following in that excellent spiritual weekly, *The Two Worlds* :—

"The *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* is an interesting monthly issued at Calcutta. We usually find something entertaining in its pages, and the editor often includes summaries of items from the American and European periodicals devoted to Spiritualism. The July* issue is now on our table, and the editor, Shishir Kumar Ghose, in his notes at the end writes as follows :—'As Spiritualism is opposed to some of the most important Christian theories, the Christians are opposed to it. They say that the number of Spiritualists is declining. This may or may not be, but even if it were a fact, it does not prove that the spiritual philosophy is false. When first Spiritualism was announced by the Fox girls, the information created immense sensation all over America. So it did when Spiritualism was first brought to Calcutta. Our readers ought to know that Spiritualism was first brought to this country by ourselves. The first circles held were in our native village. When the accounts of these seances were made known to some of our Calcutta friends, the latter published them in newspapers, with the result that an immense sensation was created throughout the length and breadth of the country.

The news spread from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet, from house to house, that the Amrita Bazar people—Amrita Bazar being our native village—have succeeded in talking with the dead. Thus circles began to be held in every family in this country.’” Our contemporary continues:—

“Without implying that Spiritualism was not first brought to notice in India by Mr. Ghose, we should like to know just when he first introduced it in Amrita village? We recall the action of Mr. J. G. Meugens, who forty years ago was an active Spiritualist in India; also the visit of William Eglinton, and of the interest of an influential English family at Ootacamund, and of the visit of Dr. J. M. Peebles, all well back on thirty years ago. In fact, at that time we remember, when at Mr. James Burns’ office, despatching copies of ‘Human Nature,’ *The Medium and Daybreak*, and other literature to various parts of India. But let the facts be as they may, we must all feel grateful to Mr. Ghose for what he has done to promote a knowledge of Spiritualism in his great and wonderful land; also for producing his magazine, which is a notable sign of the change in the sentiments of his countrymen regarding the more practical Spiritualism of the West.”

Unfortunately we had not the good luck of knowing Mr. Meugens before. We came to know him when Dr. Peebles visited Calcutta the other day. The first spiritual circle held in *Amrita Bazar* was in 1865 or more than forty-two years ago. Then the spiritualists that we knew were, one Mr. Nelson, a contractor, Dr. Berigny, a French Homeopath, and Babu Peary Chand Mittra, a well-known Indian. When we said

that it was we who first brought spiritualism to this country, we meant Indian-India. Mr. Muegens' services to the cause of spiritualism are simply invaluable.

Our contemporary further says :—

'Mr. Ghose, however, makes a notable point when he remarks that "Spiritualism is opposed to some of the most important Christian theories," and that, therefore, "the Christians are opposed to it," for on that point no intelligent student will deny that the nature and results arising from open communication with the other state abundantly contradict the theories of Christians regarding death, resurrection, and the future life. One of the most important duties before our movement is to carefully guard it against a growing tendency to assume a quasi-Christian character. In not a few matters we are apeing ecclesiastical methods. The old sturdy spirit of opposition to orthodoxy, is less marked to-day. This may indicate a desire to live at peace with our neighbours, but peace and respectability are dearly paid for by surrendering hard-won positions. The movement has reached the "church" plane. Some would even have our lecturers called "ministers," and see our "principles" so expressed that they stand, almost, as creeds. Is all this wise or helpful? Can a new denomination be founded upon the facts of spirit return? If so, we may yet see the day when we shall be classed as one of the numerous bodies of Christian Dissenters, and a new priestcraft erected in our midst, with all the disadvantages, to put it mildly, of authority again asserting its right to rule the thoughts and conduct of our people. Freedom with union, union for work, not for control of men's

consciences, is good. But let us keep our gospel always open for new views, wider judgments, demanding the best of all its servants and of the spirits. No, legislation, so much as education, is our need to-day.'

The other opponents of spiritualism are some scientists. They are opposed because they can neither produce the phenomena, nor can explain them in their own way. They are in the habit of attributing them to certain unmeaning phrases not known to lay men.

THOSE scientists who, being unable to account for the physical demonstrations which the spirits have to resort to, to prove their existence, should go and see how the latter are dealing just now with the medical officer in charge of the Hanuman Nagar Hospital in the district of Bhagalpore. Raps, hard blows, and other sounds have made sleep almost impossible to the medical man and his family, composed of his wife and a widow sister-in-law. It is the latter who seems to be the medium. They found bricks thrown into a room with closed doors, so here matter was passed through matter, which seems to the scientist an impossible feat. There were other manifestations, but of them in our next. It seems the spirit in Bhagalpore has an object in making his existence known to the Doctor Sahab. He does not seem inimically inclined, for besides throwing bricks and giving frights he is doing nothing serious.

The Fox girls, two sisters in America, were amusing themselves when they heard a loud knock. What was it? The knock continued, and they at last came to know that they were the doings of a ghost. For they heard the loud

knocks, but never saw the knockers. The experience of the medical man referred to above, is like that of the Fox girls. But the Fox girls solved the mystery, which the Bhagalpore Doctor should also be able to do. The Fox girls asked the invisible knocker, to "knock twice" and this was done. The knocker was asked to knock three times and this was done immediately. So it came to be known that the energy, which was producing these sounds, was an intelligent and not a blind force. He was asked whether he was the spirit of a man, but the knocker, not being able to give a written or vocal reply to the question, answered it by repeating the knock in a lively manner. Then he was asked to knock three times if he was the spirit of a man, and it was done. What is your name? Of course no answer. Then the Fox girls devised a method of opening communication. They began to repeat the English Alphabet slowly thus, A, B, C &c. Suppose the name of the spirit was Baker, and when they uttered B there was a knock, so the letter B was put down. They again began repeating the alphabet. This time the knock followed when A was uttered. Thus the name of Baker was obtained. It is in this manner, the Bhagalpore medical man can open communication with the disturbers of his sleep. There are other ways by which he can open communication, and we may mention them in our private communication to him.

WRITING upon "Mourning," Madaline Deane says in the *Chicago Journal* : • "What a farce is this mistaken sentiment that saddens the lives of the living and aids not the dead ! Why mar the sunshine with the shadow of the tomb ? Why enshrine sorrow as a fetish and nourish grief ? It is time the world was done with this morbid and medieval custom. Consideration for the living will not make our love for the dead less sacred and abiding. Let us enshrine their memory in our hearts, not burlesque it in crept upon our backs."

THE Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

—:-(X):—

EDITED BY

Shishir Kumar Ghose.

VOL. III.]

NOVEMBER, 1908.

[No. 9.]

THE GREATEST PSYCHIC.

—:-(X):—

WE said in our last, that the career of a Prophet, who has given a religion to the world followed by millions, ought to be interesting and instructive to mankind, and we, therefore, ventured to ask our readers to make themselves acquainted with the sayings and doings of the last and highest, viz., Lord Gauranga. To the student of psychical or spiritual science, his life must be very valuable, for most wonderful incidents followed him everywhere. As only a psychic he was the most wonderful that appeared on the face of the earth.

A



Then he can be studied as a religious teacher. He was worshipped as the Lord God Himself, an honor never before conferred on a Prophet. Says Mr. Johnston referring to him that, "it must be apparent at once, that the man, divine or not, who could evoke such a reverence and that has persisted with such increasing fervency for five hundred years, (he was born in 1485) and in a country that produced Buddha, must have possessed extraordinary spiritual attributes." His life is thus also valuable to the student of religion, to the man of religion, and to one who seeks to attain the lotus feet of God.

The same authority, Mr. Johnston, who is at least of Christian parents, says that the religion which Gauranga taught is more liberal than Christianity. Indeed he is of opinion that the religion taught by Him is of "divine origin." Mr. Johnston believes that this "cult may be expected to grow and flourish in American soil." It is the sayings and doings of such a Prophet that we recommend our readers to study.

First let us give a general view of this august Personality, how he appeared to his contemporaries and followers. He had his fainting, weeping, laughing and shivering fits from the age of four. His trances lasted days, weeks and sometimes several weeks. It was thus he had been made to pass through a severe psychical training. He sobered down a little at the age of 23, and his condition then is thus described by his biographers.

"The mood of the Prophet changes frequently. He is now without God, he is again with God, and he is now God Himself. There was also another, his natural state,

in which he was like other men, only the sweetest creature in existence. He was then a quiet man, simple as a child, affectionate as a mother, obliging as a devoted servant and at the same time a most learned man, and a profound philosopher. He was then the meekest of men, with a very humble opinion of himself and a very high opinion of others, though possessing intelligence of the highest order. He loved pleasantries, and his smiles were likened to the rays of the full moon. But he was very rarely found in this, his natural state."

There was another state in which he personated others, as dead men, for instance, his elder brother.

He was almost continuously, day and night, in that state which we shall call transcendental. When God was not with him, he felt like one who had suffered a most severe bereavement. He expressed the anguish of his soul in such a manner as to lead his companions to apprehend that his heart would break if Lord God Krishna did not appear and save his life by his presence. The agony of his heart is shown by frequent fainting fits, one coming after the other in rapid succession, when he falls down apparently a dead man, with his breath and the beating of his heart suspended, and his jaws locked. He recovers consciousness after a time, and then rolls in the ground in pain "as if he had been bitten by thousand scorpions" giving vent to his sorrows, in the midst of choking sobs, in such pathetic terms as to make those who hear him, weep with him.

But suddenly he finds his Krishna, and the ecstasy that he expresses is simply indescribable. His eyes, which pour forth tears of joy like a fountain, beams with happiness and his radiant face shines like a moon. Though it is an abo-

mination to learned Bramhins, yet he dances with joy like a mad man. Let us seek the help of his constant companions who have left in songs a description of the ecstatic state of Gauranga. We have thousands and thousands of such songs. Here is one :—

“My beautiful Gauranga had dressed himself in exquisite taste to meet his beloved Krishna. Tears of joy were rolling, from his lotus-like eyes, to the earth making it muddy. Joy overflowed his heart and he danced, making the whole universe dance with him. He says, ‘Lo! my beloved husband is come,’ and falls down in an ecstatic trance from which he sometimes recovers after hours of tending. Sometimes he is talking of God to his followers in the way he alone could do. But in the midst of his talk he is overpowered by his feeling which chokes him, and he falls down in a swoon, like a bird shot’

In the midst of such state of ecstasy the Lord God Himself, now and then, possessed the body and revealed Himself. We shall describe hereafter how God entered his body, and what He did after revealing Himself. His body, in short, was almost constantly in the possession of out-siders, sometimes by the highest saints shewing the extent of misery a man suffers by the absence of God, and what happiness it is when He is present, how the highest longs for His companionship, and regrets for his own unworthiness &c., &c. His other—the divine—state, was when He became God Himself and talked as such to His creatures below. Besides he had also his natural state, the state of the man whose name was Nimai, but whom his followers called Gauranga. It was he who first shewed, not by precept only but also by

practice, what love of God meant, and how it was to be acquired.

As for the wonders or more properly miracles that followed him, he naturally shewed a contempt for them. Nay, he shewed as if he was unaware of them. One day when he and many of his principal followers were having a discourse on God, Advaita, a principal follower, asked him to fulfil his promise and shew him God Krishna. Gauranga very much surprised replied in these terms. "Did I promise you that I would shew you Krishna?"

Advaita—"Yes, and here are many who can testify to the fact."

Gauranga blushed. He said, he has been informed that he had his fainting fits and that, on such occasions, he sometimes raved. Possibly, on one such occasion he made such a foolish promise. But is it generous now to ask one to fulfil an impossible promise made when he was in an unconscious state?

Sribash, (another principal follower,)—"When you are in your natural state, as now, it is then that you rave; but when you are in your transcendental state, you open your heart to us."

Gauranga—"I have been told that some wonderful feats have been done by me. I believe it, because you all say so. But believe me when I tell you that, I don't know how wonders come about. Certainly, I have no control over them, they come or not of their own accord. Perhaps God Krishna works them through me while I am unconscious, to serve a purpose. If the revered Advaita wishes to see the form of God Krishna, let him shut his eyes, keep quiet, and the beloved God may so favor him."

This advice was followed by Advaita. He soon entered into a state of trance and saw Krishna in his heart. He was awakened after a time and then described his experience to the delight and wonder of his fellow-bhaktas.

One of the wonders which most impressed his followers was the dazzling light that emitted from his body when he attained to his Divine state. The light was so dazzling that the fiercest rays of the Indian sun, in the noon, paled before it. This is not a poetical description, but what actually took place and which was minutely described by his biographers. We may give a more detailed description of this light in a future number.

SPONTANEOUS SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

————— :-(X): —————

IN our last, we had only space enough to announce the spiritual manifestations that were going on in a hospital in the Bhagalpur District. The hospital is in charge of a medical man, a graduate of the University. We received the following letter from him in connection with this affair :

"OCTOBER 10, 1908.

"I beg to approach you with a very strange case of ghostly pranks which has simply bewildered me, and I hope you will kindly send me your advice as to how I can get rid of the ghosts. I have been so much worried and frightened by the occurrence that I have been obliged to change my quarter.

"Originally I had my quarter within the hospital compound. I lived there with my wife, two children and my elder brother's wife, a widow. I have been the medical officer here since the last five years. On the 23rd of September last, Wednesday, at about 2-30 a. m. in the morning, a loud knock was heard on the door of the room occupied by my sister-in-law. We took it to be the work of thieves, and immediately made a search all round but nothing was found. Next day at about the same time at night, another knock was heard. And, as thieves are rampant here just now, we made a

more elaborate search after them without being able to find out the offender.

"On the third day, brick-bats began to fall from all sides, from the morning till dusk. We received about 50 or 60 of them throughout the day. After nightfall we began to hear knocks on all the doors. We, thereupon, made arrangements to keep up a strict watch throughout the night. A gentleman of the place volunteered to help us, and we and my servant and the cook, kept up watching till 2 o'clock in the morning with lights, and wooden clubs. We passed the night in the *verandah* of the house.

"After we took up our position in the *verandah*, knocks began to be heard incessantly. As soon as knocks were heard at a certain door and we ran towards it, they ceased at once and fresh knocks were heard at another place. It appeared to us that some invisible force was amusing itself by putting us to all this trouble. It was in this way that we passed the whole night.

"On another night four or five men kept the watch on the *verandah* with a gun. The gun was fired several times, but with no better result. This state of things continued for a few nights together. We were then obliged to change our quarters. But here also we were not allowed rest. For, though two nights successively everything passed off smoothly the disturbances commenced on the third. We used to take our food in our original dwelling place but slept in our new lodging. Brick-bats were thrown only when my sister-in-law went to take her food in our old house. But nothing of the sort happened when I or my wife went there.

"I have said that we passed only two quiet days at our new quarters. But from the third night knocks began to be heard again at the side where my sister-in-law used to sleep. One night we changed places, and I slept with my wife at the side where my sister-in-law slept before. And as was expected no knocks were now heard on that side but they followed my sister-in-law and were heard at the place previously occupied by my wife and myself. No stones were thrown in our new lodging. They were thrown in large numbers only when my sister-in-law went to our old place, and only a few of them fell when my wife went there. But if myself or any other male member went there no disturbance was found to occur.

"After we had stopped at our new quarters for 4 or 5 days these knocks somewhat changed their character. At first there were gentle raps on the door, but they gradually changed their volume and intensity and became loud knocks which generally frightened everybody. Sometimes knocks were heard within the *almirah* containing medicines. On a few occasions sounds were heard within the *almirah* even at day time. The knocks continued without cessation even if a large number of people were present at the door. What however happened afterwards was simply astounding, and we were obliged to remove from our new house also. • • •

"Up to this time there were only raps and knocks and showering of brick-bats. But now the mosquito-curtains began to be swayed to and fro with great force at night after we had gone to bed. Cold draughts of air which sent a thrill through our system, began to be blown within the curtains fans were suddenly taken away from our beds and that

with great force. These fresh antics on the part of the spirit, or whatever you might call them, naturally frightened us a good deal and we sought refuge in another house as I told you.

"I forgot to mention one fact. When in our old house, on two occasions, during the day time, though all the doors and windows were kept closed and there was no opening even for the admission of a needle into the room, we were astonished to receive a shower of brick-bats on our cot. This matter was found to be passed through matter apparently. Brick-bats were pelted even on cooking pots when cooking was going on. One day a few gentlemen visited our house to see things for themselves. We were seated on a wooden cot and discussing the matter. As soon as, however, one of us remarked that we might hear a knock if we could wait only a few minutes, there was a loud knock on the door which was quite close to us.

"Besides raps and loud knocks we heard also scratchings on the doors. One day when the knocks were going on, we said amongst ourselves, 'we must vacate the house at once' and the knocks ceased immediately. On another occasion as soon as we said, 'we have been fortunately spared to-day from any disturbances' and the knocks were renewed at once. So it was quite plain that the invisible force was near us and readily understood us. Yesterday, after having removed to our new lodging, we have not as yet come across any fresh developments. It is not exactly our intention to give publicity to our experiences through your journal. But we are quite sick of these antics and we solicit your help in getting rid of these disagreeable occurrences. We

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are quite willing to meet any reasonable expenses in getting things to their original state."

In reply to the above, we wrote him as follows in effect :—

"It is the work of a spirit but not a wicked one, most probably that of a relation. He wants to open communication with you. You better ask him who he is and what he wants." And then we suggested how he should try to open communication. We also told him that, what he thinks a misfortune, may possibly change into a very great blessing ! In reply to the above we got the following :—

"OCTOBER 20, 1908.

"Sir,—I am delighted to receive your favour of the 18th inst. After I had written my first letter the following incidents have taken place :

"We stopped for four days in our new house and during the time did not feel anything amiss. Within that time nothing happened in our old house also, so we came back there. We are now in our original house again. As soon as however we came there, 6 or 7 stones were thrown during the day on the roof of the house, and about 3 or 4 within the rooms, and a few knocks were heard on the doors for two days successively. The nights were rather quiet.

"From the third day, however, the manifestations assumed a new form. Hitherto the disturbances occurred without any bodily injury to us, but now master ghost took a fancy to cut practical jokes on us. The doors were suddenly closed and my sister-in-law began to receive blows and slaps on her person. We heard the sound of blows. She was

also pinched on her body. Even my wife was not spared. She also received the same treatment, but not with so much force as my sister-in-law did.

“One day an *ole* (arum) was found to drop from the ceiling to the floor of the room. Thus matter was sent through matter! An earthen pot was kept filled with ashes. In the presence of all of us this earthen pot was suddenly imbued with life; it turned itself, threw down its contents and then resumed its former position. Some skins of potatoes were kept at a place, and these were now thrown on the head of my sister-in-law! Now and then *bael* leaves are being showered on her devoted head which of course were brought from a distance.

“One night a Brahmin appeared to my sister-in-law in her dream and said, ‘if you ask me to come I shall come and if you tell me to go I shall go away.’ There was no more disturbance on that particular night and day. And, in order, to prove the truth of the Brahmin’s statement I asked my sister-in-law the following night to desire that the spirit should appear. No sooner had she desired it, than there fell three brickbats on the cot in the room underneath the mosquito curtains, and three or four knocks were heard on the door. She then desired that there should be no repetition of such things, and everything stopped. Though of course nothing was heard of the ghosts on that particular night, but we know that the ghosts have not altogether left us.

“Your letter of the 18th instant reached us at 3 p. m. Everything was quiet before the receipt of this letter. After I made over the letter to the members of the house or perusal, two small pieces of cotton, besmeared with scent,

were plugged in the ears of my sister-in-law, after the manner Indians are in the habit of using *attar*. It was afterwards found that the scent used was from a phial of essence kept in the room. After sometime when she was in the cook shed, her wrapper was taken away from another room and thrown on her body!

"Besides the incidents stated above, various other things are also happening now and then, which shewed that the spirit meant to play jokes on my sister-in-law. The ghost has evidently a large fund of humour in him. We have now learnt from experience that if we talk about the spirit, he will shew by his action that he is near us and hearing us.

"A phial of essence was kept in a closed box under lock and key. This was brought out, the stopper was removed, and a large quantity of scent was poured on the head of my sister-in-law. The box was then found to be closed like before. Some of us were incidentally talking about money, and, in an instant, a rupee and five pice were brought out from a closed box and were dropped in our presence. This box, like before, was also found closed under lock and key.

"According to your instruction we made sister-in-law sit quietly with a piece of paper and pencil. In a few minutes her hand began to shake. Then she complained that she felt very bad in her heart. The hand was, it seemed, trying to write, and she wrote out something on the piece of paper which I beg to send herewith.* Then she fell down quite senseless and muttered out the following :—

* From the two or three lines of scrawl written by her, we have been able to decipher only the following :—"I shall not tell you now. Don't be afraid. I love you."—Ed. *E. S. M.*

"I love you most dearly. I have come to see you as we have not met for an age. I feel sorry if you suffer. I asked you to use scent, but you did not listen to me. I therefore myself put scent on your body. I bid you not to go. I touched you to remind you of me, for you have forgotten me. I however did not forget you.'

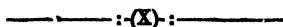
"She went into fits of this nature eight times in the course of this day, and every time spoke to us intelligently. She always falls senseless having said 'I have come' and clenches her fists and she awakes saying 'I go' "

The medical man in charge of the hospital, when he came to know that it was the work of an unseen agency, at once came to the conclusion that the agency was no other than a ghost.

In this country the belief is that those spirits, who manifest themselves, are low and generally evil. So the medical man wrote to us for help and advice how to get rid of the devil. We, however, suspected that the ghost was either a friend or relation, at least a harmless one, who was trying to draw attention. We wrote to the medical officer to that effect. His letters printed above speak for themselves. The subsequent doings of the spirit are still more wonderful. He has, at last, announced himself to be the husband of the widowed lady. Now that communications have been opened the spirit-husband is talking and talking incessantly. Our correspondent writes that his sayings and doings would form a big volume. We shall narrate the subsequent events in our next. Our correspondent says that he is absolutely certain that the spirit is no other than his dead brother. One reason for this supposition is that he is talking in a way

which his dead brother only could do,—he is cognisant of all the family secrets. He has summoned his other brothers to go to him, so that he can talk to them. He is in the highest spirits, always practising practical jokes on his delighted wife. They suffered a sad bereavement, but now they are happy. They feel the presence of their dead dear one constantly. He proves his presence not only by talk but by many wonderful physical manifestations. Just observe one thing. He has declared that he can do better in darkness than in light. The mischief is that the good spirit is not willing that his wife should be pestered by sight-seers and curiosity-mongers.

HOW TO FORM CIRCLES.



THAT brilliant spiritual paper, *Reason*, says :—

“Why not develop your latent mediumistic powers ?”

“Every one is mediumistic to a greater or lesser degree.

“The difference between the producer and the non-producer of spiritual phenomena is as the difference between developed and undeveloped psychic forces.

“The great world of intelligences on another plane is ready—and eager—to demonstrate to you the fact of the continuity of life after death, and the nature of the after life.

“Can you conceive of a more sacred privilege than that of communicating with ‘dead’ relatives and friends—and this in the privacy of your own home, with none save your intimates present ?

“Suppose you begin to-day.”

But how to open communication with the dead ? We have already stated how spiritual circles are formed. The *Mystic* also points out the way thus :—

The word ‘Spiritualist’ does not correctly describe those who believe in uninterrupted existence. Gerald Massey considered ‘Naturalist’ a more fitting term, there being nothing supernatural in intercourse between this world and the next,

the inhabitants of which are human beings in every respect similar to ourselves, and in most cases having their spiritual faculties bound up in a material such as our own bodies are composed of, only less dense. Perhaps what would interest our readers most would be simple instructions as how best to communicate with those who are really anxious to approach us. Of course a medium is required, and the fact that no one knows what constitutes such a person is no drawback. We only know that medium is the vessel in which the power drawn from each sitter by our unseen friends is blended, rendered tangible, and in this form used as a body in a place of that lost wherein we see and touch and hear those who are related to us by ties of interest and affection.

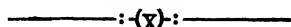
A convenient number for a circle would be from six to twelve, both sexes being represented, and meeting for about two hours, say 8 to 10 p. m., fortnightly from October to March, cold weather being desirable. Exclude all light from the room, lock the door to guard against intrusion; turn the gas very low, and sit around a suitable table, on which your hands rest, palms down. Ordinary cheerful conversation is a great help towards obtaining necessary conditions, or singing or music may be indulged in to induce harmony.

Taps will almost immediately be heard on the table, and it should be explained to the invisible intelligence that the following code will be observed: One, No; Two, Don't know; Three, Yes. Then the most important question is: Are we sitting correctly? Once in your proper places, messages may be obtained by repeating the alphabet and noting the letters at which a tap is heard. There is nothing absurd or childish in this method, as it is in daily use between

London and New York and other cities. The reason for placing sitters is that we throw off different colors, and discord would be produced by placing two people of the same color side by side. About one person in ten is a medium, and, having discovered to which sitter this title applies, ask whether he or she should remain in the circle or retire to the cabinet, that is, a curtained enclosure, containing a chair, wherein the spirits build up or may be for something, possibly invisible, wherewith they speak in direct voice.

The whole matter is very simple, really a question of chemistry, and there is not the slightest danger, provided those taking part in the meetings are honourable men and women. There is only one thing to avoid, and that is sitters of a jealous disposition, as the influence of such is poisonous and detrimental to the attainment of the highest and best results.

SPIRITUALISM NOT SPIRITISM.



SHARP CONTROVERSY IN SECULAR PRESS AT BATTLE
CREEK, MICH.

SOME evangelists, encouraged by the preachers of Battle Creek, Mich., together with the ravings of the magician Kellar, made an attack upon Spiritualism, through the columns, four in number, of the *Sunday Journal-Record*. The "veteran fighter," Dr. Peebles, replied to the attack on the following Sunday in a sharp, stinging manner.

The following Sunday but one the Rev. C. S. L. came to the rescue of the evangelist, who trades in the gospel of theology, in about a column, asking Dr. Peebles several questions, and quoting the Bible liberally. The following is Dr. Peebles' characteristic and critical reply. We take pleasure in giving it to our readers: .

MY DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

This writer, C. S. L., states that Dr. Peebles' definition of Spiritualism is very different from "the lectures that he had heard upon Spiritualist platforms." Quite likely—and what of it? Different preachers preach different doctrines from their pulpits—so different that they will not exchange pulpit services one with another. What is genuine gospel in one Christian pulpit is heresy in another. No evangelical preacher, however

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talented, would be allowed to preach in a Catholic pulpit, nor a Baptist in an Episcopalian pulpit, and so all along the religious gamut, of the creeds. By the way, nineteen Episcopalian rectors have recently, says the *Literary Digest*, "gone over into the Roman Catholic church." What is to be the end of this religious restlessness?

This gentleman, C. S. L., never heard a genuine Spiritualist lecturer, or pastor, thrust "poisoned arrows at Christianity or the churches." These, if any, that did thus, were travelling materialistic spiritists, rather than real, rational, religious Spiritualists. These latter have a profound reverence for the inspired teachings of all the world's Bibles, among the oldest of which are the Vedas of the Hindus, the Zend-Avesta of the Parsees, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, whose Bible is eleven times the size of ours, and teaches the very highest system of ethics—such as, "He who renounces the world and does all for others, has taken the first two steps in the path to Nirvana."

BIBLES AND THEIR REVISIONS.

God, as the Apostle Peter taught, is "no respecter of persons," neither is he a respecter of nations. And so all Oriental nations have their Bibles, their very Sacred Books. Our Bible, King James' version, has been improved, translated, and re-translated, and revised, and re-revised many times since Wycliffe's time, 1340-1380 A. D. But there is one Bible that requires no revision at clerical hands—it is God's Bible the Bible of Nature—the great colossal Universe; and every blade of grass, and every garden flower, and every towering mountain and glittering star is a chapter in God's transcendently magnificent and divinely inspired Bible.

THE REV. C. S. L.'S BELIEF IN JESUS CHRIST QUESTIONED.

This Christian gentleman who so sharply criticised me in last Sunday's Journal-Record tells the public very graciously that he is a "believer in Jesus Christ." Honestly upon Bible grounds, I doubt this—and, so doubting, I propose to try him—test him by the New Testament recorded words of the Master himself.

The command to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel," was to make believers—and "these signs," said Jesus, "shall follow them that believe They shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover;" (Mark \VI, 17-18). Now then, do these signs follow C. S. L.? Has he the gift of tongues, does he take up serpents, does he lay hands on the sick and heal them? If not, then, upon New Testament grounds, he is an unbeliever, notwithstanding his statement. Again, Jesus said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, for I go to my Father." Now then, putting it squarely, does the Rev. C. S. L. actually do "greater works" than Jesus Christ did? No dodging, no wriggling—do you, Brother C. S. L., do "greater works" than did Jesus Christ? If not, then you belong to the category of unbelievers; and Jesus expressly said, "He that believeth not shall be damned {katakrito is the Greek word here used, and in the revised version the word employed is 'condemned.}'" And in Revelations we are told that the "fearful and the unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Here, in this textual, biblical grasp,

I leave Brother C. S. L. sorrowfully, yet hopefully, because of God's infinite goodness, and because Jesus, we are told, "preached to the spirits in prison."

This religious critic, C. S. L., calls my (the doctor's) attention to an alleged description of Spiritualism, recorded in I. Tim., IV., 1-2-3, "Now, the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils ; speaking lies in hypocrisy, and having their consciences seared with a hot iron ; forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats," etc. These are the Apostle Paul's words, and Paul was a Spiritualist, because while he prayed he was "in a trance" because he knew a man "caught up to the third heaven," that is the third sphere of spiritual existence, and because, while writing to the Corinthians, he describes, among the spiritual phenomena, signs and gifts, "the discerning of spirits" (clairvoyance). But, to the above quoted passage, the last part of which—"forbidding to marry," was used in the last century by Protestants to club Catholics, because their priests do not marry. Considering the number of divorces in Michigan, Paul's advice may have a wider meaning to-day, for according to statistics there are 10,518 divorce cases pending, and there has been an increase of 500 per cent. in the last nine years—a very sad condition of connubial affairs. Where is the remedy ? But more particularly to the above scriptural passage, which my critic refers to Spiritualism. This I squarely deny and contend that if Paul's prophetic vision extended down to our time he must have had a direct reference to our present-day sectarian theology, saying something like this : "Now, the spirit of inspiration speaketh

expressly that in these latter times, the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries, many theologians shall depart from the faith—faith in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the ministry of angels, and the restitution of things.” (Acts III—21), giving heed to such seducing spirits as gain, craft, selfishness, monopoly, costly church edifices, bigotry, superstition and creeds that bind and crush the noblest aspirations of the human soul. These are surely “seducing spirits.” And Paul further says, “doctrines of devils (demons),” that is, such doctrines as a “war in heaven,” a serpent talking to Eve in the Garden, the “total depravity of man,” and “future endless hell torments.” Paul might well call these outgrown doctrines, “doctrines of devils.” Such is my exegesis of the above passage.

My fraternal critic, C. S. L., calls my special attention to several verses in the ninth chapter of St. Mark’s gospel, reading, “If thine hand offend thee, cut it off. It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that shall not be quenched. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out. It is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than, having two eyes, to be cast into hell-fire, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” To the casual biblical reader these are very threatening passages, and accordingly Mr. Rainsford Ferris, of Port Chester, N. Y., on the 28th of last January, not properly understanding the above passage, went down into his cellar and nearly severed his right hand from the wrist by laying it on a block and striking it with a hatchet. Later he was taken to a hospital.

But what does the word hell mean?

This hell, hell-fire, Gehenna, or Valley of Hinnom, is still close to Jerusalem, on the south, and is now a finely cultivated field. I repeat, this hell, this Gehenna, this Valley of Hinnom, is now covered with lovely vineyards.

When visiting Jerusalem a number of years ago, myself and our party went over into this biblical hell, this Valley of Hinnom, and saw there growing delicious grapes.

Honestly, I plucked and ate most luscious grapes in hell, the very hell described in the ninth chapter of St. Mark's gospel. The worms there long ago died, the unquenchable fires were long ago quenched and the land in this Hinnom valley has been well cultivated and beautiful vineyards and semi-tropical fruit-trees are there growing.

Heaven and hell are more conditions than locations and heaven is to be attained only through a good, heavenly, and Christ-like life. Paul said, "we are saved by His (Christ's) life."

IS SPIRITUALISM SATANIC?

My reviewer, C. S. L., says, "I consider Spiritualism positively Satanic in origin." On the contrary, returning the compliment, I consider Spiritualism absolutely divine in origin, God himself being Spirit, pure, immanent and omnipotent. The religious gamut runs thus, Spirit, spirituality, spiritual-mindedness, spiritual truth, Spiritualism.

As to Satan, I know little or nothing, never having seen or been introduced to His Majesty. True, I have read in Revelations of Satans as described by the poet Milton; and I have read in Revelations of Satans being bound in chains, for a "thousand years."

In I. Chronicles, XXI., it is said that "Satan stood up and provoked David to number Israel," which was probably good advice.

In Job I., 6, we are informed that when "the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them." Such an aspiration for good society on the part of Satan was certainly commendable, and his industry, I am sure, was never questioned. And Jesus, in one of his strenuous moods, said unto Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan," but surely Peter never was engaged in a "war in heaven," nor was he bound for "a thousand years." I find nothing in Satan, his good or his ill, that relates to Spiritualism, but discover many characteristics in him in his low estate, that very forcibly apply to institutional Christianity, which is really a paganiized Christianity, with creeds as tags attached thereto. Jesus Christ neither wrote nor inspired any creed, but said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another."

The terrible wars—wars most savage, oppressions the most desperate, tyrannies the most horrible, tortures the most terrible, and all this, in the name of Christianity, savors of the "Satanic."

All through the 17th, to near the middle of the 18th century, witch-hunting, and witch-burning were richly enjoyed by religious professors. On the 16th of February, 1558, the sentence of condemnation and death was passed upon all the heretics of the Netherlands. Some of these were noted scholars and scientists. And "three millions of people," think of it—men, women and children—were condemned to the scaffold in three lines (see Motley's Republic, Vol.

2, page 310). Protestants and Catholics alike were equally guilty of imprisoning, hanging, burning and beheading heretics in the name of the Christian religion. Is it strange, then, that there are agnostics, free-thinking materialists, and a disinclination on the part of so many to connect themselves with the churches? Understand me, kind reader, I am not saying one word against the genuine inspirations of the Scriptures,—the Vedas, the Zend-Avesta, the Tripitaka or any other semi-inspired book,—they all have their religious values,—nor against the living Christ, nor against the true Christianity of the Christ—in these I believe—but I am talking of this sectarian spurious churchianity that builds walls of division, establishes narrow creeds and persecutes royal-souled men for being unbelievers and so-called heretics.

The Buddhists, called "heathen" and "heretics," constitute the largest religious body in the world and they have never been known to persecute or massacre unbelievers, as did the Christian Spaniards in conquering Mexico. I see by the Literary Digest that already a Buddhist priest, with several attending monks, has reached London to do missionary work among the Christians of England. Quite possibly they may come to America.

WHAT DOES SPIRITUALISM STAND FOR?

This question is very often and very naturally asked by thinkers and philosophically inclined investigators. Speaking only for myself, I have to say, Spiritualism, the direct opposite of atheism, materialism, mercenary spiritism, and persecuting sectarianism, stands for God, the absolute Cause of causes, and Infinite Energy, Life, Purpose, Will, Wisdom and Love of the measureless universe. It stands for the living Christ,

or the Christianity of the Christ, summed up in love to God, love to Man and the ministry of angels; it stands for the Logos that overshadowed the mediatorial Man of Galilee; it stands for Krishna, for Lord Gauranga, and all of the world's grandly inspired saviours, salvation meaning soul growth; it stands for religion, pure and undefiled as described by St. James; it stands for temperance, defining temperance as the moderate use of things beneficial and total abstinence from everything injurious to health and happiness; it stands for the statement that holiness is indispensable to happiness in all worlds; it stands for prayer and heavenly inspirations; it stands for premonitions, impressions, and heavenly ecstasies; it stands for present day demonstrations of a future life; it stands for messages of love from the higher life through visions, trances and other spiritual phenomena; it stands for arbitration and peace in the place of wars; it stands for equal rights and for equal opportunities for all in every station of life; it stands for the protection of honest toilers and the overthrow of child-labor in factories; it stands for the protection of harmless animals and the beautiful birds of plumage; it stands for socialism in the sense of the golden rule of Christ; and further, for all the reforms that result, or necessarily must result, in the brotherhood of all races, and those holy sympathies that connect the world visible with the world invisible and immortal.

It destroys the fear of death, encourages the desponding, comforts the sick, and gently, tenderly, brushes away the mourner's tears, while pointing them to the loved in heaven.

If my unknown friend, C. S. L., has any better religion than this, I shall be pleased to know it, for in these waning, sunset days, I seek only for the true, the good and the spiritual. ♡

THE SHADOW WORLD.



IN order that our readers may keep up the continuity with his former articles, we reproduce, in the present number, the concluding article of of Mr. Hamlin Garland, as published in "Everybody's Magazine."

THE PROBLEM OF "SPIRIT" IDENTITY.

THE reader will have observed that up to the present moment I have not emphasized in any way the question of the identity of the "intelligences" which have manifested themselves. The reason for this lies in the fact that throughout the experiments so far recorded I was still seeking evidence concerning the facts and processes of mediumship. However, having been convinced (by reason of these experiments, supported by those of Lombroso, Morselli, and Bottazzi) that the facts of mediumship exist, I was ready to take up definitely the question of "spirit" identity. It is the results of experimentation in this field that I am now to record. It is the final and most elusive part of the problem—it may turn out to be the insoluble part of the problem.

If you ask why it should be insoluble, I reply, because it concerns the mystery of death, and it may be that it is not well for us to penetrate the ultimate shadow. At any rate, among all the men of the highest rank who admit the reality of apparitions and voices, there are but few as yet

who are willing to assert that the dead manifest themselves. By this I mean that though some of them, like Crookes, for example, believe in "the intervention of discarnate intelligences," even they are not ready to grant that these intelligences are their grandfathers returning to the scene of their earthly labors.

I said something like this to Miller and Fowler, when we met at the club one afternoon not long after the last meeting of Cameron's amateur psychical society, and I added, "I must confess that most of the 'spirits' I have met seem to me merely parasitic or secondary personalities (to use Maxwell's term), drawn from the psychic or from myself. Nearly every one of the mediums I have studied has had at least one 'guide' whose voice and habit of thought were perilously similar to his own. This, in some cases, has been laughable, as when 'Rolling Thunder,' a Sioux chief (Indians are all chiefs in the spirit world), appears and says, 'Goot efening, friends; id iss a nice, night alretty.' And yet I have seen a whole roomful of people receive communications from a 'spirit' of this kind with solemn awe. I burn with shame for the sitters and the psychic when this kind of thing is going on."

"You visit the wrong mediums," said Fowler. "Such psychics are on a low plane. I never go to those who associate with Indians."

"But mediums are all alike in this respect. I don't suppose Mrs. Smiley realizes that 'Maudie' would be called by a doubter a falsetto disguise of her own voice, and 'Wilbur' a shrill and humorous personification of her subconscious self; or, if she does, she probably ascribes it, in

accordance with the spiritualistic belief, to the process of materialization which takes force from the medium. Never but once have I had the impression of being in the presence of a real 'spirit' personality, and that happened to me only a few days ago."

"It must have been an extraordinary experience to have made so deep an impression upon you," said Fowler.

"Yes, it was extraordinary. It had the personal element in it to a much greater degree than any case I have hitherto studied, and seemed a direct attempt at identification on the part of a powerful and original individuality but recently 'passed out.' It came about in this way.

"I met, not long ago, at the home of a friend in a Western city, a woman who was said to be able to produce whispers independently of her own organs of speech. I was assured by those in whom I had confidence that these voices could be heard in the broad light of day, in the open air, anywhere the psychic happened to be, and that her 'work' was of an exceptionally high character. I was keenly interested, as you may imagine, and asked for a sitting. Mrs. Hartley, as we will call her, fixed a day and hour in her own house for the trial, and I went to the sitting a few days later with high expectations of her 'phase.' I found her living in a small frame house on a pleasant street, with nothing to indicate that it was a meeting-place of mortals and their 'spirit guides.'

"Mrs. Hartley was quite evidently a woman of power and native intelligence. After a few minutes of general conversation she took me up to her study on the second floor, a sunny little den on the east side of the house,

which was not in the least suggestive of hocus pocus. A broad mission table, two bookcases, a few flowers, and a curious battered old black-walnut table completed the furnishing of the room, which indicated something rather studious and thoughtful in the owner.

"Mrs. Hartley asked me to be seated, and added, 'Please write on a sheet of paper the names of such friends as you would like to communicate with.' She then left the room on some household errand, and while she was gone I wrote the name of her 'guide,' 'Dr. Cooke' (out of compliment), and added that of a musical friend whom I will call 'Ernest Alexander.' I also wrote the names 'Jessie' and 'David,' folded the sheet once, and retained it under my hand. Upon her return the psychic seated herself at the battered oval table, and taking up a pair of hinged school slates, began to clean them with a cloth. I am not going to detail my precautions. You must take my detective work for granted. In this case I was awaiting the voices; the slate-writing was gratuitous. She took the slates (between which I had dropped my slip of paper) and, putting them beneath the table, asked me to hold one corner."

"SPIRITS" AS COMPANIONS.

"I wish they wouldn't do that," protested Fowler. "It isn't necessary."

"As we sat thus, she told me that she had never been in a trance, and that she never permitted the dark. 'I force my guides to work in the light,' she said. She declared that the whispers which I was presently to hear, came to her under all conditions, and that her 'spirit' friends talked to her familiarly and she went about her household

duties. She assured me that 'they' were a great help and comfort to her. 'Dr. Cooke' was her ever-present guide and counselor, and her father and brother were always near. . .

"Evidently she did not stand in awe of them, for after half an hour's wait she grew impatient and called out in an imperious tone, 'Come, dear, I want you. Come, anybody.' Two or three times she spoke loudly clearly, as if calling to some one through a thick wall. This interested me exceedingly. Generally psychics are very humble and patient with their 'guides.' A few moments later the slates began to slam about so violently beneath the table that her arm was bruised, and she protested sharply, 'Don't do that. You will break the slates and the table both!' There upon the forces quieted down till only a 'peculiar quiver' remained in the slates. I could hear writing going on steadily.

MESSAGES FROM A FRIEND.

"At last a tap came to announce that the messages were written. The psychic withdrew the slates and handed them across the table to me. I opened them and took out my paper. On one slate was a message from 'Dr. Cooke,' the 'guide'; on the other were these words, written in slate pencil: *'I would that you could see me as I am now, still occupied, and happy to be busy.'* This was followed by four lines and three little marks, evidently intended to symbolize a bar of music, and the whole was signed, 'E. Alexander.' The writing was firm and manly, but I did not recognize it as that of my friend.

"The second trial resulted in this vague communication: *'My dear friend, don't overdo. Earth is but one life. Many*

I recall. I tried to give expression to my one talent. This was signed, '*Ernest Alexander.*' Both these replies, as you see, were very general in phraseology, but the third message came closer to the individual: '*I was so tired and not myself. I am well and in the world of progress. Ernest Alexander.*' The bar of music again appeared, this time much more 'developed.'"

Miller stopped me here. "All this is quite simple. Mrs. Hartley opened and read your note and, following up the clue, simply did some neat trick-writing beneath the table."

"It is not so simple as all that," I answered. "She was interrupted about this time by the door-bell, and while she was gone I wrote on another piece of paper: 'Earnest, give me a test of your identity. Write a bar from'—and I mentioned a sonata of his. This note I folded closely and put in an inside pocket."

"In answer to this request, when the medium returned I got these pertinent words: '*I was not a disappointment to myself, but I was at a point where nerve force failed me.*' This was signed '*Ernest,*' and was accompanied by another sketchy bar of music. It all looked like a real attempt to give me what I had asked for, and yet it was the kind of reply which might have been made by the medium, had she known the history of my musical friend, or had she been able to take it out of my mind."

"Even that latter possibility is a violent assumption to me," remarked Miller.

ORIGINAL MUSIC PRODUCED.

"So it is to me," I answered. "I can't really believe in thought transmission, and yet— I then asked for the

signature of the staff, and a small 'v' was written in the bar above, and another bar was added. Now on 'the slates there came (with every evidence of eager haste) intimate questions concerning Alexander's family: 'Is my wife cared for?' and the like. To these I replied orally. I must tell you that all along Alexander's wife was referred to as 'Mary,' which was wrong, although it was close to the actual name. Also, when after a time I began to speak of Alexander as 'E. A.,' the messages were signed in that manner, all of which would seem to argue a little confusion in the psychic's mind.

Presently, *while I held the slate myself*, the mysterious voice wrote: '*I thank you for what you have done. I have been told my mind is clear,*' which was particularly full of meaning to me, for the reason that my friend's mind was clouded toward the close of his life."

"All of which proves nothing," insisted Miller. "You, friend, if I conjecture rightly, was a well-known man, and the psychic could have read, and probably did read, all about his illness in the public press."

"It may be so. About this time I began to hear a faint whisper, which *seemed* to come from a point a little to the right of, and a foot or two above, the psychic's lips. This, she informed me, was the voice of 'Dr. Cooke,' her 'guide.' I could catch only a few of the whispered words, and Mrs. Hartley was forced to repeat them. 'Dr. Cooke,' thus interpreted, said, '*Your friend Alexander is present, and overjoyed to talk with you.*' The conversation went on with both 'Dr. Cooke' and the psychic between the alleged spirit and myself, but even then I must admit that 'Alexander's' queries and answers were 'to the point.

"Under what seemed like test conditions I got two more bars of music, both much more definite in form than the others; and these, the whisper declared, were from the third movement of the sonata I had asked for. This message was accompanied by a curious little device like the letter C with a line drawn through it, and I said to myself: 'If this should prove to be a mark which Ernest used in signing his manuscript, something like Whistler's butterfly, I shall give a fine test of thought transmission.'

"I now secured under excellent conditions the writing of a singular word, which was plainly spelled but meant nothing to me. It looked like '*Isinghere*.' In answer to oral questioning the whisper said that these bars of music were part of an unpublished manuscript, a fragment, which the composer had meant to call '*Isinghere*.'"

"What about the process?" asked Miller. "Did the writing appear to be supernatural?"

A MUSICIAN JOINS THE CIRCLE.

"Yes, and so did the whispering. I could detect no connection between the lips of the psychic and the voice. In one way or another I varied the conditions, so that I was at last quite convinced of the psychic's supernatural power; but that was not my quest. I was seeking proof of the identity of the whisper with my friend Alexander.

"Seeing that the chief means of identification might be in the music, I persuaded my friend Blake, who is a fairly competent musician, to sit with me and decipher the score which 'E. A.' persisted in setting down. I was now eager to secure a complete phrase of the music. I saw myself establishing, at the least, the most beautiful case of mind-

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tapping on record. 'If we can secure the score of an unpublished manuscript of Alexander's composition we shall have worked a miracle,' I said to Blake.

"Our first sitting, which took place in the home of a common friend, was indefinite as to results; but the second, held in Mrs. Hartley's study one bright morning, was very fruitful. The powers started in at once as if to convince us both. Blake received a message written on a slate under his foot, and I got the name '*Jessie*,' with the word '*sister*' written beneath it. And the whispers which we had been hearing suddenly changed in character. The words became swift, impetuous, imperious. '*Line off all the leaves of a slate*,' the voice commanded. I understand at once, for in the previous sitting 'E. A.' had seemingly found it difficult to draw a long line.

"E. A." DIRECTS PLAYING OF MUSIC.

"We had brought some silicon slates of the book variety, and Blake now proceeded to rule one of them with the lines of a musical staff, and on these slates, held as before beneath the table, we began to get bars of music of a character quite outside the knowledge of the psychic and myself, and, more remarkable still, the whispers, so the psychic informed us, were no longer from 'Dr. Cooke;' 'E. A.,' she declared, was there in person and directing the work.

"Furthermore, the requests that we now received were entirely different in character from 'Cooke's' impersonal remarks. The whispers were quick and masterful, wonderfully suggestive of 'Alexander' in content. 'He' was humorous, 'he' acknowledged mistakes in the score, calling them 'slips of the pen.' 'He' became highly technical in his conversation with Blake, talking of musical matters that were Greek to

me and, I venture to say, Coptic to the psychic. 'He' corrected the notation himself, sometimes when Blake held the slate, sometimes when I held it. Part of the time 'he' indicated the corrections orally. 'He' asked Blake to sing the air.

"At last 'he' broke off and imperiously said, '*Take the table to the piano.*' This seemed to surprise the psychic, but she acquiesced, and we moved the small stand and our slates down to the little parlor; and there, with Blake now holding the slate beneath the table and now playing the notes upon the piano, the score grew into a weird little melody with bass accompaniment, which seemed to me at the moment exactly like a message from my friend Alexander. The first bar went through me like the sound of his voice."

"Now you are getting into the upper air of spiritualism," exulted Fowler. "You were then receiving a message that had dignity and meaning."

"So it seemed at the moment, both to Blake and to myself. The music was manifestly not the kind of thing that Mrs. Hartley could conceive. It was absolutely *not* commonplace. It was touched with technical subtlety, although simple in appearance. At last a complete phrase was written out and partly harmonized. This, 'E. A.' said, was the beginning of a little piece that he had intended to call '*Unghere*' or '*Hungarie.*' Nothing in all my long experience with psychics ever moved me like the first phrase of that sweet, sad melody. It seemed like the touch of identification I had been seeking."

"But your friend Blake was a musician," interrupted Miller. "And how about your own subconscious self? You

are musical, and your mind is filled with your friend Alexander's music."

"That is true, and I had that reservation all along. 'E. A.' may have been made up of our combined subconscious selves—I admit all that; but no matter. It, was still very marvelous, even on its material side, for some of this music was written in while the slates were in Blake's entire control. He not merely put them under the table himself but withdrew them—the psychic only clutched one corner of them. Furthermore, throughout all this composition 'Ernest' was master of the situation. 'Dr. Cooke', was superseded. There was neither feebleness nor hesitation in the voice. I could now distinguish most of the words, and the dialogue went forward exactly as if a master musician were dictating to an intelligent amanuensis a new and subtle sketch."

"Did the medium look at the music?" asked Miller.

SEEMS TO REMEMBER CORRECTLY.

"Yes, now and then. However, most of the corrections were put in upside down, as regards her position, and during the last sitting she appeared to be no more than a mere onlooker. Once, as we sat holding the slate, 'Ernest' whispered to me: '*Blake is a fine fellow. I met him twice.*'"

"Can you tell me where?" asked Blake.

"*'It was' in New York City,*' was the reply; then, after a moment's hesitation, '*It was at dinner—both times!*' 'You are right,' said Blake, much impressed. 'Can you tell me the places?' '*One was on Fifth Avenue. The other was—I can't tell the location exactly; but it was where we went down a short flight of steps.*' 'That is correct also,' said Blake. 'How many persons were there?' '*Five.*' 'Quite right.

Can you tell me who they were?' 'Well, Mary was there, and you, of course; but I can't be sure of the others.'

"Blake looked at me in astonishment, and our minds flashed along the same line. Suppose he whisper were only a bit of clever ventriloquism, how did the psychic secure the information conveyed in this dialogue? It was given as I write it, with only a bit of hesitation once or twice; and yet, it may have been merely thought transference."

WAS IT MIND-READING?

"*Merely* thought transference!" exclaimed Miller. "I consider thought transference quite as absurd as slate-writing."

Fowler interposed. "I consider this a simple case of spirit communication. You should be grateful for such a beautiful response."

"This significant fact is not to be overlooked," I resumed: "the psychic secured almost nothing else that concerned either Blake's affairs or my own. Mainly the whispers had to do with 'E. A.,' which, of course, bears out Miller's notion that the medium could deal only with what was public property. But this little colloquy about the dinners in New York is very convincing as far as mind-reading goes."

"At the third sitting, Blake again being present, 'E. A.' took control as before from the start, and carried forward the recording of the musical fragment. '*I want you to fill in the treble, Blake,*' he said. '*It's nothing but the bare melody now.*' Blake protested—'I'm not up to this'; and the whisper came swiftly, '*You're too modest, Blake*'; and a moment later it said, '*I hope you're not bored, Garland.*' If all this was a little play of the psychic's devising it was very cleverly carried out, for after a few minutes of close

attention to Blake 'E. A.' asked, with anxious haste, '*Where's Garland?*' 'I am here,' I answered. '*Don't go away,*' 'he' entreated. It was as if for the moment 'he' had lost sight of me by reason of fixing his attention upon Blake."

"That is singular!" exclaimed Fowler, "Their field of vision is evidently much more restricted than we thought."

"It must be very small indeed, for Blake and I sat touching elbows. Two or three times the whispering voice called, '*Is Garland here?*' and once it asked, '*What is Garland doing? I see his hand moving.*' I explained that I was making notes. '*Don't do it!*' was the agitated request."

"A very neat little touch," remarked Miller.

"We worked for a long time over this music, directed by the voice, both in the notation and in the execution of it. The lines were drawn for both bass and treble length-wise of the slate, and Blake found the little piece difficult to play, partly because the staves were on different leaves of the slate and partly because the notes, especially some of those put in at the beginning by the composer, were becoming blurred. It was marvelous to see how exactly these dim notes were touched up by the mysterious pencil beneath the table. But our progress was slow 'E. A.' was very patient, though now and then he plumply opposed his will to Blake's. Once, especially, Blake exclaimed, 'That can't be right!'

"*'Yes, it is right!'* insisted 'E. A.'"

"'But it is very unusual to construct a measure in that way, for there is a seeming confusion of 3-4 time with 6-8 time.'"

"*'It is a liberty I permit myself,*' was the swift reply.

LIMITED VISION OF "SPIRITS."

"In the last bar, which did not appear to be filled satisfactorily, the composer directed the insertion of a figure 2. This meant, as became clear through a subsequent reference to Alexander's printed scores, the playing of two quarter notes in the time of three eighth notes, but was not understood at the moment by Blake.

"*'Never mind,'* said 'E. A.' graciously. *I will write it differently.*" The figure 2 was cancelled, and the measure was completed by a rest. This is only one of many astonishing passages in the dialogue.

"In all this work 'E. A.' carried himself like the creative master. He held to a plane apparently far above the psychic's musical knowledge, and often above that of his amanuensis. He was highly technical throughout in both the composition and the playing, and Blake followed his will for the most part as if the whispers came from Alexander himself—and yet, I repeat, the music and all may have come from a union of Blake's mind with that of the psychic, with now and then a mixture of my own subconscious self."

"What was the psychic doing all this time?" asked Miller.

"She was listening to the voice and repeating the words which Blake could not hear. She seemed merely the somewhat bored interpreter of words which she did not fully understand. It was precisely as if she were catching by wireless telephone the whispered instructions of my friend 'E. A.' I can't believe she consciously deceived us, but it is possible that these were ventriloquistic voices which had become a subconscious habit."

"One other very curious event I must note. Once when Blake was asking for a correction the whisper exclaimed, '*I can't see it, Blake!*'"

"'*Cover it with your hand,*' interjected the 'control.' Blake did so, and 'E. A.' spoke gratefully, '*I see it now.*'"

"Seeing cannot mean the same with them that it does with us," exclaimed Fowler. "You remember Crookes put his finger on the print of a newspaper behind his back, and the spirit spoke the word that was under his finger-tip. They apprehend by means of some form of etheric vibration not known to us."

I resumed: "Let me stop here for a moment to emphasize a very curious contradiction. Between my first seance with Mrs. Hartley and this our third attempt to secure the music, I had held two sittings in the home of a friend. Mrs. Hartley had come to the house about ten o'clock in the morning, bringing nothing with her except a few tips of soft slate-pencil. During the sitting I had secured in the middle of a manila pad (a pad which the psychic had never seen and which I had taken from my friend's desk) these words: '*Have Schumann. E. A.*'"

A MESSAGE MISUNDERSTOOD.

"This writing I had taken to mean that 'Ernest' wanted to hear some of Schumann's music, and in that understanding I had called Blake in to play. This had seemed at the moment perfectly conclusive and entirely satisfactory; yet now, in this final sitting, 'E. A.' suddenly reverted to this message, and whispered: '*Garland, there is a certain étude which I took to Schumann. I want you to regain it and take it to Smart. Mary will know about it. I meant to take it away,*'"

but did I? I was so badly off mentally that I don't know whether I did or not.' Whereupon Blake said, 'Do you mean Schumann the publisher?' 'Yes,' 'E.A.' replied; and I said, 'And you want the manuscript recalled from Schumann and given to Smart?' 'Yes,' was his very definite answer.

"Very well, I will attend to it," I answered. "What do you want done with this fragment?" I pursued. "Shall I publish that?" *'That is what it is for,'* he answered curtly.

"How many bars are in it?" asked Blake. "Forty?" *'More,'* returned the whisper.

"Blake made the mistake of again suggesting an answer. 'As many as sixty?'"

CANNOT BE VERIFIED.

"Yes, *sixty or seventy,*" was the answer, echo-like. Here Blake's thought apparently governed, but it was evident that the psychic had no clear conception of what this reference to Schumann meant at first, for 'E. A.' was unable to complete his sentence, which should have read, *'Have Schumann return a certain etude which I took to him. E. A.'* Further, the psychic evidently believed in the truth of the message or she would not have gone into it with such particularity—she would have been lacking in caution to have given me such definite and detailed information, if she had thought that it was all false.

"So far as my own mind is concerned, I had no knowledge of such a music publisher as Schumann. Smart I had met. Blake, however, knew of both firms. But, in spite of the possibility of mind-reading, the entire message and the method of its communication completed what seemed like a highly intellectual test of identity, and we both left the house of

the psychic with a feeling of having been very near to our dead friend.

"Imagine my disappointment when I found that no such manuscript was in Schumann's hands, and that no fragment called 'Isinghere,' 'Unghere,' or 'Hungarie' could be found."

Fowler shared my regret. "What about the other messages? Were they all disappointing?"

"No; some of them were not. The most intimate were true; and a signature which came on the slate under test conditions, and which I valued very little at the moment, turned out to be almost the exact duplicate of Alexander's signature as he used to write it when a youth twenty years ago. As a matter of fact, it closely resembled the signature appended to a framed letter which used to hang upon the wall of his study. But, even so, its reproduction under these conditions is sufficiently puzzling."

"What was Blake's conclusion?"

"I think he was quite as deeply impressed as I. He said the music seemed like Alexander's music somehow distorted by the medium through which it came. 'It was like seeing Alexander through a pane of crinkly glass,' he said. And he added, 'I had the sense of being in long-distance contact with the composer himself.' He had no doubt of the supernormal means through which the writing came, yet he remains doubtful of the value of the music as evidence of Ernest's return from the world of shadows."

"Have you tried to secure more of the music?" Fowler asked.

"No, not specifically, but I've had one further sitting with Mrs. Hartley since the last one at which Blake was present.

(At the third sitting, by the way, we had to stop with the eighth bar of music. 'E. A.' said he felt confused.) Almost immediately 'Ernest' whispered a greeting and said: '*I want to go on with that music, Garland. I want to put B and D and A-flat into the first bar—it's only a bare sketch as it stands.*'

"To this I replied: 'I can't do it, Ernest. It's beyond me. Wait till I can get Blake again.'

"This ended his attempt, although he was 'terribly anxious,' the psychic said. I am going to try for the completion of the score through another psychic. If I can get that eighth bar taken up and carried on by 'Ernest' through another medium, the case will become—complicated.

"I have gone into detail in my account of this experiment for the reason that it illustrates very aptly the inextricable tangle of truth and error which most 'spirit communications' present. It typifies in little the elusive problem of 'spirit' identification."

FOWLER BELIEVES "E. A." A RETURNED "SPIRIT."

"I don't think the failure to find the musical fragment invalidates this beautiful communication," declared Fowler. "You admit that many of the messages were to the point, and that some of them were very intimate and personal."

"Yes, speaking generally, I would say that 'E. A.' might have uttered all the words and dictated all the messages except those that related to the publishing matter—but there is the final test. Schumann declares that no such manuscript has ever been in his hands."

"He may be mistaken, or 'E. A.' may have mis-spoken himself—for, as William James infers, the spirits find themselves tremendously hampered in their attempts to manifest them-

selves. Furthermore, you say you could not hear ^{it} that 'E. A.' spoke—you or the psychic may have misunderstood him. In any case, it all seems to me a fine attempt at identification."

"I wish I could put the same value on it now that I did when Blake played the first bar of that thrilling little melody; but I can't. With time it loses its power over me."

GARLAND ACCEPTS THEORY OF FLUIDIC ARM.

"Suppose you had been able to find that musical fragment—would it have converted you?" This was Miller's challenge.

"No, for even then some living person might have known of it—must have known of it—and if a knowledge of it lay in some other mind, no matter where and no matter how deeply buried in the subconscious, that knowledge, according to Myers and Hudson, would have been accessible to the supernatural perception of the psychic."

Fowler then interrogated me. "But suppose a phantom form resembling 'E. A.' had spoken these things to you face to face—what then?"

"I would not have believed even then."

"Why?"

"Well, for one reason, belief is not a matter of the will; it is not even dependent upon evidence."

Miller interrupted me. "I am interested in the writing. How do you account for it?"

"Blake and I are forced to a practical acceptance of the theory of the fluidic arm. We must suppose that the psychic was able to read our minds and write down our mingled and confused conceptions in some supernatural fashion. It

happens that I have seen these etheric hands in action, which makes it easier for me to conceive of that process in this case. I have seen them dart forth precisely as described by Scarpa. I have seen them lift a glass of water, and I have had them touch my knees beneath a table while slate-writing was going on—so that, given the power to read my mind, there is nothing impossible in the idea of the etheric hand's reproducing the signature of 'E. A.'

In fact, at a recent sitting in a private house with a young male psychic we had this precise feat performed. Said the psychic to our host, Dr. Towne, "Think hard of a signature that is very familiar to you," and Dr. Towne fixed his mind upon the signature of his brother, and immediately, while the young man's material hands were controlled, the etheric hand seized a pencil in the middle of the table and reproduced the signature."

"Could you see this hand?" Miller asked.

"No, the room was dark; but at a sitting which followed this I did see the supernumerary arm and hand dart forth and seize a pencil. I saw it very plainly cross my knee and grasp me by the forearm. All of this has its bearing upon this very curious phenomenon of the reproduction of 'E. A.'s' youthful signature."

"But did you not say that 'E. A.' at times represented an opposing will," questioned Fowler; "that he disputed certain passages with Blake, and that he finally carried his point?"

"Yes, that happened several times and was all very convincing then. Once, indeed, 'E. A.' carried his point in opposition to all of us. And yet, this opposition may have

been more apparent than real. Our subconscious selves may have been in accord."

Fowler was a bit irritated. "If you are disposed to make the subconscious will all-powerful and omniscient, nothing can be proved. It seems to me an evasion. However, let me ask how you would explain away a spirit form with the voice and the features of 'E. A. ?'"

"Well, there is the teleplastic theory of Albert de Rochas. He claims to have been able not merely to cause a hypnotized subject to exteriorize her astral self, but to mould this vapory substance as a sculptor models wax. So I can imagine that an apparition might be created in the image of my sister or 'David' or 'E. A.'"

To my thinking, that is more complicated and incredible than the spirit hypothesis," objected Fowler.

A NEW PSYCHIC.

"Nothing can be more incredible to me than the spirit hypothesis," I replied. "But then, everything is incredible in the last analysis. I am the more disposed to believe in the teleplastic theory for the reason that I have recently had an opportunity to witness a particularly incredible thing—the materialization of a complete human form beside the psychic—a phenomenon which has a special bearing upon the matter of identity which we are discussing. The sitting took place in a small private house here in the city. The psychic in the case was a young business man who is careful not to advertise his power. For four years he has been holding secret developing circles to which a few of his friends only are invited. I was present recently and shared in the marvels. The place of the seance was the parlor of his apartment,

and his young wife and little daughter were present. There was in addition an elderly lady, mother-in-law of the psychic, and a Polish student whom I will call Jacob.

"I am quite sure that no one else entered or left the room during the evening. Mrs. Pratt, the mother-in-law, occupied a seat between Jacob and me. The little girl sat at the window, and was under my eye all the time. The wife spent most of the evening at the piano on my right. The room was fairly dark, though the light of a far-away street lamp shone in at the window.

• PHANTOM SINGS WITH POLISH SITTER.

"The psychic retired into a little alcove bedroom, which served as a cabinet, and the curtain had hardly fallen between her and our group when the 'spirit' voices began. The first one to speak was 'Evan, the guide,' and I remarked that his voice was precisely like a falsetto disguise of the psychic's own.

"Soon 'Evan' and other spirits appeared at the opening of the curtain. The wife called them each by name, but I could see only certain curious fluctuating, cloudlike forms, like puffs of fire-lit steam. The effect was that of illuminated vapor. At length came a form that spoke in a deep voice, using a foreign language. Jacob, the young Pole, sprang up in joyous excitement, saying that he had sat many times in his little circle, but that this was the first time a spirit had spoken to him in his own tongue. As they conversed together, I detected a close similarity of accent and of tone in their speech. It certainly sounded like the Polish language, but I could not rid myself of the impression that the Pole was talking to himself."

"What do you mean by that?" Miller asked.

"I mean that the accent, inflexion, and quality of the ghost's voice were identical with those of the living man's, and this became still more striking when, a little later, Jacob returned to his seat, and 'the Count,' his visitor, called for the Polish national hymn. Jacob then sang, and the phantom sang with him. Now this seemed like a clear case of identification, and was perfectly satisfactory to Jacob, but I had observed this fact: the Pole was an indifferent singer—having hard work to keep the key—and 'the Count' was troubled in the same way. His deep, almost toneless singing struck me as a dead, flat, wooden echo of Jacob's voice. In short, it was as if the psychic had built up a personality partly out of himself, but mainly out of his Polish sitter, and as if this ethereal duplication were singing in unison with it progenitor."

COMPLETE ASTRAL BODY PROJECTED.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Fowler.

"Did he manufacture a double out of you?" queried Miller.

"No one spoke to me from the shadow, except the 'guide,' although I was hoping for some new word from 'Ernest,' and kept him uppermost in my mind. A form came out into the center of the room, which the wife said was 'Evan,' and requested me to shake his hand. This I did. The hand felt as if it were covered with some gauzy veiling. My belief is that it was the psychic himself who stood before me, probably in a trance. I could see nothing, however. I do not remember that I could distinguish any shadow even, but the hand was real and the voice and the manner of speech were precisely those of the psychic himself."

"I repeat that this does not necessarily imply fraud, for the mind and the vocal organs of the psychic are often used in that way," Fowler argued.

"I grant that. Up to this point I had been able to see nothing but dim outlines. But toward the end of the evening the psychic advanced from the cabinet, and in a dazed way ordered the lamp to be lit. This was done. He then asked that the light be turned low. This also was done. Thereupon, directing his gaze toward the curtain, he called twice in a tone of command, 'Come out!'

"I could distinguish every one in the room at the moment. I could see the psychic plainly. I could discern the color of his coat and the expression of his face. He stood at least six feet from the opening in the curtain. At this second cry, which held a note of entreaty, I saw a form, taller than himself, suddenly appear before the curtain, and stand bowing in silence. I could perceive neither face, eyes, nor feet, but I could make out the arms under the luminous robe, the shape of the head and the shoulders, and as he bowed I could see the bending of his neck. It certainly was not a mechanical device. And the covering was not so much a robe as a swathing.

"However, my eyes were mainly busy with the psychic, whose actions impressed me deeply. He had the air of an anxious man undergoing a dangerous ordeal. His right hand was stretched stiffly toward the phantom, his left was held near his heart; his knees seemed to tremble, and his body appeared to be irresistibly drawn toward the cabinet. Slowly, watchfully, fearfully, he approached the phantom. The figure turned toward him, and a moment later they met—they clung

together, they appeared to coalesce; and the psychic fell through the curtain to the door of the cabinet."

"What do you wish to imply?" asked Miller. "Do you mean that they were united in some way?"

"Precisely so. The 'spirit' seemed drawn by some magnetic force toward the psychic, and the psychic seemed under an immense strain to keep the apparition exterior to himself. When they met, the psychic's fall seemed inevitable, a collapse from utter exhaustion. I was at the moment convinced that I had seen a vaporous entity, born of the medium. It seemed a clear case of projection of the astral body. In the pause which followed the psychic's fall the young wife turned to me and said, 'Sometimes, if my husband does not reach the spirit form in time, he falls *outside* the curtain.' She did not seem especially alarmed.

STRAIN ON MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

"The young psychic himself, however, told me afterward that he was undergoing a tremendous strain as he stood there commanding the 'spirit' to appear. 'I had a fierce pain in the center of my forehead,' he said. 'I couldn't get my breath. I felt as if all my substance, my strength, was being drawn out of me. My legs seemed about to give way. It is always hard to produce a form so far away from me when I am on the outside of the cabinet in the light. The greater the distance, the greater the strain.' I asked him what happened when he and the form rushed together, and he answered, 'As soon as I touched it, it re-entered my body.'"

"I wonder why the 'spirits' are always clothed in that luminous gauze?" queried Miller.

• "They are not," replied Fowler. "More often they come in the clothing which was their habitual wear."

"I asked this young psychic if drapery were used out of respect to us mortals, and he replied, 'No; the forms are swathed not from a sense of propriety so much as to protect the body, which is often incomplete at the extremities.'

A HERCULEAN "SPIRIT" FORM.

"The wife and Jacob told me that at one of their meetings a 'spirit' Hercules suddenly appeared before the curtain. The Pole declared: 'He was of giant size and strength. I felt of his muscles—he was clothed only in a loin-cloth—and I closely studied his tremendous arms and shoulders. The medium, as you know, is a small, thin man. We called this figure 'the man from Mars.' He was at least six feet high and strong as a lion. He rushed back into the cabinet and came out holding the medium above his head on his upturned palms. It was very wonderful.'"

"You didn't see anything like that, did you?" asked Miller.

"No," I replied, "but I did see the development of a figure apparently from the floor between me and the curtain of the cabinet. My attention was called to something wavering, shimmering, and fluctuating about a foot above the carpet. It was neither steam nor flame. It seemed compounded of both luminous vapor and puffing clouds of drapery. It rose and fell in quivering impulses, expanding and contracting, but continuing to grow until at last it towered to the height of a tall man, and I could dimly discern, through dark draperies edged with light, a man's figure.

"This," the young wife said, "is Judge White [that's not the real name, of course], the grandfather of the psychic,"

and she conversed with him, but only for a few moments. He soon dwindled and faded and melted away in the same fashion as he had come, recalling to my mind Richet's description of the birth and disappearance of 'B. B.' in Algiers. I know this sounds like the veriest dreaming, but you must remember that materializations much more wonderful have been seen and analysed in the clinical laboratories of Turin and Naples. Morselli, Bottazzi, Lombroso, Porro, and Foa have been confronted by similar apparitions. They have seen 'sinister' faces, and been repelled by 'Satanic hands agile and prompt,' in cabinets of their own construction, surrounded by their own registering machinery, and Richet has photographed just such figures as this I have described.

"The question with me is not: Do these forms exist? but: What produces them? I am describing this sitting to explain what I mean by the ideoplastic or teleplastic theory. If, for example, this psychic had known me well enough to have had a very definite picture of 'E. A.,' he might have been able to model from the mind-stuff that he or the circle had thrown off, a luminous image of my friend, and, aided by my subconscious self, might have united the presence and the musical thought of Ernest Alexander."

"It won't do," exclaimed Miller. "It's all too destructive, too preposterous."

"I insist that the spirit hypothesis is simpler," repeated Fowler.

"It isn't a question of simplicity," I retorted. "It's a question of fact. If the observations of scientific experimentalists are of any value, the teleplastic theory is on the point of winning acceptance."

• "I will not admit that," rejoined Fowler. "For, even if you throw out all the enormous mass of evidence accumulated by spiritistic investigators, you still have the conversion of Wallace, Lodge, and Lombroso, not to speak of De Vesme, Venzano, and other lesser men of science, to account for. Crookes admits that nothing but some form of spirit hypothesis is capable of explaining *all* the phenomena; and in a recent issue of the *Annals of Psychical Science* Lombroso writes a paper making several very strong points against the biologic theory. One of these is the simultaneous occurrence of phenomena. 'Can the subconscious self act in several places at once?' he asks.

THE PROBLEM OF THE OPPOSING WILL.

"A second objection lies in the fact that movements occur in opposition to the will of the psychic, as, for example, on an occasion when Paladino was transported in her chair. 'Can a man lift himself by his boot-straps?' Lombroso inquires. 'The center of gravity of a body cannot be altered in space unless acted upon by an external force. Therefore the phenomena of levitation cannot be considered to be produced by energy emanating from the medium.'"

"I don't think that follows," I argued. "Force may be exerted unconsciously and invisibly. Because the psychic does not *consciously* will to do a certain thing is no proof that the action does not originate in the deeps of her personality. We know very little of this obscure region of our minds."

Fowler was ready with his answer: "But let us take the case that Lombroso cites of the beautiful woman spirit whose hand twice dashed the photographic plates from the

grasp of those who wished to secure her picture. Here was plainly an opposing will, for the psychic was lending herself to the experiment, and the spectators were eager for its success. Notwithstanding which cooperation, this phantom bitterly opposed the wishes of every one present, and it was *afterwards* learned that there was a special reason 'why she did not wish to leave positive proofs of her identity. 'It is evident therefore,' concludes Lombroso, 'that a third will can intervene in spiritistic phenomena.'

"Furthermore, Dr. Venzano and De Vesme have taken up the same body of facts upon which Foa and Morselli base their theory, and arrive at a totally different conclusion. They call attention to a dozen events which can be explained only on the theory of disincarnate intelligences. Venzano observed that spirit forms occurred in several places at once, that they appeared in many shapes and many guises. Some were like children, some had curly hair, some had beards. In one case identification was made by introducing the finger of one of the sitters within the phantom mouth to prove the loss of a molar tooth. Sometimes the hair of these heads was plaited. Some of the hands were large and black, others fair and pink like a child's. In short, he argues that the medium could not have determined the size, shape, or color of the phantoms."

THE POWERS OF THE ETHERIC DOUBLE.

"All that does not really militate against the ideoplastic theory," I retorted. "If it is a case of the modeling of the etheric vapor by the mind of the psychic, these differences would be produced naturally enough. It is as easy to produce a phantom with hair plaited as it is to produce

one with hair in curls. The forcible handling of the medium by the invisible ones is a much more difficult thing for me to explain, for to imagine the psychic emitting a form of force which afterward proceeds to raise the psychic herself against her will—as Mrs. Smiley testifies happened again and again in her youth—is to do violence to all that we know of natural law. And yet it may be that the etheric double can take no part of the forces resident in the circle of sitters, and so become immensely more potent than the psychic, as in the case of the ‘man from Mais’—the Hercules I have just been telling you about. Then, as to the content of these messages: they may be impulses, hints, fragments of sentences caught from the air as one wireless operator intercepts communications meant for other stations than his own. Considering all the possibilities, I am not as near a belief in the return of the dead, as the true explanation, as I was when I began this last series of experiments.”

“Your idea is, then,” said Miller, “that these apparitions are emanations of the medium’s physical substance, moulded by his will and colored by the mind of his sitters?”

“That is the up-to-date explanation, and nothing I have experienced or read of can stand against it.”

IMMORTALITY AND SCIENCE.

Fowler hastened to weaken the force of this statement. “Spiritists all admit that the forms of spirits are made up—partly, at least—of the psychic’s material self, but that does not prove that the mind of the ghost is not a separate entity from that of the psychic. I grant that the only difference between the psycho-dynamic theory and the spiritualistic theory lies in the question of the origin of the intelligences

that direct the manifestation. Foa would say they spring from the subconscious self of the psychic. We spiritualists say they come from the spirit world, and there we stand. You scientists are feeding millions of people stones," he added emphatically. "They ask for bread, and you give them slices of granite."

"Better granite than slime," said Miller. "I am with the biologists in this campaign. Let us have the truth, no matter how unpalatable it may be. If these phenomena exist, they are in the domain of natural law and can be weighed and measured. If they are imaginary, they should be swept away, like other dreams of superstition and ignorance."

Fowler was not to be silenced. "I predict that you and your like will yet be forced, like Lombroso, to take your place with Aksakof, Lodge, Wallace, Du Prel, and Crookes, who have come to admit the intervention of discarnate intelligences. Lombroso says: 'We find, as I already foresaw some years ago, that these materialized bodies belong to the radiant state of matter, which has now a sure foothold in science. This is the only hypothesis that can reconcile the ancient and universal belief in the persistence of life after death with the results of science.'"

DOES THE "ASTRAL" INDICATE LIFE AFTER DEATH?

"Well," said I, "of this I am certain. We cannot afford to ignore such experiments as those of Morselli and Bottazzi. I am aware that many investigators discountenance such experiments, but I believe with Venzano that the physical phenomena of mediumship cannot be, and ought not to be, considered trivial. It was the spasmodic movement of a decapitated frog that resulted in the discovery of the Voltaic

pile. And as for me, I intend to try every other conceivable hypothesis before accepting that of the spiritists."

"What is your reason for that?" asked Fowler.

"Because I am a scientist in my sympathies. I believe in the methods of the chemist and the electrician. I prefer the experimenter to the theorist. I like the calm, clear, concise statements of these European savants, who approach the subject, not as bereaved persons, but as scientists. I am ready to go wherever science leads, and I should be very glad to *know* that our life here is but a link in the chain of existence. But at present the weight of evidence seems to me to be on the side of the theory that mediumship is a question of unexplored human biology."

"I don't see it that way," rejoined Fowler calmly. "Suppose your biologists prove that the psychic can put forth a supernumerary arm, or maintain, for a short time, a complete double of herself. Would that necessarily make the spiritist theory untenable? Is it not fair to conclude that if the soul or 'astral' or 'etheric double' can act outside the living body, it can live and think and manifest after the dissolution of its material shell? Does not the experimental work of Bottazzi, Morselli, and De Rochas all make for a spiritual, rather than a materialistic, interpretation of the life? They are bringing the wonder of the world back to the positivist. Let them go on. They will yet demonstrate in spite of themselves the immortality of the soul."

"I hope they will," I replied. "It would be glorious at this time, when tradition fails to satisfy, to have a demonstration of immortality come through the methods of experimental science."

Miller put in a last word of warning. "The fact that a phenomenon has not been explained, and no one knows how to explain it, is no reason for supposing there is anything extra-physical about it. No one has explained the first cause of the development of an embryo. No one knows what goes on in an active nerve, nor why atoms are selective in their associations. But if one must have a theory, let it be one having some obvious continuity with our best physical knowledge."

And at that point our argument rested

CONCLUDING WORD

In conclusion, I wish to say that I am neither physicist nor psychologist. I was drawn into this study almost by accident, and I do not intend to identify myself further with the psychical movements in this country. On the contrary, at the close of the series of articles I shall return to the open air, to the Rocky Mountains, and to my fiction. I have tried to report without bias the many interesting things I have seen, and I shall be content if my articles have added something sane and wholesome to the discussion of *The Shadow World*.

' A TEST SEANCE.

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THE *Annals of Psychical Science* has published the account of a test seance with the medium Miller at the house of Mme. E. Noeggerath, 22 Rue Milton, Paris, June 25th, 1908, which we reproduce below. The *Annals* says.—

In publishing this account of a seance under test conditions given by the medium Miller, we do not in any way assert the authenticity of the phenomena here described, which we shall endeavour to discuss thoroughly in our next issue, together with those produced at several other recent seances with Mr. Miller, at which the editor of the French edition of the *Annals of Psychical Science* was present.

The seance of June 25th, 1908, was arranged and regulated by the apparitions of "Dr. Benton" and "Betsy" in connection of the seance given at the house of Mme. Noeggerath two days previously in the presence of forty persons. All the conditions laid down by the apparitions were rigorously observed.

The "Committee of Control" of the cabinet and of the medium was composed of Messrs. Benzeczh, Gaston Mery, de Vesme and Chas. Blech, the last-named replacing M. Hugues Le Roux, who was absent. The "Committee of Protection" of the cabinet was composed of Messrs. Leon Denis and Delanne, Commandants Martin and Darget.

Before the seance commenced M. Gaston Mery stated that the strictest investigation had been made. "We met the medium at the foot of the staircase," he said, "and accompanied him here: we have completely disrobed him of trousers, boots, socks and shirt. After we had examined him he put on other black garments which have neither linings nor pockets, and which we ourselves had brought and examined. We are able, therefore to declare emphatically that we have found nothing which can arouse suspicion or make fraud possible. Since he came into this room, as those present can verify, we have remained at the entrance of the cabinet, preventing all communication and prohibiting even the shaking of hands with the medium. I believe that all possible precautions have been taken and have nothing more to add. If, however, I have omitted to mention any point of interest, I will willingly reply to any questions you may wish to put."

In reply to a question, M. Gaston Mery said: "We have searched the cabinet and spent some time in examining the coverings; we sealed the door at the back, took up the carpet and examined the chair. I do not think we have forgotten anything."

The medium, who had remained standing in front of the curtains, asked that the lamp should be lowered, and that M. Benezech should pronounce the usual invocation. The lamp was then lowered, but the light remained sufficient for all present to distinguish each other.

M. Benezech pronounced the usual invocation, and the medium entered the cabinet. A voice from within the cabinet asked that all present should rise, and M. Leon Denis was invited to offer a prayer, which all present were to repeat after him.

M. Leon Denis : "Let us unite our thoughts and raise our hearts ; our cry of appeal and prayer goes up to Thee, O God our Father, Infinite and Eternal Source of Force, Power, Beauty, Truth and Light. We thank Thee for all Thy benefits and that Thou hast permitted us to receive this solemn proof of Immortality, of survival, the communion of the living with the dead. Permit that now again we may receive further proof that our brethren in the beyond, our invisible friends, may come to us, that we may join closely with them, that the certainty of another, a higher and a better life may be engraven deeply and indelibly on our minds (O you, our benefactors invisible friends, our protectors in space, come to us and bring us spiritual succour, instruction and counsel. Dear friends, who have recently come to us and given us many proofs, come this evening, and may a radiance from on high descend towards us, enlighten, vivify, and strengthen us."

The voice of Betsy was then heard from within the cabinet saying in English. "All present can be seated ; form a chain." M. Delanne, Commandant Darget, M. de Vesme and Mme. Noeggerath were on one side of the cabinet, and M. Leon Denis, Commandant Mahtin, Mme. Bayer and M. Pablo on the other.

1.—The first apparition presented itself, advanced, and said in English : "Good evening ! Effie Deane ! Can you see me ?" The sitters replied : "Yes, very well."

M. Delanne said that he could clearly distinguish the features of the figure and the white veil, and declared that the medium had not so much as a white thread on him.

2.—M. Leon Denis said that the curtain was inflated: a large whitish ball descended and floated from right to left well in front of the cabinet in front of M. Leon Denis and Commandant Mantin. When it reached the floor it increased in size, but without having any firm consistency. Suddenly a form became definite and began to move its arms.

M. Pablo: "Who is there?"

The Apparition: "Madame Laffineur. Good evening all good evening, dear friends. I am pleased to see you all, you Gabriel, you Commandant, and you M. de Vesme, do you recognise me?"

M. de Vesme: "No."

The Apparition: "Do you remember me, M. and Mme. Letort? Mme. Noeggerath and your daughter, you did not know me. Oh, I am very happy to see you all."

"It melted away, saying, 'Good night, Mme. Lamoureux.' There was not more than a small white mass left on the floor when he heard the last 'Good night.'"

3.—Another apparition came out of the cabinet, and distinctly saw an arm.

M. Pablo: "Who are you?"

The Apparition (in English): "Lily Roberts. Do you see me? Good evening."

She raised her arm, which we could clearly see, and walked from right to left. She then came close to M. Leon Denis, and asked him for his hand, which she placed on her chest.

M. Leon Denis: "How beautiful she is! She took my hand and placed it on her breast. I felt the warm moist flesh and the form of the breast. It is marvellous! Thank you, dear spirit."

She then came close to Commandant Mantin, took his hand also and laid it in the same way on her breast. The Commandant said that he could distinctly feel the breasts of the apparition. She then came close to M. Delanne and did the same.

M. Delanne said that she was evidently a young woman with a very delicate hand; he felt the extremity of the breast with the back of his hand, and the contact had been made with a reserve and dignity which were worthy of remark.

M. Leon Denis: "I distinctly saw her round supple arm."

4—Another form appeared and said (in English): "Josephine Case. Good evening to all! Can all of you see me?" The sitters replied "Yes."

We heard the floor creak under her as she walked, and M. Delanne drew attention to this fact.

The Apparition: "I am very happy to see you. This will be the last seance under test conditions. The medium cannot bear the idea of being undressed in the presence of others. He says that if you have not confidence after what he has already done it is not necessary for him to give seances. The medium has always tried to do what is right and will always do so."

The form then raised the curtain and vanished.

Mme. Noeggerath said: "We have every confidence in the medium, but when we give an account of this seance to the general public through the press, we must be able to prove, to affirm with certainty that everything that is necessary to guarantee the genuineness of the medium has been done." We then heard the voice say: "Very good."

5.—There was a noise in the cabinet, and a white form appeared and immediately withdrew. It then returned, and we noticed that it was very tall and made no movement.

The Apparition : "Goldschmidt."

Mme. Letort : "Is it our friend's brother?"

The Apparition : "No."

We heard the efforts made by the apparition to pronounce another name, but apparently there was not sufficient power. We then asked if the form was a relative of the friend in question, and affirmative raps were given in the cabinet.

6.—Another form immediately came out of the cabinet.

The Apparition : "Monroc "

Mme. Priet : "I will tell this to your wife."

The Apparition : "Is she not here? Oh, I should so much like to see her."

Mme. Priet : "She spoke to me of you again last evening."

The Apparition : "And Marcel?"

Commandant Martin : "He is not here ; he is very well. I saw him yesterday : he is an intelligent boy."

7.—At this moment the form disappeared, but another came immediately, speaking volubly : "Peter Priet ! Good evening, all. Well, Marie, are you pleased? Does this suit you?"

Mme. Priet : "Oh, yes, my dear !"

The Apparition : "Good evening, Madame Noeggerath and your daughter also ; M. Delanne and M. Denis, Commandant Martin ; I am pleased to see you all. M. Benezech. I am pleased to see you this evening, and your wife also."

Mme. Benezech : "I thank you, Monsieur. May I shake hands with you?"

The Apparition : "No."

M. Pablo : "You should not ask questions."

The apparition then disappeared, saying again "Good night, all."

We observed that the interval between the two formations had been very short, and that the second had an entirely different voice from the first. M. Delanne distinctly recognised the voice of M. Priet.

8.—Another form appeared and became larger.

M. Delanne : "Oh ! here is a small apparition."

M. Leon Denis : "No, big ; I can clearly see the silhouette of the profile on the floor."

Betsy (in the cabinet, speaking in English) : "You say little, what would you call big? Next time I will treat you to a pair of spectacles !"

9.—The form now appeared very tall, and said . "Marie Bossel, Louis."

10.—Another form, much smaller, appeared at the same time, and said : "Angele Marchand ! Mamma, do you see me ?"

Mme. Priet (formerly Marchand) . "Yes, I see you !"

The Apparition : "There is a tall gentleman by the side of me who gives me his hand, but I do not know him. Ah ! he is gone now ! I am happy to see you, M. de Vesme, M. Letort, Mme Noeggerath, M. Denis and M. Pablo. Can you all see me ? (She came forward to the centre of the room.) "Can you see my hand ?" (She moved her hand.) "Make a chain, that will give me more power." She then came further forward, bent close to M. de Vesme, asked if he could well discern her face and eyes, and said to M.

Delanne, who had remarked that the flooring creaked under her, "I weigh 63 pounds this evening. Good night, mamma. good night all." She then disappeared behind the curtain. Mme. Priet clearly recognised the voice of her daughter.

M. Delanne: "I have published her portrait, and I clearly recognised her."

M. Pablo: "M. de Vesme, did you see her face?"

M. de Vesme: "I distinctly saw the nose, the upper part of the face, and the eyes, which differed from the medium's, but the lower part was hidden by a veil, like the Moorish women. I clearly saw her small hand."

Commandant Darget: "So did I."

11.—Another form appeared, that of Dr. Benton.

The Apparition (in English): "I came to you the other evening and promised that we should have a seance. I ought to say that you are very fortunate, and so are we on the other side. I will tell you why. It is very disagreeable to the medium to be undressed, and it tires him greatly. A test seance is very hard for him. Since he gave the last seance he has not been able to do any work owing to fatigue; he has had pain in the legs, and is ill. When a medium is independent he gets fine results, but when in addition, he has to work to earn his bread he is not able to do so well, because he has to think about the future. You know that he has lost everything in San Francisco, but still he hopes to re-establish himself in business. We shall have him here again next summer, and he will give some seances before he leaves if all goes well. He has promised that he will give some more seances this summer. He will give a seance

to the Allan Kardec Circle next Sunday, when you may invite a hundred persons if you wish.

"This evening the medium is very tired; he has suffered from heart trouble all day. He took a small crucifix this afternoon, kissed it, and prayed to Jesus, saying, 'Help me, give me the power to go to this seance which is destined to spread the good news.' He has succeeded, and you ought to congratulate and thank him, because he has made a great effort and sacrifice. He will certainly be ill for two days after this. I believe, however, that he will be well by Sunday, because he will have three days' interval. You may invite all the people you wish. He wishes all friends to come, all friends of Bonne Maman, all the heads of societies."

M. Delanne asked if he could have a seance at the Society of which he is president, and if he could invite many people.

The Apparition: "Yes, how many people would you invite?"

M. Delanne: "A hundred."

The Apparition: "And you, commandant?"

Commandant Mantin: "Sixty."

The Apparition: "You can invite more."

Commandant Mantin: "A hundred, then."

The Apparition: "Good! I wish to say also that the medium will not accept money, but before he leaves you should subscribe to give him a present which he can show in America as a souvenir of the Paris seances. He will give a seance on Sunday to the Circle, and on his return he will give one to M. Delanne's Society and one to Mme. Noeggerath."

M. Delanne having remarked that as he had to go on a journey he would like to have his seance on the following Sunday, the apparition replied, "Settle it between yourselves."

Commandant Mantin : "Then, in that case, M. Delanne can have the priority."

Mme. Noeggerath : "Dr. Benton, can I ask you a question?"

The Apparition : "Yes, with pleasure."

Mme. Noeggerath : "Will Miller come to see me in Munich?"

The Apparition : "Yes."

Mme. Noeggerath : "I am urged from Vienna and Berlin to ask him for seances ; what shall I reply?"

The Apparition : "No. I do not believe he can go to Vienna and Berlin. When at Munich he will only give seances in your house, but not a test seance."

Mme. Noeggerath : "Thank you, Dr. Benton."

M. de Vesme asked if he also could have some seances at his Society.

The Apparition : "We shall see later. Then it is understood for Sunday. God bless you all. Good evening. I will always do my duty to you all."

The apparition then disappeared.

12.—A new Apparition : "Bonne Maman !"

Mme. Noeggerath : "Is that you, Maman?"

The Apparition : "Yes, it is I, my dear friends. I am happy to see you all. My daughter Marie, the Commandant, Gabriel, M. de Vesme, Mme. Bayer, Anna, my dear Pablo, Leon Denis."

Mme. Noeggerath : "What shall I say to your grandchildren?"

The Apparition : "I kiss them all. How happy I am ! Such peace ! Such joy ! Such pleasure !"

She disappeared, and then knocked in the cabinet.

M. Leon Denis : "You heard little Angele Marchand say just now that to make a chain gives much power ; let us make it." .

Betsy, speaking from the cabinet, said that Madame Cornely ought to have been invited.

M. Delanne : "We will invite her on Sunday."

Someone again knocked from within the cabinet. It was Bonne Maman's peculiar signal announcing her presence to her friends.

Several Sitters : "Thank you, Bonne Maman, thank you very much, with all our hearts."

Bonne Maman returned, but was not able to materialise. Betsy said she was sorry she had not been able to remain longer ; she would have liked to name all present ; she saluted Mme. Lamoureux.

Mme. Noeggerath : "At another scance Betsy said a charming thing—that the bee was not able to make honey without flowers. M. Chaigneau has written a poem on this subject, and asks if it was not Bonne Maman who inspired it."

Bonne Maman replied by quick raps in the cabinet, which we understood to mean "Yes."

Betsy (in English) : "He must send a copy to the medium. It is I who am the busy bee ; I am the female bee and Dr. Benton the male bee. I have many flowers round me is evening." . .

Mme. Priet enquired if she might ask a particular question but Betsy, who had understood, replied from the cabinet, "Yes, to-morrow."

13.—A new apparition issued abruptly from the cabinet "Louise Michel; good evening to you all. I am happy to see you all; can you all see me?"

Mme. Benezech sought permission to touch her.

The Apparition: "My good woman, it is impossible this evening, it would do much harm to the medium. It is quite out of the question. You see what spiritism is, do you not. It is grand! Good evening! Liberty!"

She then disappeared.

14.—Another apparition came from behind the curtain. It was Betsy's husband.

The Apparition (in negro English): "I am a coloured man; I have a black skin but a white soul. I am quite white within. Perhaps you cannot understand me very well because I speak negro English. When I came to Paris I could speak French, but I have forgotten. I could never speak it very well, but I could make people understand me."

Mme. Noeggerath: "I understand you very well. I lived in New York."

The Apparition: "I am very happy to see you; since you have lived in New York you can understand me. I am sure the Lord will bless you. I shall see you again, on the other side, if not on this, for I know well that we still live on the other side—I do, certainly! May God bless you all."

He then withdrew, and Betsy, from the cabinet, asked for the lamp to be lowered a little and the company to

sing. She said that they would try to show some astral lights.

15.--We heard the voice of a little girl, first in the cabinet, then in the room, laughing, then calling out and attempting to sing the refrain of the "Marseillaise." It was little Lulu, who tried to show herself, but could not materialise completely. She, however, touched several persons—Mme. Noëggaath, M. de Vesme, M. Delanne and Commandant Darget. Betsy then asked for a little more light, so that Lulu could be seen, but in attempting to turn up the lamp, it went out.

M. Pablo: "Go back again quickly, Lulu, be careful of the light; we will light up again."

The Apparition "I am not afraid of that."

However, when the lamp was being relighted in an adjoining room the reflection from the match and the wick penetrated into the seance chamber, and Betsy called out, "Lower, lower quickly. . . . Oh, what a pity! Too late!"

At the same time we saw the apparition of Lulu in the curtains, and the medium pushed forward abruptly to the centre of the room. He was holding his eyes and groaning. The reflection of the white light had given a very severe shock to the medium and had awakened him.

M. Pablo: "Above all, do not touch the medium."

The medium remained tottering and holding his hands to his eyes for some moments, but presently made a great effort to re-enter the cabinet.

Betsy, speaking from the cabinet, said she would not be able to do anything more, the medium was too tired;

the seance was therefore ended. M. Delanne asked the supervisors to hold themselves in readiness and that no one else should move. The medium came to his normal condition by degrees, asked for more light, and that all, with the exception of the supervisors, should leave the room.

M. Gaston Mery, speaking in the name of the members of the Committee of Supervision, afterwards stated that the medium had disrobed before them, and had been medically examined ; the cabinet and hangings had been carefully inspected and the seals found intact. They were pleased to declare that nothing had been found which reflected upon the honesty of the medium.

The official report was signed by the members of the Committee, each member certifying only to the accuracy of the facts set forth, and reserving the right to explain them in accordance with his personal ideas and opinions.

NOTES.



WE are glad to see that the world is at last coming to acknowledge Gauranga of Nadia, Bengal, as the last Avatar or Messiah. He is noticed in Dr. Peeble's article published elsewhere.



Nityananda Dassee, the pious American lady of Chicago, who has adopted Vaishnavism as taught by the Lord Gauranga, as the guide of her life, referring to the article of Mr. Johnston in the *Balant* which was reproduced in our last issue, observes in her letter dated September 11 :—

“To the Lord Gauranga my debts are irrepayable” I echo.

“If all that is claimed for Krishna be true—(and necessarily much must have been added to, much lost in the long descent down to us)—even, then Lord Gauranga is more to, us, not only by his closer proximity, but because he taught us how the God-made human, the female or negative side of the necessary duality, feels and acts without the consciousness of union with its positive—other half—and how the joy that flows from union is the real life of ALL THAT IS. It seems not even hard for me to worship Him as my Lover. It must have been in this way that I have ever worshipped Him. And that is why the Chris-

tian idea of God as Master or Father, and Jesus as Christ our Brother, did not so much appeal to me. I seek for Lovers. I do not ask who may have been my Father, (that I had one is so certain). I do not care so very much whether I have many or few brothers and sisters, (I love them all in a quiet way, I serve them all, even as they serve me—in justice as well as love) but to my Lover I go giving all that I am—asking nothing, not justice 'nor any thing. Love I cannot ask of Him, for is He not my lover, what need to ask? And to me our sweet Lord Gauranga is Krishna or Radha-Krishna made manifest.

“*True*, nothing is denied to an ardent lover. When one is a true lover and has found his Beloved, he asks expecting to receive, *knowing*, that the response is *certain*.”

Spiritualism is good but religion is better, for spiritualism teaches us that the man, who is lucky enough to be able to love god gets the highest place in the other world. Mr. Johnston, a stranger, after carefully studying the religion as taught by Gauranga, has come to the conclusion that it has not the defects of Christianity and, on the other hand, it is of Divine Origin.

We are indebted to Mr. H. Horn and the *Progressive Thinker*, the weekly spiritual paper in America, for a copy of “the next world interviewed.” In this book are published the communications of many spirits, who, on earth, were distinguished for their sayings, doings and position. One communication from Lord F. Cavendish is of very great interest just now. He was the Governor of Ireland, and the

victim of what is called the Phoenix Park murder. This spirit says, that it is a great mistake to hang criminals, and that capital punishment, instead of doing any good, causes immense mischief. The murderers hanged take their revenge by committing many more murders. Their vengeful spirit leads weak-minded or sensitives, to yield to their influence and commit dreadful crimes. One such man, who is now in custody, declares, it is said, that he committed the crime, because he was led by an unseen influence, which he could not resist, to do it.



THE spirit Pelham, a control of Mrs. Piper, who rarely made any mistakes, wrote through his medium that, spirits had great difficulty in communicating with men below, the nature of which the latter have no conception. Yet spiritualism is being subjected to rather severe and sometimes unreasonable tests by the Society for Psychical Research. There is a section of the Society dealing with what is called "cross correspondence." Thus a question is put to the spirit and he is asked to answer it through different mediums. In this manner, several mediums were at work simultaneously in places apart,—Mrs. Piper in London, Mrs. Verrall in Cambridge, and Mrs. Holland in India. A question is asked to the spirit, who controls, say, Mrs. Piper, to answer, a question, not only through his medium, (Mrs. Piper,) but also through Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Holland. The answer is not known to Mrs. Piper though she hears the question while in a state of trance. But the other two hear neither the questions,—and, of course,—nor the answers. Now this question is answered by all three mediums in different places. This

is called "cross-correspondence." If they can answer successfully spiritualism is proved incontestably.

Sometimes six mediums were made to co-operate. The "controls" or spirits with whom it was attempted to open correspondence of this kind, were those purporting to be Mr. Frederick Myers, Mr. H. Sidgwick, and Dr. Richard Hodgson. The mediums or automatic writers who took part in the tests were Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, Miss Verrall, Mrs. Thompson, and two ladies known as Mrs. "Holland" and Mrs. "Forbes." Some 120 experiments were made with great success. Of course there were failures, but it is quite possible to account for these failures, but impossible to account for the success without accepting spiritualism. As for instance, here is a wonderful experiment made by Mrs. Verrall with the spirit of Mr. Myers, writing through Mrs. Piper's hand. She spoke three Greek words, "autos ouranos akumon," and asked for a translation into English of them and a statement of what they reminded him. The words come from Plotinus, an obscure Greek author, and are quoted in English in Mr. Myers's "Human Personality." They also appear as the motto of a poem which he published on Tennyson in a little known book of his. Yet such a complicated question was so fairly answered that every one had to admit that the spirits knew what they were about.

Another equally wonderful experiment was the giving of an anagram by a spirit which purported to be that of Dr. Hodgson, through the automatic writing of Mrs. Verrall. The message ran thus :

"Rats, stars, tars and so on. Try this.

"It has been tried before. REATS—rearrange these five letters, or again tears, stare."

The strange thing was that Mr. Piddington, who had gone through Dr. Hodgson's papers after his death, was reminded of a number of anagrams playing on the same set of words that he had noted among them. He sent to Boston to Dr. Hodgson's executors, asking them if such an anagram had been preserved, and received back a sheet of paper on which was written, "star, tars, rats, arts," and also "tears and stare," in Dr. Hodgson's writing! It is quite possible for a true medium to make mistakes, but it is impossible to suppose that Mrs. Veriall should be able to get hold of such information through telepathy or by collusion or trickery. Here the hand of the spirit is unmistakable.

THE 'North Mail,' of the 21st inst., gives a report of a 'test' seance for materialisations recently held at North Shields by a young man named William Badsey. Elaborate preparations were made, the medium was carefully searched, his own clothes were removed and he was placed in a suit of boiler-makers' overalls and then deposited on a chair in the cabinet, which consisted of a heavy curtain flung over a rod stretched across the corner of a room, in a house which the medium had never previously entered. Fifteen ladies and gentlemen formed a circle and were rewarded, it is said, by the materialisation of nine distinct 'forms'—men, women, and children. One, an extremely handsome woman, who was 'gorgeously appareled,' 'walked gracefully out into the circle of spectators, and after passing quite

close to all of them in turn, she retired into the cabinet.' A light was observed in a corner of the room away from any article of furniture and from the cabinet ; gradually this light became intensified and presently the same female form was observed. Another 'form' was that of a negro of immense proportions, who, after a dignified parade of the room, vanished. The light in the room was sufficiently strong to enable the sitters to see the time by their watches without strain. The company were convinced that there was no trickery and have all signed a certificate attesting their entire satisfaction regarding that point.

THE Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

—:-(X):—

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THE GREATEST PSYCHIC—II.

—:-(X):—

In India, we are familiar with most phrases of spiritualism, perhaps with every phrase excepting spirit photography which is now engaging the attention of the Westerners. From time immemorial the fact has been known that people are influenced by spirits, good and bad. It is known further that good men, as a rule, are influenced by good spirits, and bad men by bad spirits. The fact of earth-bound manifesting themselves to men below, for the purpose of securing their release, is almost universally known and believed.

We said that the greatest psychic that was ever born in the world was Lord Gauranga, the Prophet of Nadia, in

Bengal. We shall explain why we say so. He was considered, a perfect man physically, intellectually, morally and spiritually, and so the highest spirits manifested themselves through him from his infancy. When a baby, his parents saw figures of light manifesting themselves in rooms where he slept. As he grew up his psychic powers developed. When almost a lad he got frequent fits of trance while he personated other people. It was then that he had the sexerest fits of trance which continued for several weeks, and during all this time, though he was utterly unconscious, he continued to personate dead people. This last attack gave him the finish to his psychic training.

We said that the highest spirits manifested through him! We fear our good readers will be startled to hear that, not only the highest spirits spoke to men through him, but the God Almighty sometimes took possession of his body to speak to men below !

Of course, this is a statement which is likely to be disbelieved. But spiritualists have no right to lay down how far men ought to believe and how far not. Do not men of the highest position, men of science, and of keen intellect, decline to believe in the manifestation of spirits at all? Yet we knew that it is true; we are absolutely certain of it.

That Gauranga was possessed by God Himself was believed by his million followers of the highest position. And they had good reason to believe it. Indeed they could not help believing it; but of that hereafter. First of all, we do not see how spiritualists can deny the possibility of such an incident, namely, God Himself manifesting through a medium. Just

See, spiritualists believe that there are spirits; they believe that spirits possess some men, who are sensitive and are called mediums, to manifest themselves to men; they believe further that generally better the medium higher are the spirits who manifest themselves, and ~~lastly~~ they believe that God Himself is a spirit. If that be so wherein lies the absurdity of the statement that the great and good God manifested Himself through a medium, who was a perfect man, as certainly Lord Gauranga was? So we call him the greatest psychic.

It has been alleged that Buddha has manifested through mediums, Christ has done it, and so has Mohamud. Logically, therefore, there is no absurdity in the supposition that the Lord God also might have manifested Himself through some highly developed human organism. There are pious men who spend their lives in devotion; they say that there are times when they are filled with the spirit of God, nay, when they commune with Him. There are others, men of the highest piety, who have felt the presence of God in their hearts. But the world has never seen a being who had carried the feeling of piety to such a divine state as the Lord Gauranga had done. So there is little absurdity in the supposition that Gauranga was influenced by the Lord God Himself.

The learned and pious men who chronicled his career, eye-witnesses and immediate followers, and men of the highest position, declare that the Lord Gauranga had a perfect physical frame of celestial beauty, his piety was such that the like of it has never been witnessed in the world. Says the American lady of Chicago, whose sentiments were quoted in our last issue:—

"If all that is claimed for Krishna be true—and necessarily much must have been added to, much lost in the long descent down to us—even then Lord Gauranga is more to us, not only by his closer proximity, but because he taught us how the God-mad human, the female or negative side of the necessary duality, feels and acts without the consciousness of union with its positive—other half—and how the joy that flows from union is the real life of "ALL THAT IS."

Well the chroniclers of his life say that the God Almighty entered his body when he lost his consciousness, that when this happened the Lord Gauranga fell down in a death-like swoon, and then he announced that he was the Lord of the Universe who had come, moved by the fallen condition of men, to advise them what they should do and how should they behave, to improve their spiritual nature. When the Lord Gauranga, in the state of trance made this strange announcement, his followers did not treat with ridicule or incredulity; on the other hand, the Lord obtained such an absolute control over their hearts that they found it impossible to disbelieve him, and they entirely took him at his word. These were called "divine manifestations" by his followers and were frequently witnessed by them.

Now is it an easy affair to play the part of Lord God? Is it easy to act the part of a god at all? But Gauranga did it sometimes many times a day. Thus, he fell down in a swoon, announced himself as the Lord God, talked with his followers for a time, and then disappeared. When, however, roused to consciousness by his followers he could remember nothing of the part that he had played. Is it

possible for one to act the part of the God Almighty without being caught at once if he is a humbug?

First of all the fact, that the person of Gauranga has been taken possession of by an unexpressibly high spirit would be proved in various ways. One I have mentioned just now, namely, every one present found himself compelled, in spite of himself, to believe that it was the Lord God who had come. Then the light that emitted from the person of the Lord shewed it. The celestial light that emitted from his person was, in itself, a proof positive that either the God Almighty or an Angel had taken possession of his body. Then he divined the thoughts of all present, he distributed boons whatever was asked of him, &c., &c. But the best thing would be to describe one such manifestation. Let us take the second, the first manifestation took place when he was only nine. Then he announced himself to his mother. He told her, "I am not your son, your son is in the unconscious body. I am going now, but I will come hereafter. When I leave the body of your son he will appear as dead. But tend the body and then your son would regain consciousness."

Well this the spirit, who possessed the body of the lad who was subsequently known as Lord Gauranga, said, and the lad immediately fell down as if dead. Water was sprinkled on his face; he was fanned; he was loudly called by name and then he awoke with a start, no longer the Lord God, but only a lad of nine.

On the second occasion, the Divine Manifestation took place when he was twenty-three. Sreebas, a very pious and learned Bramhin, was a friend of his father, and was his only devoted admirer then. One day in the hottest month of the

year, May, the time was forenoon,—when the sun was shining in full force, this pious and learned man was communing with God in his hut, the door of which was shut, where he worshipped God. Just then, there was a knock at the door of this hut and a voice said, “~~open~~ the door.” Of course, Sreebas, being thus disturbed was annoyed and asked who was there. And the reply was: “He whom you are trying to commune with.” Sreebas did not like this reply at all, even if it was uttered as a joke, as it was a sacriligious joke, and he opened the door in anger. But what did he see? He saw a luminous figure enter his hut!

The luminous figure and Sreebas gazed at each other. What Sreebas saw paralyzed all his senses. He saw a human form covered with, as it seemed to him, a dense spiritual essence which emitted a dazzling light—a light which was so dazzling that it dimmed the mid-day rays of the May sun, in tropical India, yet it did not dazzle but rather soothed the eyes. There could be however, no doubt, who the figure was: it was the young Prophet who came to be subsequently worshipped by his devotees, the Lord Gauranga, Prophet of Nadia, God incarnate. Sreebas was speechless, but the figure smiled and said: “Sreebas you see I am come!” This simple “I” explained who He was. The Figure then sat on the cushioned seat where the Image of God was kept, which, being considered the throne of God, no Hindu would have dared sit upon.

Sreebas stood speechless. He had then no doubt in his mind that the shining Figure was the God Almighty and no one else. It was not only the effulgence with which the Figure was covered that led him to that conviction, but he found that his soul had been taken complete possession of, and the belief that the Figure was the God, had been indelibly impressed on his mind.

SPONTANEOUS SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

II.

— : (X) : —

AFTER we had published the letters of the doctor in charge of the Hanumannagar Hospital in our last issue, we had several more communications from him on the subject of the spiritual manifestations in his house. Some independent gentlemen have also testified to the truth of these manifestations. The doctor has now assured us that, after the spirit had succeeded in proving his identity to their entire satisfaction, namely, that he was no other than his dead brother, he gave up his violence, and has become now quite sober. He is now generally manifesting himself only when requested to do so. Asked if he was really his brother, why did he give them so much trouble in the beginning, the spirit replied that, he did so to draw their attention to him, and simply to convince them and other unbelievers, that it was a spirit who was manifesting himself. And now that they are thoroughly convinced, he would no more cause them any annoyance. When asked that "a few gentlemen from Calcutta are desirous of paying a visit to you," the spirit said, "don't allow them to come here, but intelligent men like the editor of the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* may come. You better send all the facts to him for publication in his journal. It will

do immense good to the educated public." So the spirit, it seems, was kindly disposed towards us.

As for his refusal to permit others to visit the medium, there were excellent reasons for it. His wife was the medium, who was a *purdanashin* Hindu lady. She is not permitted to speak to strangers, nay, even to allow others to see her. So he did not like to make an exhibition of his beloved wife. That he loved his wife devotedly, he himself admitted repeatedly.

The doctor said, that he was a thorough unbeliever, and, as a matter of course, when he saw that the manifestations were due to an intelligent and unseen agency, he attributed them to evil spirits. He did not at first believe the spirit when he declared, through his sister-in-law, that he was his brother. But when a thorough communication was opened he was obliged to admit that the spirit was no other than his brother. The spirit having obtained the control of the tongue of the medium began to talk, to talk incessantly, so that all he said could not be produced in the compass of a big book. Is it possible for a lying spirit to remain undetected while talking almost incessantly to his brother for several days together?

His manner of talking, his general manners, his thorough knowledge of the past history of the family, his recollection of many incidents in connection with the family members, many of which were totally unknown to the medium—all these have convinced our good friend, the doctor. He now frankly confesses his previous mistake, and says, that "the spirit could be no other than my brother. He still lives and I am surprised to find that he behaves with us exactly in the

same way as he used to do before." Indeed, the doctor never accepted him as his brother without first subjecting him to a thorough test, in divers ways.

The spirit has further said to them, "as I am your superior, you must all bow to me after the manner of the Hindus, whenever I come to you. You must burn incense and lead a pure life both in body and mind. Don't admit a large number of men into the room. Don't keep a light. Whenever you would require me I would come. You need not be frightened in any way."

Here in India, whenever a spirit manifests himself, he is taken for a ghost, an evil spirit, an earth-bound. The spirit-brother of the doctor did not like that he should be taken for a ghost, so he demanded the honor that was due to an angel.

It can, however, be ascertained from the letters of the doctor that the spirit is now constantly enjoying the company of his wife. Some of the practical jokes that he is playing on her are most amusing. One day, a materialized hand, besmeared with sandal paste, appeared before the nostrils of the medium, and the room was filled with the smell of sandal. On the doctor's asking, "where did you get the sandal paste?" the spirit replied, "I had it for my *puja* (worship) and I am just coming after finishing my *puja*." It must be borne in mind, that the Hindus worship God with sandal paste. "My sister-in-law is sitting before us" says the doctor, "and we are surprised to find that in the twinkling of an eye, her face is besmeared with chalk powder, that is, marked with lines drawn by a chalk. The medium had no knowledge of it, though she was then in her normal state. It was I who perceived it and pointed out to her."

A little while after, the whole of her face was painted with red dye, and her eyes adorned with a black substance, by an unseen hand. And lastly two pieces of cotton, soaked with Eau-de-cologne, were put on her ears.

"One day, my sister-in-law found a man standing before her with two brick-bats in one of his hands, and some straws in the other, and she at once fell into a fit. We now found that these things were transferred to the hands of the medium though she had none of them before. At that time he also spoke to her something. Another day, when in trance, my sister-in-law opened the palm of her hand, and giving me a rolled jack-leaf, said, 'chew this betel-leaf (*pan*).' I said, 'this is not *pan*. Let me have a real *pan*.' No sooner said than my brother said, 'then here is a real *pan* and chew it,' and my sister-in-law handed me something which was really a rolled betel-leaf, which contained cardamoms, a few pieces of areca-nuts and cloves.

"The fact is my brother was a wag and he always loved jokes. This peculiarity in him is strangely enough very much in evidence in his spiritual life. Indeed, he is behaving with us and specially with his wife in such a realistic way that, at times, we forget that he is dead. He converses with us so familiarly, through my sister-in-law, that we at times feel that my dead brother has returned home after an absence of many years, and in his acts and speeches deals with us exactly as a family member would do. He appears to give vent to his feelings unreservedly as a brother is expected to do to his brother. The boisterous nature of the spirit has now completely evaporated and he is always ready to listen to our most paltry wishes.

'My brother could play on *Tabla*. We, therefore, asked him one day to do it to prove to us, that he was no other than the spirit of my dead brother. He at once began to play *tabla* on a plank of wood in measured time. We received immediate response as soon as we asked him to knock at the door. When we said, he must do it gently, for the children were sleeping, and loud knocks might awaken them, and he at once softened his knocks. We asked him to remove the veil of my sister-in-law from her face, and he did so four or five times. Thus the veil was removed by an invisible hand. One morning when we remained standing, two flowers were stuck in the two ears of my sister-in-law. When these flowers were removed, fresh flowers were put in her ears of a different variety.

"I asked my brother not to go away elsewhere, but to stay with us. In reply, he said, that he did not like to be kept as a prisoner, but liked to move about freely. He always insists never to allow any bad character an admittance into the house, nor to tell to such men all that pass between us. He also asked us not to give to the press the family secrets which he told to us. I asked my brother to speak with me in English knowing full well that my sister-in-law, the medium, does not know A from B. But he said, that it was not proper to speak in English through a lady who did not know the language. Still, however, he made use of such words as, "friend," "brother," "guardian," "wife," etc., in order to satisfy us. Surely, sister-in-law did not know these words.

"On one occasion, however, my brother gave us some trouble. Suddenly, he showed an inordinate desire to take

away my sister-in-law to the other world ! During that time he gave areca-nuts and cardamoms in her hand, and commanded her to eat them. I asked him, 'what would happen if she partook of them ?' He said, 'she would die an instantaneous death.' I entreated him with all my heart to give up that idea, but he seemed inexorable. Then I said, 'my sister-in-law cannot go alone with you. She may go if you come accompanied by a female of your world.' From that time, my sister-in-law began to have deep sleeps incessantly, and in her dreams began to see sometimes two and sometimes four females of the other world. They also used to give her areca-nuts and betel-leaves, and asked her to partake of them. Though she had deep sleeps, my sister-in-law could easily converse with them, and communicate to the women of the spirit world all that we desired her to tell them. They appeared to be very evil-intentioned, and we then sought the help of our brother to relieve us from them. Good sense now guided my brother and he strictly forbade my sister-in-law to partake of the things given by the above women, and asked me never to allow her to remain alone, for if she did so, the said women were sure to do her mischief."

The doctor has written to us, that it is impossible to relate all that the spirit has done and said, for if a record be kept of all of them then they would form a big volume. We are now informed that the medium is slowly acquiring healing power. In response to the requests of a few of his friends, the doctor asked his spirit-brother to give them medicines for their ailments. The medium, when in an influenced state, gave them some roots of trees of different colours and asked

them to use these giving proper directions. When a medicine is asked for, the medium enters into a state of trance. When she has regained consciousness, we find roots in her closed fist. We have been assured that some have got real benefit by the use of the drugs.

The doctor had heard that evil-spirits possessed men and women, especially the latter, and sometimes ghosts pelted stones and frightened people by other means. He had, however, no idea that spiritualism had become an object of study in the world. He never read or probably saw a book on the subject. He first heard knocks, then he saw the pelting of stones. He attributed them to wicked men disposed to annoy him. But gradually he saw that the disturbances could not have been made by men, and that an unseen agency was doing it. He himself discovered that his sister-in-law had something to do with it. He found that the unseen agency had intelligence, and was not a blind force, so he came to know for certain that the disturbances were caused by a ghost.

He, when enquiring how he could get rid of the evil-spirit, heard of us, and naturally, he wrote to us for help, promising to spend money if necessary to get rid of the uncanny thing. We wrote him to make an experiment with the ghost. He listened to our advice and asked him questions. The questions were to this effect: "Are you a ghost?" "What do you want?" "Who are you?" "Are you any relation?" When thus asked the spirit took possession of the body of his sister-in-law, who was entranced, and began first to write, but, finding it difficult to express himself in that way, he began to speak, day and night. He informed the doctor that he was his eldest brother and husband of his sister-in-law. Of course,

here the sister-in-law might have tried to humbug him, but the doctor was sure of his ground. The physical manifestations, some of which took place in broad-day light, had proved conclusively, that a spirit was knocking at the doors, pelting stones and cracking jokes with his sister-in-law, pinching her body, daubing her &c., &c., though unseen. Then the question for him was to settle who this spirit was. And the spirit proved to his satisfaction, even by his jokes and the manner of his, that he was his dead brother. The spirit was talking almost incessantly and, if he had been a deceiving ghost he would have been detected at once, for he died only eight years ago and spoke of recent events only.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPHY.



MRS. ANNIE BRIGHT, editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, announces in the November issue of her paper that, she had received, from the Astro-Publishing Company of Detroit, Michigan, a book called "Two Thousand Years in Celestial Life." This volume we are told, is the outcome of a series of sittings held in Detroit, by seven ladies and gentlemen to investigate psychic phenomena. Mr. H. C. Hodges led the investigation. He is a gentleman whose experience, in occult matters, extends over fifty years. Mr. Hodges has been a resident of Detroit over forty years; he is a leading member there and is respected by the entire community for his high character. The meetings have been held for many years with closed doors.

Besides the meeting of the seven ladies and gentlemen, which Mr. Hodges led, he inaugurated a separate meeting, with Mr. W. E. Cole the psychic, and the communications contained in the volume "Clytina" and other works entitled "Science and the Key of Life: Manifestations of Divine Law," are the result. What is remarkable about these messages is that they were not written by the hand of the medium. "These extraordinary messages," we are told, "were transmitted

by unseen intelligences, and were clicked out through a telegraph instrument arranged as follows:—Upon a table was placed a small box, the upper and lower lids of slate, joined together by hinges on the wooden frame, within which was the transmitting keys, and into which were put the questions written by Mr. Hodges, not seen by the psychic, and the lids then closed. The psychic lays one hand on top of the closed box, but does not touch the instrument. He writes down the messages as clicked off in an abbreviated telegraphic code, and then they are type-written. The sittings, between Mr. Hodges and the psychic, were used to take place in the morning. For nearly four years the two sat semi- and tri-weekly closing the doors, giving the light full entrance, and taking seats near, but opposite each other, the messages occupying from one-half to three quarters of an hour in each delivery."

Here is then a problem for the unbelieving scientists to solve. Who composes and transmits these messages? Is it Mr. Telepathy or Mr. Subliminal Self, who does it? "Clytina" announces herself a Greek lady, who died at the age of 16 and is now about two thousand years in the spirit world. She has, therefore, much to say about her experiences. She says, that as men have to sit in circles to open communication with spirits, the spirits, like them, have to hold circles to open communication with the Higher Intelligences, those who are as ethereal to them, as Clytina and her fellows in the spirit-world are, to men here. These exalted beings are for many ages in the spiritual world. Her another important experience, of which she speaks in the book referred to above, is about incarnation.

She says:—

"The most important of all my experiences and investigations to me is, that I have never beheld an individuality become clouded for all time, nor a disintegration of a spirit intelligence. This I consider the most important of all. About the etherialisation of spirits in the highest spheres Clytina says,—This condition of re-embodiment approaches the nearest to re-incarnation of anything in my experience during the past two thousand years, and I do not believe, judging from all the knowledge in my possession, that a spirit can return and inhabit a material form entirely its own, or in the manner taught by re-incarnationists."

She further says:—

"On page 39 Clytina says,—The only conditions in which a spirit may inhabit a material body, to my knowledge, is through the assistance of the spirit inhabiting the body at the time, for of itself it is too fine . . . and it is not in the laws of spirit to maintain an existence. Many conditions occur which are supposed to be the outcome of re-incarnation, but it is only a misconception of the true fact. For instance, one here in the body may assert that he has a recollection of a previous existence in the material. This is caused by the pressure of a spirit intelligence becoming so closely *en rapport* with the spirit in the body that thoughts and memories of one are transmitted to another. Then again there are spirit intelligences who sincerely believe that they will return to earth and inhabit another material form, though I can easily trace this to a desire and longing for the material conditions on the part of the spirit. As I understand it, this idea had its origin among the oriental races,

and I assure you that this same theory is upheld and taught in spirit life as on earth. Just the same as, for instance, the sun worshipper bows down to the sun, the Chinaman worships his idols, and each spirit as he comes to spirit life believes in the doctrine taught him in his material experience. . . . To sum it all up, we find that these false and unnatural ideas of the spirit world and its conditions are created in the mind of man and are not a reality." "

There is another view of re-incarnation which seems to us to be reasonable. There are men who are desirous of re-incarnating for the purpose of accomplishing a great object. As for instance, a patriot may desire to come back to deliver his father-land and they succeed, if they are earnest. Then there are others who are imperfectly formed, whose existence in the other world does not enable them to grow, they too are sent back, for their own salvation. To think that every spirit, high or low, must be born again here in this vale of sorrows, under a law of nature is too horrible for contemplation. To say that God has provided this destiny for man is to call Him a monster of cruelty. But that cannot be, for such an idea of God is revolting to our feelings.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

I WILL give you a short account of some phenomena that came under my observation, which is the greatest that I ever witnessed, excepting the production of a portrait of my father by the Bangs Sisters, in eight minutes, without visible point or hands touching the canvas.

I was born in Randolph County, Ind., 1840, on a farm, and remained on the farm until 1868, excepting the time I served in the army.

I had one sister five years my senior, who on the farm, in 1850, became a powerful physical and trance medium. I was at that early age fully convinced of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

In 1866, I commenced the study of law, on the farm, and for two years went ten miles every week to recite to my uncle, Enos L. Watson (father of the "Whip of the House.") July 1, 1868, I came to Bluffton; and in March, 1869, I was admitted to the bar, as an attorney, and have practiced law ever since, in our own and other courts; I have also presided as judge in many trials.

I have investigated Spiritualism, more or less, since the year 1850.

Four years ago Frank Foster, of Grand Rapids, Mich. was at Chesterfield Camp-meeting, posing at a spirit photographer, charging \$200 for producing the pictures. I had my picture taken for spirit pictures. I first sat for my picture, and then went to the camera and he placed his fingers on the same, and I placed my fingers on his hand. He was in a quiver until a shock came; and he said, "That is sufficient." Within a few days he gave me some developed pictures.

I recognized none of them. I went immediately to Mrs. Lottie Herbine's cottage, taking the pictures along.

Mrs. Herbine was 31 years old, and had been an independent slate-writer from her sixth year.

I ascertained that none of the persons whose pictures I had was related to me.

While Mrs. Herbine is a slate-writer, in her sittings independent voices converse with the sitter; and on that occasion, my father, who had been in the Summerland several years, told me to go back and have another picture, and that I would get pictures that I should recognize. Believing him, I went to Foster and had the above pictures produced. I at once recognized four of the spirit pictures. I immediately wrote out five questions, asking the names of the persons represented, locating each in the group, and went to Mrs. Herbine's cottage. We sat down to a small stand, she on one side and I on the other. I took a double slate and placed it under my feet, and reached in my pocket, and got one of the questions and placed it under one of my hands on the stand; I not knowing what question I had, and she not having seen any of the questions or pictures.

• Her control, as I knew, was Dr. Coulter. The first question I drew out of my pocket was as follows : "Dr. Coulter, what is the name of this dog on the picture in my pocket?" His answer was thus : "Blood."

I had recognized, the picture of "Blood" as my favorite foxhound (who is in dog heaven, or some other place), and called him "Blood" because he would never cease running until he caught the fox.

I took out the questions one at a time, and the pictures, as I knew were named. The picture first above the dog's was my Aunt Polly Reitnour ; just over my head, my sister Rachael ; the one above, to the left, Colby Luther (our famous lecturer), and the man to the left was named Williams. Dr. Coulter said he was not related to me, and I do not recognize him. •

When I came home, many of my neighbors recognized "Blood," and my sister. •

What I have stated is literally true ; I have no reason to state an untruth.

Bluffton, Ind.

JUDGE LEVI MOCK.

SCIENCE OF TEN LETTERS.

—:-(X):—

DEAR Brethren!—My name itself may look curious to you. My countrymen are fully aware what I am and what are my possibilities. I am now commonly known in the scientific world or rather pseudo-scientific world—as some are pleased to assign me and my kith—by two words. It is not for me to establish my position. It is of no importance to me whatever to what region you consign me; I am satisfied with the work I do and the destinies I have shaped. It all depends upon you to what use you put me.

I, in the hands of Napoleon and Lincoln, not to speak of the ancient warriors of this glorious land—India—have made the world shake. Time out of mind was my power felt by the Hindu Rishis, who meditated on their Brahma or Supreme Deity in both of his immanent and transcendent aspects. It was only a favoured few of my mother country who ever reached my highest pinnacles.

I do not close my portals, to those who are really interested in me and wish to enter my folds. I keep my hands open to receive them into my bosom and thus afford them a safe haven and place myself unrestricted into their hands and make them wield the sceptre of Power and Glory.

• My friend, do you not wish to know who I am and how you can overlord me? No doubt I become the servant of everyone who takes the trouble to conquer me but I, in their hands, do overlord you all, who do not know what and who I am

• The present materialistic world has not as yet begun to fully realise my potent influence on humanity. It is of no consequence. It cannot ignore me. I am marching with irresistible momentum and it cannot but worship at my feet ere long.

To be or not to be, is not the question with me, but with you. • If you put forth all your energy and a firm determination to master me, lo! I become your abject slave. Don't you wonder who this my humble self is? I, through a few pages of the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, Calcutta, propose to make a short acquaintance with you, all my brethren. Of course, it is for you to know me or not. I will gradually give myself up to your hands and if you are the right man, grasp me and order me.

Now I ask your kind indulgence and patience till the next issue of the "H. S. M.

(To be continued.)

Tinnevely Bridge

T. R. S

A HAUNTED HOUSE.



[The truth of the following is vouched for by *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, Mo., in which it appeared, and it illustrates the great interest that is being taken at the present time in occult subjects, having been written by an old citizen of that city.]

“WHEN my wife and I saw the rent sign in the window of the house on South Broadway we were delighted. It was in the spring of 1867, and we had been in the city about a year. We had come from an Eastern state, intending to make the city our home. I was 25, strong and hearty; she was two years younger, and our prospects seemed good.

“After a short stay at the Everett house, we moved out to a boarding place on Washington avenue, near Ninth, and had been there ten months. But my wife did not like boarding. She wanted a place to entertain her friends, for we had made many acquaintances at the Church of the Messiah on Ninth and Olive; so we were both pleased at the prospect of getting the house.

“We noticed the sign on Sunday afternoon, and Monday I went to the agent's office on Chestnut to inquire about the house. I noticed when I mentioned the number that the three clerks of the place all looked up, but I thought nothing of it, and being pretty busy that week I suggested that my wife and myself would go and look through the house

the next Sunday. But the agent demurred, said he had to go out of town, and suggested that I should go the same afternoon with one of his clerks, and we could fix up the business next day. So on my way back to the office I called at our boarding house and told my wife to come to the office at 4 o'clock. She was there on time, and we walked up from Second and Vine to Broadway, and took the car down to the house.

"One of the clerks was on the pavement jingling a bunch of keys in his hand. He showed us through the house, opening the blinds of one room after another, then closing them, kept pretty close to us, locking every door as he went, and seemed to be in a hurry; but I thought nothing of that, either. He didn't go into the kitchen at all, but my wife did, for of course, to a housekeeper the kitchen is a very important place. Her footfalls on the kitchen floor gave a hollow sound, and when I heard that, I went in and stamped on the boards.

"'Cellar underneath?' I said to the young fellow.

"'Cellar's under all the house,' he answered, so we came out very well satisfied.

"We had reason. The house was all right. Wide hall, front parlor, back parlor, dining room, pantry, kitchen, four bedrooms and second story, two attic rooms, gas, water; couldn't be improved on.

"Early next morning I called on the agent and took a lease for a year, at a very reasonable rent.

"The balance of that week my wife spent in buying furniture, taking measurements for carpets, curtains and the like, and I told her that to save trouble we would have everything

sent to the furniture man's and let it all be taken down at once. By Friday she had bought everything we would need at first, and left orders for all to be sent down on Saturday.

"But when she got back to the boarding house there was a telegram informing her that her mother was ill, and requesting her to come at once. She left on the evening train for the East, and I rode over with her on the bus to the depot in East St. Louis, and on the way she told me about the things and said I had better go Saturday and receive them, and that I ought to sleep in the house until she got back.

"I thought so, too, so the next afternoon I went to the house, and there were three or four wagon loads of furniture and boxes piled on the sidewalk, and half a dozen colored drivers and porters sitting around waiting, as if for somebody to come and take charge.

"I was pretty mad at the way they dumped the things, because I had left the keys at the furniture store with the instructions to put everything inside.

"'Haven't you got the keys?' I asked the biggest driver.

"'Yes, boss, but we ain't got time.' We got three more loads to make clear out to Lucas place, and they told us to hurry, and so saying, he handed me the keys, and in spite of my protests the drivers mounted their wagons and made off.

"Just then a policeman sauntered along and I stated my quandary.

"'Oh,' he said, 'There oughtn't to be any trouble about that. Now, I'll stay here and watch the things for awhile, and you go to the Iron Mountain yards at Main and Plum. There's always a lot of freighthandlers sitting around there.'

•You hire three or four of them, and they'll put in your stuff in short order.'

"I thanked him, went to the yards, and in less than an hour was back again with five brawny freightmen, and the way they got those boxes into the house was a show. In a couple of hours everything was in ; then, we rigged up a bedstead and prepared my bed in the front parlar.

"I paid the fellows for their work, slipped a dollar green-back in the policeman's hand for his trouble and went back up-town.

"That evening I went back to the boarding house, and after supper sat chatting with the boarders until toward 9 o'clock when I remembered it was time to go home. Everybody laughed when I spoke of going home, but I felt rather proud at the thought that I was no longer a boarder, but had developed, into a renter, which was the next thing to householder.

"The evening was pleasant, so after walking down Washington avenue, stopping to look at the ruins of the Lindell Hotel, which was burned a month before, I went on to Broadway. No car was in sight, so I strolled past Centenary Church and the Southern Hotel, stopped a moment to look at the crowd coming out of the Olympic after the first act, then went on to the house. In the entries of other houses in the block people were sitting, and as I passed one doorway, a lady remarked to a gentleman sitting on the steps, 'Well, they won't stay long.'

"'No, they won't. I'll gamble my last shiplaster on that,' answered the man, 'and I remember wondering who they were talking about,' and why shouldn't the people stay there as long as they pleased.

"I unlocked the door, and after stumbling over several boxes I got into the parlor, struck a match and lighted the gas. Everything seemed right, so I made a tour of the rooms with a candle that I'd left handy, stuck it on a nail projecting from a box, then blew it out, turned off the gas and went to bed.

"How long I slept, I do not know, but I was roused into a state of the keenest tension by the consciousness that I was not alone. I had not heard a sound, and yet I knew that there were others in the room. Suddenly from the direction of the folding doors there came the sound of a heavy blow and it sickened me; the grating crash reminded me of my visits to a slaughter house, when I was a boy, for the sound was exactly like that which the axe of the butcher made when it crushed the skull of an ox. Then came light whispers and a low moan as of a woman in agony. With straining eyes I peered into the darkness. Another light whisper, then a shuffling of feet, as though men were carrying a burden. A gust of cool air followed, as when a door is opened, then painful moans. The shuffling feet seemed to pass from the back parlor into the dining room, there was a stronger draught, the shuffling and the moans grew fainter, but I could still hear, as the sounds came through the dining room, apparently from the pantry passage. A sharp click followed like that of a lock, then a thump as though a door had been thrown back and struck 'against' the wall. A moment later there came noises from the direction of the kitchen as if boards were being handled, and a low scream which suddenly ceased. The board handling was resumed, ending with one or two heavy stamps as when flooring is

forced into place by the heels of a carpenter. The slam of a door followed, then dead silence, more terrifying than even the noise.

"I slept no more. It seemed an age until the first light of dawn. As soon as I could see I dressed and opened the front blinds. It was a bright Sunday morning, but except a milkman ringing his bell two blocks south, no one was in sight. As I stood at the window the bells of the Church of St. Francis at Ninth and Green began to chime and a moment later their cheerful clamor was joined by the bell of the cathedral. Refreshed by the cool breeze, I turned to begin an investigation of the night's occurrences. The folding doors between the front and back parlors were open, just as they had been the night before, but to my astonishment, both doors of the dining room were also open, and I could see to the door of the kitchen. I was certain I locked the doors, so my first thought was of hidden thieves. I picked up a fragment of a packing box, and with this weapon peered cautiously into the dining room. No one was there. The pantry was locked, but the kitchen door, which I also thought I locked, though closed, opened by turning the knob. I did not go upstairs, but after relocking all the doors, went to our boarding house for breakfast. I was two hours early, so walked out to Missouri Park and sat down on one of the benches to think the matter over, and the more I thought, the more puzzled I became.

"That afternoon I walked out the avenue with Tom Buck, one of my fellow boarders, to whom I confided my story. Tom looked at me pretty hard, as though he were not certain whether I had been drinking, or had taken leave

of my wits, but apparently satisfied that I was all right mentally, he expressed perfect willingness to help unravel the mystery. So that night found us both in the Broadway house, each with a good revolver and ready for either ghosts or thieves. We lighted the gas jets in all the rooms except the front parlor, where Tom said we'd better leave no lights, so we'd have the advantage of seeing without being seen; then we turned the jets low and lay down across the bed, fully dressed.

"We'd been there about two hours and were both awake, when I noticed that instead of the yellow flame, the gas burned a clear blue, giving a most unearthly light in the back parlor. At the same instant there was a creak of a door. I nudged Tom and we rose to a sitting position, revolver in hand. By the dim light we could see that the door of the back parlor was opening. Just as it swung on its hinges there appeared to the left of the folding door the outlines of a sofa, on which I could see the form of a man lying full length. He wore a Union uniform. I could plainly see the buttons. He was an officer, too. His shoulder straps showed that. He was young, handsome and sound asleep.

"From the opening door two figures emerged, ill-dressed men with villainous faces, one carrying a heavy sledge, black and grimy. With stealthy steps they crossed the floor. Just then there emerged from the shadow on the right the figure of a young woman, tall, with a mass of glistening black hair crowning her head, and large lustrous eyes that glittered in the faint blue light. Her appearance, attitude and gestures indicated agonizing terror. She extended her hands as though in supplication to the two intruders. They roughly pushed

her aside, and one, raising the hammer, brought it down with a crash on the head of the sleeping officer. The woman hid her eyes between her hands and moaned, while the two men raised the prostrate form and shuffled with it across the room. They passed into the pantry hall, then one, resting the officer's shoulders on his knee, threw back the kitchen door. The form of the moaning woman cut off our view, but by a common impulse, Tom and I both rose and followed.

"Although pistols were no defence against spiritual forms, we tightly gripped our weapons as we stole through the rooms and hall, and peeped in at the open kitchen door. The two men were lifting boards from the floor and we could see a black gulf beneath, while the woman knelt over the form of the officer. They lifted the body, dropped its head first through the opening, and I heard what seemed a far-away splash as the body fell. The woman gave a scream, suddenly silenced as one of the men roughly gripped her by the throat and threw her on the floor. As they picked up the boards, I felt Tom nudge me, turned, and caught a glimpse of him as he crossed the back parlor. I followed quickly and found him on the pavement outside, wiping his face with his handkerchief, but before I closed the door I heard the stamp of a heavy heel in the kitchen, as the boards were kicked into place.

"We passed the remainder of the night on the front steps, and in the morning reentered the house. Everything was as we had left it, except that the doors we had locked stood open, and the kitchen door was closed, but not locked.

"I moved my furniture next day. It cost me something to even up with the agent, and I wrote to my wife that I found the house wouldn't suit. It was unhealthy, I said. There was water in the cellar. Tom and I swore each other to secrecy. We were both afraid of being laughed at.

"Two years later the house was taken down, and when I heard of it I went to see the contractor, had a talk with him, told him I had once rented the house, but gave it up on account of some curious manifestations I noticed.

"Yes, I always heard that house was haunted,' said the contractor. 'In the last year of the war there was a queer family there that nobody in the neighborhood seemed to get acquainted with. They were an awfully ill-assorted lot—an old man and woman and a fine-looking girl, and two or three tough men always hanging about the kitchen. They say that a young officer—I think he was a paymaster in an Eastern regiment—disappeared with a large sum of money, and the last anybody knew of him he was traced to that house. Then, about the same time, the young woman committed suicide, and two fellows, supposed to be the hangers-on, were drowned near the foot of Chouteau avenue, crossing the river in a stolen skiff, and on the body of one caught in the eddy at Elwood street, they found over \$6,000 in greenbacks.'

"Was there anything unusual about the kitchen," asked.

"Yes, there was an old well under the kitchen, and before we filled it up one of my men put down a grappling hook.'

"Did he find anything?"

"No, the iron only brought up a bit of cloth with a brass army button. Nothing of any value.'"

VALUABLE TESTIMONIES.

—: (X) :—
We quote the following from the *Two Worlds*:—

On the assertion that an ounce of fact is worth a ton of ignorant chattering, I have culled—for the benefit of those of your readers who may from time to time be assailed by the taunt that they are “for ever trotting out Lodge and Crookes” to support their claims—from a mass of others, the opinions of critics with no likely originally-biassed leaning.

People who know Spiritualist speakers are generally disposed to accept what they state they have themselves experienced. But a local reputation has little weight beyond its own area; hence, the pronouncements of men like Mr. John Lobb, whom everybody knows, are listened to or read with respect. Writing to the *Yorkshire Gazette* of Sept. 17th, 1897, the Rev. Canon Fausset, D.D., of York, said: “The phenomena of Spiritualism prove a spiritual world as opposed to materialism.” Going a step further, the rev. gentleman, in a pamphlet entitled “Spiritualism Tested by Scripture,” said: “Spirits are quite reliable.” Strong testimony this from an Anglican divine.

“I know of no subject underneath the sun that can compare with Spiritualism in interest and importance,” were the words of the Rev. M. J. Savage.

So early in the history of our movement as 1862, Professor Challis, late Plumerian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, said: "I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to these facts which has come from so many *independent* sources. In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up." Definite and weighty sentiments surely.

Another scholar, Professor W. F. Barrett, published the following confession in the *Two Worlds* of Nov. 30th, 1896. "I do not hesitate to affirm that a twenty years' careful and dispassionate view of *my own experiments* compels my belief in Spiritualism as a *science based on facts open to the world.*" Continuing later on, he said: "I am prepared to assert, from my own experience, that neither imposture, hallucination, malobservation, misdescription, nor any other well-recognised cause, save the spirit-hypothesis, can account for the phenomena I have witnessed."

On the 6th of March, 1869, Mr. Newton Crossland, husband of the authoress of "Light in the Valley," wrote "The facts of Spiritualism are to me as certain as the multiplication table, but they must be grappled with by careful, elaborate, and anxious study." Further, he said: "A course of mathematics would be light in comparison with a genuine study of Spiritualism."

To-day, when ridicule forms the weapon of so many critics, the following extraction from a Christian publication, entitled, *The Rock*, under date Dec. 19th, 1897, is refreshing and instructive: "*Ridicule* alone is useless against the

Spiritualist, because he knows his facts, and these facts are daily receiving wider and more skilled attention."

Most Spiritualists know the mental breadth and spiritual strength of the late Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A., incumbent of St. James', Marylebone. But let me quote this piquant statement of his: "They might take it as settled that the phenomena of Spiritualism were, at all events, genuine. . . . Modern Spiritualism," he declared, "made *real* that 'cloud of witnesses' spoken of by Paul."

In the *Full Mall Gazette* for August 19th, 1896, appeared the following: "Commonsense compels us to admit that Spiritualism is receiving the adherence of intellectual men and women, mostly scientists, who generally become converted thereto."

In connection with the "mostly scientists" group, this tit-bit from a speech by the Rev. Canon Wilberforce, at a Church Congress held at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1896, becomes a valuable adjunct. Said the Rev. Canon: "Immense numbers of those who a few years ago professed a belief in *some* form of Christianity, have, under the influence of Spiritualism, modified such professions, while the weakness of the churches as opposed to the strength of Spiritualism is in the ignorance of a future life, and in the misinterpretation of scripture concerning it." Few will deny the truth of the latter statement.

Writing to the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph* in 1857, Mr. Thomas Shorter, in the midst of a mass of voluminous evidence, said: "I believe these phenomena to be caused by beings *substantial, but not material*, and they were witnessed both by daylight and *gaslight*, in well-lighted rooms."

THE HINDU SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

To those relegating phenomena to "devilish emanations," the following message may be interesting. Speaking through the mediumship of Mr. J. R. M. Squire, of Boston, U.S.A., in the house of Mr. J. Lockhart Robertson, M.D., Hayward's Heath, on Feb. 28th, 1860, a spirit guide blessed the house thuswise: "May a kind Providence guide and protect you, and keep you in Christ Jesus."

There should be a spice of consolation, too, in the words of Mr. F. Fusedale, Southampton Row, W. C., which were: "They (the spirits) prove, by unmistakable evidence, the immortality of the soul and of eternal progression beyond the grave, and so take away the sting of death, *convincing us more and more of the truths of Christianity*, and the love of our Heavenly Father."

Through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper, Dr. Hodgson, sceptic of sceptics, was converted to a belief in spirit phenomena; and of the same medium, Frederic W. Myers, in his great work, "Human Personality", wrote after receiving her trance utterances: "They prove survival, pure and simple, and that between the spiritual and the material worlds *avenues of communication do exist*."

Darwin's famous collaborateur, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in his work, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," page 211, wrote: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism, in their entirety, do not require further confirmation, and no passive denial or quibbling can disprove them."

Of the medium Slade, despite many charges of fraud Dr. D. H. Culyer, a great sceptic, in his book, "Automatic Writing," published in 1876 says: "Mr. Slade presented

to me phenomena which are not susceptible of any explanation based on trickery or fraud. I am convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena."

Regarding the Davenport Brothers, also often charged with fraudulent presentations, Dr. Sexton, speaking in London, in 1874, said: "I got, in their presence, irresistible evidence from deceased friends and relatives."

Speaking in St. Paul's Cathedral, in connection with the Nelson Centenary Services, the Bishop of Stepney said: "I wonder if his spirit is in our midst now?" While speaking at Tynemouth, on the same occasion, Mr. Collinwood, a descendant of the famous admiral of that name, said: "What would Nelson think could he see us now? And I cannot say but he may do so, although hid from ordinary vision."

What did all these men mean when they gave utterance to sentiments so seemingly revolutionary? Were they playing with words? Were they playing with the public? Nay, one cannot conceive them in attitudes like that. Then there can be but one answer. They believed what they said, and had experienced what they expressed.

Said that grand old man of the Salvation Army, "General" Booth, speaking in the Albert Hall, London, some three years ago: "I believe that my sainted Catherine is by me now, urging and inspiring me on." I remember reading in *The Two Worlds* at the time that certain clairvoyants in the audience saw distinctly, standing on the platform beside the veteran leader, a figure answering to the description of the arisen Mrs. Booth.

One citation more will, I think, suffice. Mr. J. Traill Taylor, a past President of the British Photographic Association, on page 7 of "The Veil Lifted," referring to the possibility of impressing the image of a spirit form on a sensitive plate, says: "My conditions were entirely acquiesced in, that I should use my own camera, plates, etc., supervising every detail myself." And the world knows the results of those experiments.

SOME MEMORIES OF MR. J. TRAILL TAYLOR.

That veteran Spiritualist, Mr. Andrew Glendinning, of London (who is so well known as an untiring experimenter in spirit photography, and as an upholder of that form of spirit phenomena), has kindly supplied us with a series of notes relating to the deep interest Mr. J. Traill Taylor took in various aspects of Spiritualism, in which he was a convinced believer. While at this time several untrue, almost malicious, statements are being made concerning Mr. Taylor, these "Memories" come at an opportune moment, and they will, it is hoped, assist in counteracting to some extent the effects of the absolutely incorrect, to use no harsher term, remarks which have recently appeared in the public prints.

In quite early times—when the very first Spiritualist hymn book was produced—Mr. Taylor assisted Mr. James Burns by collecting hymns for the first edition of the book which was called "The Spiritual Lyre." Mr. Taylor provided Mr. Burns with some of the hymns, and named suitable tunes for them, also providing tunes for the hymns selected by Mr. Burns.

AN ORGAN PLAYED BY SPIRITS.

On one occasion, at a seance in Dalston, the organ was layed by two spirit friends, "William Haxby" and "Tom

Davis." "The Lost Chord" was magnificently rendered. Then two sacred tunes were played, to one of which Mr. Traill Taylor and Dr. Bowie raised their voices in harmony, singing together—

How bright these glorious spirits shine,
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light.

At this point the singers stopped, for though the words, "washing robes in Christ's blood" might do for orthodox meetings, they will not suit the clearer conceptions of Spiritualists; also Mr. Taylor had not then received the two lines which Mr. Glendinning subsequently supplied to complete the verse, viz:—

And through the love of God are clothed
In raiment pure and white.

When the organ ceased playing, Dr. Bowie exclaimed with emphasis, "Truly this is divine worship."

A DIRECT PAINTING TEST.

At a painting seance held in Dalston, after Mr. Duguid had painted a landscape, and while his eyes were closed, arrangements were then made for visitors to sit round the table to obtain direct paintings. When handkerchiefs were being folded, Mr. Taylor asked, "What are you going to do?" The reply was, "To tie the medium." Mr. Taylor then said, "If you do so, I shall leave the room. Mr. Duguid is an honest man, and I will not remain and see him treated as if he were a fraud." The tying was therefore abandoned.

But a better test was given by the spirit-friends. The medium sat away from the table on which the paints and blank cards were lying. Before the gas was put out, the medium put his arms across the breasts of the two persons sitting next him—these were Mr. Traill Taylor and Dr. Gale's secretary. The medium's arms remained in that position till the gas was re-lighted, when two paintings were seen on the cards, lying where they had been placed, on the centre of the table several feet from the medium. Mr. Taylor put his finger on the wet oil paint on the cards to show the sitters that the paintings had been done during the three minutes of darkness.

A HEAVY TABLE FLOATED.

After an unsuccessful seance, some visitors (invited and uninvited) left to get late trains to Wimbledon, Upper Norwood, etc. Mr. Traill Taylor, Mrs. Titford, and two others remained to supper with five of the family. During supper one side of the table was tilted up by spirit-agency, without any of the dishes on it being moved. Mr. Taylor requested all present to sit clear of the table and keep their hands off it. Then he asked the spirit friends to try to lift the table entirely off the floor. The table was a heavy mahogany one, 8 feet by 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ feet. To lift it by ordinary physical means would have required four strong men, but at Mr. Taylor's request it was raised by the spirits several inches above the floor, remained suspended for a little, and was then gently lowered again to the floor.

MAGNETIC HARMONY A NECESSITY.

This incident led to an important lesson as to "conditions" a successful seance. Mr. Taylor proposed that all

present resume the seance in the drawing-room. He was reminded that the hour was late, and he might miss the last train for Wood Green. He said he would walk home if necessary, rather than miss the opportunity of having a good seance. His wish was complied with, and an excellent seance was the result. Conversations in the direct spirit voice, materialisations, piano playing by a spirit, musical box wound up by a spirit and floated from end to end of the room (30 feet), etc. One of the spirits was asked why it was that during the earlier part of the evening, although several mediums were present, the manifestations were comparatively insignificant. The reply was that the spirit friends present could not blend the magnetisms proceeding from the various mediums so as to produce a harmonious whole such as they could use to produce the physical manifestations which the circle desired. The spirit said he would illustrate his meaning in this way, viz.: Suppose you wish to make a piece of white cloth; you may have strong threads of blue, green, black, etc., each of use for certain purposes, but you could not blend these together and make of them a piece of white cloth. We require magnetisms which we can blend together—we require harmony. Mr. Taylor was greatly gratified with the results obtained at the resumed seance.

MR. TAYLOR MATERIALISES.

At a seance held in Dalston soon after Mr. Traill Taylor's transition, a spirit said, in the direct voice, "Join hands, sing a hymn, and put out the gas." This was done, and while the first verse of a hymn was being sung the head and bust of Mr. Taylor appeared materialised, self-luminous, about

two feet above the head of Mr. John Davis. The eyes were gleaming with life and intelligence, and a pleasant smile was on his face as he looked toward his old friend, Mr. Glendinning. The medium was Mrs. Titford. She sat at the table beside the others in her normal condition during the wonderful manifestation.

A SYMBOLICAL DREAM.

At the time of Mr. Taylor's transition in America, a lady in London, who had not heard of his illness, had a symbolical dream. In her dream she found herself walking with Mr. Taylor. They came near to a boundary wall with a locked door in it. Mr. Taylor bade the lady find the key that he might pass through the doorway *to join the friends waiting for him on the other side.* When they reached the wall the door was open, *and he passed onward.* The lady is mediumistic. She had met Mr. Taylor several times in the house of a friend near Hampstead, and had been photographed by him during his experiments in spirit-photography, with the result that there appeared on the plate the portrait of the spirit who used her hand for automatic writing. The lady's waking thoughts had no part in the production of her dream, as she was looking forward to the pleasure of meeting Mr. Taylor on his expected return to London.

✓THE GHOST HUNT OF SCIENCE



(BY JOHN R. MEADER.)

THE following article is from an unbeliever, yet one can see that it proves the philosophy of spiritualism than otherwise. It originally appeared in the *Bohemian Magazine*.

Is it possible that the spirits of the dead possess the power to wander back across the River Styx, to tip our tables, beat a tattoo upon our walls, and otherwise make their presence known in a most mystifying, not to say altogether unseemly, manner? Or, is it more reasonable to suppose that there are a number of men and women in this world who, having appropriated all the best tricks of the far-famed Indian juggler, have banded together to impose upon the credulity of mankind by playing upon the most sacred sentiment of the human heart—our innate longing for more conclusive evidence of immortality? . . .

More than half a century ago the "Rochester Rappings" set us to investigating these problems, and yet, after all these years, the important question, whether these wonderful feats are the product of fraud or of discarnate spirits, still remains unsettled. It is true that some men of eminent achievements in other fields of research are willing to
these things must be the work of spirits, but with this

opinion orthodox modern science will not agree. On the contrary, it insists that, if we desire to believe in a life beyond the grave, we must accept it upon "faith" alone, as there is nothing of evidential value to indicate its existence, and when the student of the so-called supernormal phenomena.—table-tipping, clairvoyance, etc.—points to the evidence that has been accumulated by investigators in psychical research, the materialistic scientist declines to accept as facts testimony that is based upon no better authority than the operations of "mediums" whose integrity still is, and always has been, a matter of gravest doubt.

And without question there is a good logical reason why we should be suspicious of the modern medium. With the exception of D. D. Home and Rev. W. S. Moses every medium who has ever been noted for producing apparently wonderful phenomena of this character has, at one time or another, either been exposed or caught in some sort of trickery. Beginning with the Fox Sisters, and tracing the line down to our own day, the physical manifestations of alleged spirit power, with the exceptions noted, have been of a kind that would naturally create distrust rather than breed confidence regarding the supernatural source of the performances.

For example, we may take the case of Sir William Crookes, the eminent English chemist and discoverer of thallium. As an authority in this exact science his reputation is so far beyond reproach that, if he should announce over his own signature that he had produced an entirely new chemical substance in his test tube, there is nobody who would dare to question the fact for a moment. At first thought we

might even feel inclined to place the same degree of confidence in his assertions concerning other facts that he has investigated, and yet if we should pursue this course we would soon find ourselves in some pretty serious mental difficulties. In the first place we should have to accept his statement as to the result of his experiences with a materializing medium named Florence Cook, during which, according to his own published account, he not only beheld the materialized spirit of Miss Cook's control, "Katie King," but actually felt her pulse, listened to the beating of her heart, and tested her lungs. He also relates how he succeeded in photographing both the medium and this "spirit" at the same time, and this, as he asserts, under the most perfect test conditions.

To offset this surprising narrative from the pen of one of the world's greatest scientists we have the fact that Miss Cook was afterward exposed as a trickster, and even Sir William's reassurance that, whatever she may have done at other times, he is confident that she practiced no deception in his home, or during his experiments, does not tend to remove the suspicion that is naturally aroused when we discover that she was subsequently caught in the act of producing her spirit-phenomena by fraudulent means. However anxious we may be to accept Sir William's conclusions, therefore, the black mark that stands against this medium casts the shadow of suspicion upon all her achievements.

And this duplicity upon the part of Miss Cook naturally suggests another important question: What qualities must a scientist possess to qualify him to act in the role of a psychical investigator? Should we imagine that, because he is acquainted with dead languages, he is particularly competent to

seek out and identify the spirits of dead people? Because he has mastered the movements of the stars and can forecast events that are to take place in heavens, does this knowledge entitle him to sit in judgment upon the question of the genuineness of the evidence in support of a life after death?

Of course it must be admitted that a name that we have learned to esteem as that of a great man is bound to cast a certain glamour of respectability over everything with which it is in any way associated, but it is an open question if there is any logical authority for the assumption that a person who is a great chemist, or a great astronomer, is incapable of being deceived by a clever trickster. Those of us who have witnessed the wonderful exhibitions given by such professional magicians as Hermann and Keller can understand how easy it is to deceive the eye, and when, in addition to this natural defect of vision, we have a strong desire to believe that the things that are witnessed are precisely what they pretend to be, we have a combination of conditions that ought to unfit anybody, to pursue a same investigation of such awe-inspiring phenomena. In other words, when a woman like Cassie Chadwick or Mme. Humbert can deceive great financiers by business methods with which they are supposed to be thoroughly conversant, is it unreasonable to imagine that a facile prestidigitator might befool the most prominent statesmen, or some teachers of psychology, especially when such investigators are men who are practically unacquainted with the arts of the conjuror! In fact, the success of Hereward Carrington's work of exposing "fake" mediums for the Society for Psychical Research was largely due to his knowledge of the tricks of the sleight-of-hand performer, and when

he states in his book, "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," that he has yet to witness any mediumistic exhibition of physical force that he could not recognize as fraudulent, we have another argument with which to justify our suspicions.

Personally Mr. Carrington has accepted the spiritistic theory. That is to say, despite his own experiences, he is willing to admit that there may be genuine psychical phenomena, while he is even more firmly convinced that some of the communications received through clairvoyants and writing mediums are undeniably authentic. In these opinions he is upheld by many prominent investigators, several of whom have been persuaded of the truth of this theory by the experiments now being conducted in Italy, with Eusapia Paladino as the medium.

Although an ignorant peasant—the wife of a laborer—Eusapia is regarded as one of the wonders of the world, for she has succeeded in performing the most marvelous feats under test conditions to which no other medium has ever been asked to submit. Instead of holding her sittings in her own home or at some other private residence where it might be difficult to provide against deception, the scientists have taken her to their own laboratories, where, in spite of the fact that she has been securely bound with ropes and chains, she has produced arms and hands that have not only been seen, felt and touched by all, but which have actually been photographed. Moreover, these hands have established their materiality in many ways. They have moved objects at a distance at times when Eusapia has been confined so securely that she could move neither hand nor foot. They have left their physical imprint upon previously prepared lampblack

glass, and have displayed their ability to operate complicated mechanism that, in her conscious moments, would have baffled the intelligence of the medium. On one occasion, that it might prove the possession of more than ordinary strength, this force, with invisible hands, broke a stout table into three pieces in full view of the sitters, and this company of witnesses included such men as Professor Caesar Lombroso, the Italian alienist; Dr. Charles Richet, a member of the faculty of the Physiological Institute in Paris; Professor Charles Foa, of Turin; Professor Enrico Morselli, of Genoa, and other scientists of established reputation.

It is safe to say that, if any one of these individuals had described these feats as a personal experience, we should have good reason to hesitate about accepting the narrative without the best corroborative evidence, but while we might be justified in assuming that one man had been the victim of some serious hallucination, it is much more difficult to believe that a dozen sober, sane scientists could have been deluded in exactly the same manner, or that collectively they could have been hypnotized so thoroughly that each and all would behold precisely the same phenomena at the same time!

Then, too, in addition to this evidence we have the testimony of the camera, and this instrument, so far as we know, has never yet been fooled nor hypnotized. Thus, in the performances of the Indian jugglers, there have been times when several persons have imagined that they saw the most astounding feats performed; but when an attempt was made to photograph the occurrence absolutely no impression was recorded upon the plate. Although efforts have

been made to photograph "ghosts" that were clearly apparent to the individual, these, too, have failed, just as it has been found impossible to obtain a phonographic record of the noises in haunted houses, although they were distinctly audible to the human ear. It is by these experiments that science has been led to conclude that these strange sights and sounds that have so frequently been reported have had no existence in reality, despite the excellent verification that has so frequently been obtained. This objection, however, cannot be applied in the Paladino case, for the photographs have been taken, and under test conditions that could not have been more rigorous. Whatever opinion we may hold respecting the character of the material that was surely seen, therefore, we are compelled to admit that there was something there, for science long ago proved conclusively that it is impossible to photograph a hallucination.

Strange as it may seem, however, the majority of these European scientists are by no means persuaded that they must turn to "spirits" for an explanation of the wonderful things they have witnessed. On the contrary, they are so well convinced that there is nothing supernatural about this phenomena that they have commenced to study these problems as a new field in biological investigation. In other words, they believe that the human body is in possession of certain powers of which the world of science has heretofore been unacquainted, and they hope to be able not only to demonstrate that such a force actually exists, but to discover in what manner these faculties may be developed. Accordingly, while they admit that these forces are "supernormal" to the degree that they are different from any normal faculty

that we have been known to possess, they deny that the evidence adduced gives any authority for the theory that this at present unknown power emanates from disembodied spirits. It is this hypothesis, if established, that will fully explain the manifestation that made D. D. Home famous, as well as all other instances in which apparently genuine physical phenomena have been produced under strict test conditions.

As the members of the Society for Psychical Research have long felt, the evidence of conscious existence after death—if it is to be obtained at all—must come through the mental phenomena of clairvoyants and automatic writers rather than through the rappings and table-tippings that have long been the favourite experiments of psychical investigators. Undoubtedly one might take great delight in watching a table rise in the air of its own volition, or dance a jig in the corner when no hand is touching it. To converse with an unseen intelligence by means of a sort of spiritualized Morse alphabet may also be productive of a distinctly uncanny sensation but when we learn by what simple tricks a table can be levitated, or lifted, and discover that there are firms actually engaged in the business of making tables, chairs, etc., with mechanism for producing “raps” so cleverly concealed between the woodwork that it would be necessary to tear the furniture to pieces before the trick could be detected, the tendency to experience “that creepy feeling” when such performances are witnessed becomes less pronounced. Moreover, this is by no means the only kind of mediumistic apparatus for which there is a regular system of supply and demand. On the contrary, Mr. Carrington has the catalogue of one firm in

the West which is devoted exclusively to the manufacture and sale of such goods—paraphernalia for the production of slate-writing, sealed-letter writing, luminous material for ghostly forms, hands, faces, and other parts of the body, and everything else that anybody would naturally require to successfully pursue the profession of fooling the public. That these goods are advertised with full knowledge of the use to which they are to be put is clearly shown by the text of the circular, one item of which is quoted:

"No. 147. LUMINOUS MATERIALISTIC (*sic*) GHOST AND FORMS.

"We furnish these of all kinds and sizes. Full luminous female form and dress (with face that convinces) which can be produced in ordinary room or circle, appears gradually; floats about room, and disappears! Nothing superior. Price \$50.00."

Regarding the character of such physical phenomena, however, the organizations engaged in systematic psychical research display comparatively little curiosity. In fact, several of the men with whom I have talked most freely have practically admitted that they do not care very much whether such things are fraudulent or not. The one point in which they are interested is the question of the identity of the intelligence that communicates with them, for they realize that, if they can demonstrate that consciousness not only exists after death, but that this conscious force can return and establish its personal identity to the satisfaction of those still in the body, the first great step toward settling these psychic problems will have been taken.

Like Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor James H. Hyslop, the present secretary of the American Society for Psychical Re-

search, believes that this fact will soon be established. That "the boundary between the present and future states is still substantial" he will admit, but he is also convinced that Sir Oliver is right when he asserts that it is wearing so thin in places that, "like excavators boring a tunnel from opposite ends, we are beginning to hear the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side."

This, in brief, is about the opinion of nearly all the scientists who have devoted much time and thought to the investigation of psychical matters. Frank Podmore, the English investigator, is one exception, and Professor William James, the Harvard psychologist, might be cited as another although his attitude toward these questions is one of indecision rather than that of definite unbelief. Thus, for example he is willing to assert that he believes that there is a stream of consciousness permeating the universe that cannot be explained by any known law of science, and that, in his opinion, the automatic writing of Mrs. Piper is one manifestation of this force. Skeptical as he may be concerning the results obtained through many other mediums, he is thoroughly satisfied of Mrs. Piper's honesty, and he has publicly stated this fact on more than one occasion.

"If you want to upset the belief that all crows are black he once said, "you need not seek to show that all crows are white. It is enough to prove one single crow to be white. My own white crow is Mrs. Piper."

This medium, whose integrity is now never questioned by psychical investigators, began to develop her strange powers nearly twenty-five years ago. About a year later she was brought to the attention of Professor James, who found

her communications so inexplicable that he called upon Dr. Hodgson, the official investigator of the Society for Psychical Research, to aid him in solving the problem, either by proving her honesty or by convicting her of fraud. To ascertain that she had no normal means of discovering the information that she imparted, detectives were employed to spy upon her, as well as upon every other member of her household, while the genuineness of her trance condition was proved by the severest tests that these relentless scientific inquisitors could devise. They thrust needles under her finger-nails and through her tongue; they blew red pepper into her nostrils and down her throat, but in no instance did she exhibit the slightest consciousness of the unpleasant sensations that such tests would necessarily have occasioned had she been in a normal physical condition. Again, though isolated and guarded as carefully as though she was an important prisoner of state, she continued to write intelligent messages about facts and events that she could never have discovered through any ordinary channel, even going so far as to tell what people were doing and saying many miles away of people whom she had never met, and who could not have been persuaded to play a part in any game of deception had she by any chance been acquainted with them.

Accordingly, while Professor James insists that he does not think that Mrs. Piper is ever guilty of conscious deception, this does not mean that he accepts the theory that the intelligence producing her communications is that of disembodied spirits. Dr. Hodgson thought that this was the only rational explanation of the phenomena, and Dr. Hyslop practically agrees with him, but in spite of all, that he has seen and heard,

Professor James still is, as he has often expressed it, "on the fence." He may not go so far as many more-materialistic scientists and assert that everything is produced by mind-reading combined with an abnormally developed faculty for arriving at correct conclusions through some process of "guessing." He simply says that he does not know where Mrs. Piper gets her remarkable power, but as yet he is by no means convinced that it is the intelligence of spirits that is operating through her.

In talking with Professor Hyslop about his experiments with Mrs. Piper, when looking into his "greenish-gray eyes" and noting the cold, matter-of-fact tone in which he describes his talks with the dead, it is difficult to believe that his critics are correct in assuming that he is the victim of hallucinations. As to his honesty there can be no question. He believes in the truth of the facts he relates just as thoroughly as he believes in the reality of his own existence. In the early days of his career Dr. Hyslop was a materialist, and it took many years of psychical research to persuade him that he was wrong. In fact it was not until Dr. Hodgson had died and, to Dr. Hyslop's satisfaction at least, had established his identity through Mrs. Piper and other admittedly genuine mediums, that he was fully convinced that the "spirit" theory offered the most rational explanation of the messages.

"I certainly believe that it was Dr. Hodgson who has communicated with me," he asserted, "not only from the direct messages that I have received, but through tests in cross-reference. To illustrate what I mean: Suppose I obtain a message through the mediumship of A, and then have

an experiment with B, a medium who does not know that I have had a sitting with A, and suppose I receive the same 'message' through B—am I not entitled to conjecture the same source for both messages? And I have had this experience on several occasions—not with two mediums only, but with three."

Dr. Hyslop has been devotedly interested in psychical research for many years. Long before he resigned his position as professor of ethics at Columbia University he was regarded as one of the most painstaking investigators of these problems, and when Dr. Hodgson died suddenly, about two years ago, leaving the American Society without a head, he stepped into the vacancy and has since made these experiments the sole interest of his life. That, so far from being a mere surface investigator, he adopts the most careful methods in arriving at his conclusions is shown in all his experiments. Thus, when his opponents criticised the message he had received, laughing at the trivial incidents that the alleged "spirit" intelligences related in proof of their identity, he strung a telegraph wire between two of the buildings at Columbia and enlisted the services of both professors and students in his inquiry. One by one they were sent to the operator and asked to identify themselves to the person at the other end of the wire. The use of names was forbidden, of course, each being expected to prove himself by reference to facts that were known to the other individual, and yet, despite the fact that all the subjects of this experiment were of more than ordinary intelligence, the facts to which they resorted were even more trivial in character than those that had been obtained through Mrs. Piper and others.

"I have not only received convincing evidence of Dr Hodgson's identity," Professor Hyslop continued, "but my father, my wife, and other relatives have identified themselves by imparting information that the medium could never have discovered, for some of the facts were not even known to me, and had to be verified by subsequent correspondence. One little incident that seemed particularly evidential occurred during my communications with my father. When this intelligence first commenced to write the chirography seemed labored and unnatural, and this continued until the message came:

"Fix the pencil my way, Jamer"

"

"In a moment I knew what was wrong. My father had always been accustomed to write with his pencil or pen held between the first and second fingers of the hand, whereas Mrs. Piper held this pencil in the more common way--between the thumb and first finger. I made the change desired, and the writing then continued without the slightest difficulty."

Dr. Isaac K. Funk has delved as deeply in his effort to untangle this skein of facts and theories as though psychical research was the sole object of his existence, instead of being, as it is, but one of the many interests in his remarkably busy life.

One of the most convincing experiences that Dr. Funk has ever had was that of the "widow's mite." As he describes this incident, an intelligence purporting to be the spirit of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher appeared to him through a Brooklyn medium and asked him to return a coin that he had borrowed from a man who had been a close friend

of the late pastor of Plymouth Church. The piece of money referred to was a "widow's mite," mentioned in the New Testament, and Dr. Funk remembered that it had been loaned to him that he might use it in illustrating the "Standard Dictionary." He also remembered, however, that he had given strict orders that the coin should be returned to its owner as soon as the "cut" had been made and, supposing that this had been done, he had dismissed the matter from his mind. To his surprise, however, the "spirit" still insisted that the coin was hidden in a certain safe under a pile of papers, and when subsequently a search was instituted the coin was found.

"It could not have been mind-reading, conscious or unconscious," Dr. Funk insisted, "because I knew nothing about it, either objectively or subjectively, and nobody else knew it was there. But what was it?"

And that is the question that must be answered before we can hope to settle the smallest of these problems. Even admitting that ghosts may be excluded from our calculations; even admitting that it is an unknown power within ourselves that tips our tables and raps upon our walls; admitting, too, that each and all of Mrs. Piper's achievements can be explained by telepathy, the effort to solve the problems that still remain will be sufficient to keep several societies for psychical research busy for many years.

~~A~~ MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

— :-(X): —

THE *Swastika* has published the following true psychical experience as narrated by E. C. :—

In the fall of 1903 my husband suddenly died and left me located upon a large and lonely ranch. That winter I was desperately ill and came very near death.

The following spring, while still weak and depressed, my tenant left me and during the interval of two weeks which ensued before I secured another tenant, I was left entirely alone, my only companion being a faithful Scotch collie.

I was unaccustomed to ranch life or responsibility and was greatly troubled by my helpless situation.

Late in the afternoon of a languid spring day, having worn myself out trying to estimate the cost of various improvements, I called the dog and sauntered down to see the stock in the corral. The twilight was deepening as we returned to the house, and I reseated myself at a small table to resume my former occupation.

The dog, which had followed me into the house and quickly laid down at my feet, suddenly sprang up growling, and ran out of the house onto the lawn, where he crouched down, whining and exhibiting the greatest distress, occasionally lifting his head and howling.

Astonished, I looked around for the cause, but could discover nothing unusual, and as he refused to return, I picked up my pencil and upon placing it upon the paper, I found, to my utter consternation that I could not move it an inch; it seemed to be pulling away from me, and the sensation was identical to that of a powerful magnet drawing a nail.

Being naturally somewhat aggressive in disposition, I unconsciously 'held on with all my strength. I found I could lift the pencil from the paper easily enough and I began a thorough examination of it, the paper and table, but found nothing wrong. I went into another room and obtained fresh writing material. I then noticed that there was something out of the ordinary with the table, a sort of ~~travelling~~ writing, as it were.

I was no more successful in my efforts with the new pencil than before, and after some experimenting, it suddenly dawned upon my startled senses to let go, still holding it lightly between my fingers, and see what would happen. To my amazement, it began rapidly writing a sentence and then stopped of its own volition.

By that time it was too dark in the room to read what had been written, and taking the paper in my hand, I went out on the lawn, and again the dog started up growling and fled from me.

Curiosity was my principal sensation, as I turned my paper to catch the last glimmer of the twilight, and read clearly and plainly written in the peculiar chirography of my dead husband: "*Death is blessed rest,*" and signed by his name in full. Frightened and trembling, I threw it from me

and rushed wildly after the dog. That night Jack and I cowered in the barn until broad daylight.

This was only the beginning of a series of events which grew and grew until I was helpless in the grasp of some terrible power I could not account for. Tables danced madly, chairs climbed into my lap, raps loud and startling, as though a rock had been flung at the door, writing, in many different styles of chirography, pages of French and German, grammatically correct (languages with which I am not familiar), names of people entirely unknown to me, and finally periods of total unconsciousness in which names of the dead were given to me and personal descriptions of them, whom I had never known in life.

In one incident the name Joshua L.— was given, it being the name of the dead brother of a gentleman who was present. He, Joshua, had met with an accident from the kick of a horse which occurred shortly before his death, and his nose was broken and discolored. His appearance was accurately described, together with his full name and many other incidents of a like nature.

Intense exhaustion and distressing nausea invariably followed the unconscious state.

The strongest power seemed to come from an Indian child named Walalie, which was simply impossible to control. He tore the paper and moved the pen in spite of all my strength to retain it.

Over and over was written: "*Oh, have faith, or this power will leave you. It comes from God; see you use it aright!*" I was convinced there was some unseen force of tremendous energy, still I could not altogether believe in it.

In fact, I disliked it intensely. It was a peculiar, unnatural, uncanny influence, which controlled *me*, and not *I it*, and brought with it a feeling of rebellion upon my part, and I was afraid of it.

I was urged in many different handwritings to cultivate the power and promised, "*I should see the dead face to face.*"

One peculiar incident connected with my husband's death was as follows, and written in his hand writing : "*I did not know I was dead. I heard you crying in the hall and ran out to see what was the matter. I took hold of your arm and I was never more astonished in my life when you paid no attention to me. I did not know what had happened until I saw my mother, and then I realised that I had passed over. You frightened the lady with the white pitcher half out of her senses.*"

My husband died at a hotel, and I did not know there was a lady present. Upon investigation the porter told me she was drawing ice water in a small pitcher from the cooler.

At times a paragraph would be written in a large, coarse handwriting, "*Let me write,*" and the paper would be immediately drawn from me by this unseen force, afterwards stating "*That was an evil spirit. Have nothing to do with it.*" And, indeed, the evil always seemed stronger than the good.

There was another incident which I wish particularly to bring to your notice. This writing was not always by my own volition. It was frequently like a hypnotic influence. Sentences would be interpolated in the midst of my private correspondence, of which I was not conscious at the time, but would discover upon reading over that I had written.

One afternoon I was quietly reading when a strange sensation came over me that I must write at once; half dazed, I got a pencil and it wrote on the margin of the magazine I was reading: "*Do you know who this is? It is May. They are going to take me to Beatrice and I don't want to go. Tell Ellen to look——*" There it abruptly ended. I was puzzled, knowing that my friend May was living, and well, and I had never heard her speak of any woman or friend by the name of Beatrice. The half-finished sentence seemed queer and I did not understand it in the least. In a few days the mail brought me the solution in a black-edged letter. Allowing for the difference in time, May had died some ten or twenty minutes before the message was written, and they were going to take the body to Beatrice, Nebraska, for burial.

In after days she apparently came repeatedly; her writing was always in her own chirography: "*This is May. Just a moment, Mrs.—. Tell Ellen to look,*" and there it ended.

My husband repeatedly wrote upon business matters, giving me advice and encouragement, placing me in the care of one of my neighbors, a gentleman who had formerly been a clergyman, a man of strong personality and powerful intellect and extensive reading. He had investigated deeply along the line of spiritualism and seemed to exert a powerful influence when in the room with me, especially in the matter of levitation, the manifestations being very marked. His presence also mitigated to some degree the nausea and excessive exhaustion following these seances, and it was through him that I finally escaped from the thralldom of this, to me, disagreeable power.

Several times a small, dim, nebulous light floated around the room and invariably settled upon his forehead.

In these writings many absent questions were asked and answered intelligently, such as:

Question: "*What is God?*"

Answer: "*God is Divine intelligence. The life principle once created, cannot be destroyed. Death is only a natural change and the spirit world is nearer than you think.*"

"*Never doubt there is a future existence; fear not, the change is only a natural advancement, and there are opportunities in the spirit world for continual improvement.*"

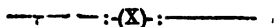
"*In my Father's house are many mansions. Nothing stands still in Nature or in God, which is Nature.*"

"*The spirit retains all its love of kindred and struggles to return to them.*"

"*The Circle is symbolical of Eternity, without beginning and without end.*"

To elaborate further would make this article too long. Before the time of which I speak, I had always avoided anything of this nature and had had no experience in spiritualism whatever. I am conscious this power still exists, and were I to permit myself the slightest indulgence in it, I would again become the helpless victim of an unknown force,

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.



OCCULT TRANSMISSION OF NEWS.

THE receipt of communications announcing an event which has occurred at such a distance as to preclude the use of known physical means of transmission is usually regarded as exceptional and marvellous. But M. Gaston Mery, in 'L'Echo du Merveilleux,' has collected instances to show that such transmission of intelligence has been known and regularly practised for ages by races who have been looked upon as ignorant and uncivilised. Cæsar records that, during his campaign in Gaul, the news of a battle at Orleans was speedily known in Auvergne, one hundred and sixty miles away, and he considers that this was done by men shouting across the country from one village to another. Successive commentators on this story have tried to estimate the number of stages necessary for this transmission, and one Academician has calculated that over two thousand criers would be needed to pass the news from one to another.

In 1898, an English officer who was with some native troops at Freetown, South Africa, was told by a native sergeant that a great battle had been fought; this was found to be that of Omdurman, in the Soudan. A similar case is that of an officer who was bringing up reinforcements

to troops on the Blue Nile ; a week before he could join the main force he was told by natives of a battle that had taken place on the previous day.

Kaffirs have been known to give very definite information as to what was taking place at considerable distances. A farmer wrote to a friend living over forty miles away, saying that his Kaffirs had told him of a fight between a herdsman on the latter's farm and a bull which had attacked him, and said that both the man and the bull had died from their wounds. This was true and had occurred only three hours before the letter was despatched from the farm forty-five miles away.

An old Kaffir woman announced that a man ^{was} being tried for homicide at Johannesburg (about forty miles away) had been acquitted, and that the principal witness had been put in prison. This seemed improbable, as the accused man had admitted his guilt. It was found, however, that the man had pleaded 'not guilty' and had been acquitted ; the principal witness against him was, later in the day, knocked down by a vehicle and taken to the prison infirmary, where he died.

The Marquis de Mores, an African traveller, speaking of the rapid transmission of news among the Arabs, said :—

This is evidently an occult phenomenon. If the Arabs communicated with one another by any physical means, we should perceive it : if by fires, we should see them ; if by sounds, we should hear them. Their process is invisible and silent. My opinion is that the news is transmitted mentally, through the old marabouts, ascetics who have trained

themselves for a long time, by unknown practices, to project their thoughts to distance.

If these reports are trustworthy telepathy may explain them, but it is equally probable, perhaps more so, that the natives who gave the information were clairvoyant.

A SPIRIT TEA PARTY.

THE "Revue Spirite" publishes a curious account of a seance held at a town in Russian Poland, at which the mediums were public officials, the master of the house was a retired colonel and the president of the seance a lawyer interested in occultism. The seance was held in two communicating rooms; the doors and windows were closed and sealed and the sitters were tied together by a long ribbon passed around the neck of each and secured at each end to the woodwork of the room. The rooms were left in their normal condition the dining-room having just been used for tea, and the plates, dishes and tea-urn (samovar) remaining as they were when the company left the table. The sitters were at a considerable distance from this table, at the further end of the drawing-room, into which the dining room opened.

After touches had been felt, and notes sounded on the piano, one of the mediums (at the end of the line of sitters) said he wanted to smoke, and the writer of the account held out a box of matches towards him, asking the spirits to take the box to him. A large hand took the box and, in a second or two gave it to the medium. On the match being struck, it was seen that the lamp, placed near the table in the dining room, had been brought close to the writer. Soon afterwards steps were heard in the rooms, and "Father Gapon,"

the priest agitator, who was killed in 1906, announced his presence.

A sound as of someone blowing hard was heard in the dining room, then sparks were seen issuing from the samovar, and a noise was heard as of water beginning to boil. Then a movement of glasses and spoons was heard, and the sound of liquid running from the tap of the urn. A woman's voice asked, "who wants some tea?"

The writer responded, and sounds were heard as of a glass being filled and a man taking steps across the floor, then stopping and drinking from the glass. The narrator asked him not to drink it all up, and then felt the glass presented to him (in Russia tea is drunk out of glasses). The tea, he says, was excellent. At the end of the seance the ribbon and all seals were found to be intact, showing that none of the sitters had moved from their places. A shoe which had been removed from the narrator's foot early in the seance was found on the dining room table, and a message had been written on a piece of paper left in the same room.—*Night*, London.

REMARKABLE APPORTS AT MELBOURNE.

THE Melbourne representative of the Sydney *Sunday Times* reports a seance held with Mr. Charles Bailey, on Friday, May 22nd last, at the office of Mr. T. W. Stanford. The writer says:—

The prosaic reporter—and I claim to be such a person, being practical-minded in respect to things I do not understand, and loth to allow myself to be carried away on a high tide of emotional enthusiasm or fanatical fervour—

the prosaic reporter, I repeat, may, if he is honest, be fairly relied upon to tell a plain, unvarnished tale, sans hysteria, sans bias, sans everything save pure, unadulterated fact.

There having been two or three new investigators present, the 'controls,' or 'spirit forces,' operating for the night arranged a test which may be described as fairly strict, so far as the phenomena were concerned; in regard to the lecture that was delivered prior to the bringing of the 'appart' no special arrangement was necessary. The investigators sat round in full light of a lamp, and a powerful address on prayer was given by the control known as 'Professor Denton.' The remarks offered were sound and matter-of-fact in their purport, while the delivery was fluent and forcible.

For the special demonstration the sitters, by direction of the chief controlling intelligence, 'Dr. Whitcomb,' joined hands, forming a complete circle; the medium was seated on a Vienna chair placed on the table around which the investigators sat. The chief control—speaking, of course, through the organism of Mr. Bailey, who was then on the table—remarked that the medium had been thoroughly searched by three gentlemen in the room. This was so. The control further asked the sitters to retain hold of hands until ordered by him to let go, and so immediately report the fact if any sitter relinquished his or her hold for one second in which case the gentleman in charge of the lamp was ordered to remove it from its cupboard at once and throw a light on the proceedings. By this arrangement every sitter became a special detective, or watcher of the neighbour on either side, and as the doors were locked,

sat on his chair on the table, there seemed to be no possible loophole for fraud. I am satisfied that the test was a thoroughly strict one.

The medium was dressed in an ordinary sac suit when he got on to the table, and when the light was placed in the cupboard and the lid closed complete darkness prevailed. But keen ears detected the creaking of the chair, the breathing of the medium, and minor movements he made while on his elevated platform. Ears that were not necessarily keen distinctly heard the swish of a moving body on three separate occasions in the vicinity of the medium, these noises being followed by a chuckling laugh and an exclamation in a voice said to be that of 'Abdul,' a Hindu control, the words being, 'I got it.' The three swishing noises occurred ~~without~~ a quarter or half-minute of each other, and when the light was taken from the cupboard, after having been secluded for probably ten minutes in all—this being the longest period yet known for the bringing of an 'appoit'—the spectators beheld, to their great wonderment, a human form (that of the medium) fully dressed in a Mandarin costume—hat, pigtail, coat, and divided skirt complete—and looking, startlingly like a real Chinaman, the illusion being made all the greater and more surprising when the form got down from the table and walked round the room, talking words that appeared to be perfectly articulated Chinese. The control then operating, as was subsequently explained by the chief control, was the spirit of the Celestial who had worn this costume a few years ago, and had been killed in it during a conflict with some national foe. The form felt for its sword, but that was absent. It took off the pigtail and jabbered in a way that seemed to suggest

horror and anguish of mind, and it finished up by lifting a chair in its teeth and balancing it in the air for a few seconds. This feat, though done with the medium's mouth, was so remarkable as to have been quite beyond the strength and dexterity of the medium *in propria persona*, who is a rather frail-built man.

The foregoing is a hasty and incomplete but truthful account of what occurred. Readers may puzzle out for themselves as to how it was all accomplished.

NOTES.



THOSE who do not know John Page Hopps and read his little monthly publication, "The coming day," are, we think, unfortunate. The pages of his publication breathe the highest philanthropy, and his liberal religious principles show him to be a true Vaishnava, a disciple of Gauranga, the Prophet of Nadia, though he probably does not know so. In the November number of "The Coming Day" we find the account of a gathering of spiritualists in Lake Pleasant, America. The account is by the Rev. E. P. Powell, a Unitarian Minister. Describing the gathering he says :—

"The grounds were comparable to nothing but a bee-hive, for the buzz and hum of the people, all of whom seemed to be absolutely happy."

Yes, it is impossible to get a happy lot like the spiritualists among any class of people. The Czar is the autocrat of all the Russias, yet, he is the most unhappy man in the world. A millionaire has to leave his hoards behind him ; a man, happy in domestic life, has to suffer from bereavement, but a spiritualist, who is true to his philosophy, is as happy as a butterfly. He has no doubt his sorrows, which one must have in this vale of sorrows, but he, as a spiritualist, knows absolutely, that his Father has destined him and

his dear ones a happy and everlasting life in another state of existence. He may be condemned to slavery ; he may suffer from an incurable disease ; but what does he care when he knows it positively that he will get rid of his sufferings in a short time and carried to an everlasting happy state ? What is the greatest misfortune according to a non-spiritualist ? It is death. To avoid death, the Czar will vacate his throne, Vanderbilt his wealth. But, to a spiritualist, death is not only no danger but a great bliss. It is thus Gladstone, though a bigotted Christian,—and Spiritualism and Christianity as taught by bigots cannot live together,—says that “the work that the spiritualists are doing is great, nay, it is the greatest that one can conceive of, namely, the establishment of life after death, upon science and facts.” So every one in this vale of sorrows ought to study spiritualism ; for it will make his existence happy though he lives in “a vale of sorrows.”

MR. STAD is of opinion that, “during the last quarter of a century, more than three thousand works on spiritualism have appeared,—among them forty-six scientific periodicals in all languages, and the number of spiritualists of European races alone exceed fifty millions.” What does that signify ? Spiritualism is based upon testimony,—facts observed and not faith. The son of a spiritualist is not necessarily a spiritualist. To be a spiritualist, one must see facts proving spiritualism conclusively. In short, to be a spiritualist one must come across undoubted evidence establishing the fact of communication between the living and the dead. These fifty million spiritualists, at least the vast majority of them, have, therefore, seen proofs which have convinced them of the truth of spiritualism. Besides, these white races, now a days,

are generally materialists, but in Asia, most people have faith in the existence of a spiritual world. So spiritualism has converted fifty million men of these white people, who are generally materialistic. And the three thousand books have been written within the last twenty-five years. It is impossible to suppose that a lie could produce such a vast literature ! An article by an opponent will be found elsewhere. The writer, it will be seen, though commenced his article in an antagonistic spirit, has ultimately almost come to acknowledge the truth of spiritualism.

QUESTION. WHAT is it that men dread most ?

Answer. Death.

Q. How is this dread to be overcome ?

A. By a belief in the philosophy of spiritualism.

Q. What does this philosophy teach ?

A. It is this that men never die ; that those who apparently die awake again as men do after sleep.

Q. How can a belief in the philosophy of spiritualism be acquired ?

A. It is by investigating yourself or studying the investigations of others.

Q. Is enough testimony forthcoming in support of spiritualism ?

A. Yes, because there are about fifty millions of men most of whom have been led to accept spiritualism after investigation. So we have many millions of men willing and competent to testify to the truth of spiritualism.

Q. Who among these witnesses are the most convincing ?

A. Those investigators who have declined to accept spiritualism. Mr. Podmore is such a one. He is determined not to believe, though the arguments that he uses to disprove spiritualism, will convince an unprejudiced mind. Indeed, the best witnesses, whose evidence and arguments will convince you, are those who believe in the phenomena, but disbelieve the spiritual theory.

SPIRITUALISTS feel that they are more interested in exposing deceiving mediums than non-believers, indeed, there is not a more successful and clever catcher of such mediums than Mr. Carrington, yet he is a believer. Equally successful in exposing such mediums was the late Mr. Hodgson. He, however, subsequently became one of the most pronounced spiritualists in the world. It is alleged that he even detected Madame Blavatsky in fraudulent practises. As a matter of fact, many celebrated mediums, who have satisfied a large number of people of being in possession of true mediumship, have been, it is alleged by opponents, detected in the commission of fraud. But Eves Sarjeant, the author, who has written many valuable works on spiritualism and who has, on investigation, found conclusive proofs to make him believe in the immortality of men and the return of the dead to communicate with the "fellow" below, says the following on the subject of fraudulent mediums:—

"That genuine mediums may sometimes purposely resort to fraud is highly probable. There is temptation of exciting an exaggerated estimate of one's ready mediumship, [in others here is the chance of a medium being moved by the feeling of vanity]; there is the temptation of getting money which

might be refused in the event of failure, most mediums being poor . . . That the charge of fraud is often the result of ignorance can be proved."

Yes ignorance and deep prejudice. Thus Slade was recommended to the Russian Government by Colonel Olcott as a genuine medium, but still he was prosecuted by a bitter opponent of spiritualism, Prof. Lankester and sent to jail by an equally bitter judge. Though sent to jail by a court of law, the spiritualists knew that he was a genuine medium. Florence Cook, the girl who so wonderfully converted Prof. Crookes to the truth of spiritualism, was charged by the opponents of spiritualism with fraudulent practices, but Crookes said that he knew her to be a genuine medium. Madame Blavatsky was exposed by Mr. Hodgson, yet these very charges against her led such a master mind as Mrs. Besant to take her for her *Guru*. Only the other day Eusapia Paladino was "found indulging in fraudulent practises" by eminent scientists, but equally eminent scientists are willing to swear that she is a remarkably genuine medium possessing wonderful powers. Don't take it as gospel truth when opponents bring charges of fraudulent practises against well-known mediums.

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CORRESPONDENTS from various parts of the country often ask us for directions how to form circles. We can't afford to answer such letters, for they will find all the necessary information in this journal. A correspondent of Krishnagore is surprised at his ill-success for he formed circles, says he, with women who were known to be sensitives. We think, every one can achieve success if he has the virtue of perseverance. The privilege of opening communications with the dead is

very great, and one ought to have patience to pursue the object. There are some who, we have seen, succeed on the first day, others in less than a week, but success is generally obtained in two weeks. Some take so long a time as three months. However, these also get better results.

A MESSIAH is one who brings messages from God. Such a messiah was Jesus Christ, and another was, Mahomed. They brought tidings from God to the effect that He exists and takes care of men below. Now, such a Messiah is necessary to inform men, whose capacities are limited, about God and His character. For such a mysterious being is ~~He~~ the God, that it is impossible for men to know, by a mere exercise of the intellect, anything about Him with certainty,—whether He exists or not, or if He exists whether He cares for men or not. Therefore Messiahs are necessary to instruct men on the two points noted above. The latest Messiah is Lord Gauranga of Nadia, Bengal. He has one advantage over His brother messiahs, namely, His sayings and doings were recorded in detail by hundreds of his immediate followers, themselves men of the highest position. So that there is no doubt whatsoever of what He did and said. And what are the tidings that this last Messiah brought? It was that the God loves men ardently, and that the *goloké*, the highest Heaven, is open to the best of them, and eventually to all. He is no doubt the greatest psychic that ever flourished in the world.

There is one European, however, who compelled God to send him messages from Heaven, by the force of his prayers.

This man is Baron Guildenstube. If permitted, we shall publish, in our next, an account of his career for the benefit of those who are desirous of bringing a message from the spiritual world.

EPES SARJEANT, the author, who has written several able books on spiritualism says, that though the spirits have tried to prove their existence and power of communicating with men in hundreds of ways, the most convincing are direct writing and clairvoyance. About direct writing we shall try to say something in our next, let us say a few words about clairvoyance to-day. Clairvoyance is acknowledged by the Hindu scientists, who call it *Dibya chakshu*. Any one or most men can develop it, say the Hindu writers, by the practice of Yoga. Clairvoyance means power of seeing things through eyes other than the material ones. Now if a man can see things at a long distance, say hundreds or thousands of miles, one is bound to arrive at the conclusion that he has not only a material but spiritual eye. So, if man has this power that he can see without a material eye, why then should he not be able to hear without a material ear and live without a material body?

Light says that the celebrated medium, Mr. A. V. Peters, has been meeting with marked success and appreciation in South Africa, to judge from the tone of newspaper reports which have reached us. At Uitenhage, where he stayed for two weeks, he delivered an interesting address in the Town Hall, the Mayor presiding, and then gave descriptions of about a dozen spirit forms, which were at once recognised in all but two cases, and it is intimated that even in these instances

recognition has since taken place. Mr. Peters was a complete stranger in the town and could not possibly have got the descriptions from people there. He should come to India where he is likely to get an enthusiastic reception. Those who are spiritualists are necessarily philanthropists too. They ought to send a good medium to India oppressed by the theory of misunderstood re-incarnation.

Says John Wesley :—

One of the capital objections to all these accounts which I have known urged over and over, is this: Did you ever see an apparition yourself? No; nor did I ever see a murder, ~~nor~~ I believe there is such a thing. Yet the testimony of unexceptional witnesses fully convinces me of both the one and the other. With my last breath will I bear testimony against giving up to infidels one of the greatest proofs of the invisible world—I mean that of apparitions confirmed by the testimony of all ages.

In an article on spiritualism the learned Professor Lombroso gives the following account of his experiences at a seance :—

"One day, Eusapia said to a friend conversing with her, 'This phantom comes for you.' She then fell into a deep trance, and a woman of great beauty appeared who had died two years before; her arms and shoulders were covered by the edge of the curtain. Her head was covered with a very fine veil; she breathed a warm breath against the back of this sitter's hand, carried his hand up to her hair and very gently bit his fingers. Meanwhile Eusapia was heard uttering prolonged groans, showing painful effort which ceased when the phantom disappeared. The apparition was perceived by two others present, and returned several times.

An attempt was then made to photograph it. Eusapia and John (the controlling spirit) consented, but the phantom, by a sign with the head and hands, intimated that she objected and twice broke the photographic plate." A request to have a mould of her hands taken was also refused. At a later sitting Eusapia, who had promised to obtain consent of the spirit, gave three raps to indicate it had been obtained, and a hand was heard plunged in the liquid in the cabinet. Presently a complete mould of the hand was passed to the sitter, but an etheric hand advanced from the curtain and dashed it to pieces. "It is evident," says Lombroso, "that a third will can intervene which is neither that of John nor of Eusapia nor of those present at the seance, but is opposed to all of them." Lombroso relates also how the medium was slowly raised from the ground in her chair not only in opposition to her own will, but in opposition to the will of the controllers of the circle who tried to prevent her rising.

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 THROUGH oversight it was not acknowledged that the article, headed "Spirit Photography" was reproduced in the present number, from that excellent spiritual weekly of Rochester, *Reason*, for which we regret.

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 THE *Scientific American*, New York, unfriendly to spiritualism, makes this admission :—

"If true it will become the one grand event of the world's history, and will give an imperishable glory to the nineteenth century. . . . If the pretensions of spiritualism have a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men than their verification."

Mr. Gladstone, though a begotting Christian, yet admits that the investigation into this subject of spiritualism is the greatest and "most important work for man. Yes, if the "pretensions" of spiritualism, which are that men live after death just as they were here, and that these dead men can communicate with their fellows here, are established, then the earth, the so-called vale of sorrows, is turned into heaven and the lot of man becomes happy indeed. Spiritualism

is, therefore, a subject which every man should investigate and study, and every one ought to have a journal like this in his hand. Yet, alas! how many realize the vast importance of this subject?

The venerable German philosopher, I. H. Fichte, uttered the following a few weeks before his death in 1879: "Notwithstanding my age and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of spiritualism." Every word in the above sentence suits us, except that Fichte was a great man, while the Editor of this journal is an humble individual. Yet he is a man who retired from active work ten years ago, who is scarcely strong enough to be able to hold his pen, yet he does not choose to die without leaving behind him this precious message to his fellow-beings that there is no death and that loving hearts unite in the other world and lead a life of progress for ever and ever.

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Shishir Kumar Ghose.

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LORD GAURANGA : THE GREATEST PSYCHIC IN THE WORLD.

—:-(X):—

As we are going to continue the description of the most wonderful incident that ever occurred in the world, at least the most wonderful as supported by overwhelming testimony, we beg our readers to refresh their memory by reading what appeared on this subject in our last two issues.

Well Sreebas saw the illuminated Figure sitting on the dais or the cushioned seat where the Image of God is kept and worshipped. He, as we said before, had no doubt in his mind as to Who He was that said "you see, Sreebas, I am come." He saw that it was the Lord, but he also

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saw that He was made as it were of light only. Sreebas, in a loud voice, announced to the other members of his family, namely, his three brothers, his wife and the wives of his brothers, that they should come at once as the Lord God had at last appeared. We also said that there was good reason why, when Sreebas made this announcement, he was not voted a mad man, on the other hand, his statement was accepted as true, without reservation, by all who heard him. All the immediate followers of the Lord had been made to expect great things from the sayings and doings of Gauranga. People saw that the Lord had the power of converting a wicked man, that is making a saint of a sinner, by the mere exercise of His will, and that in a moment. They saw it every day. Comes a man known to be an ordinary house-holder or a very wicked man. The Lord pronounces the benediction, "be pious," he falls down in a swoon, and rises a pious man of the first degree. Comes a man with malice and anger in his heart; he applies abusive epithets and uses threatening language to the Lord. But the Lord saves him by a word and he from that moment becomes a devoted servant. Who is this young man then, thought his companions, who can thus issue a mandate upon the God Almighty to accept a sinner? Is he 'somebody sent by God or the God Himself?

It must be borne in mind that the idea of God appearing to man, in a human form, never crossed the minds of Hindus of latter days. Of course, Śrīe Kṛṣṇa had appeared thousands of years ago, but many learned men believed Him, in their heart of hearts, to be a mythical character. Others, who believed in His advent thought that such things only happened in the olden days, the Golden Age,

when God was more accessible, and thus talked with man face to face. Why should He come now, especially as the holy books of the Hindus did not distinctly predict any such Avatar? But yet the Lord began to shew powers, which men did not possess,—who was he then?

Besides, when entranced, or in a divine state, he would say, "Sree Krishna is here," "Sree Krishna is there," and talk of God in such a matter-of-fact way as to lead his followers to believe that he was not giving vent to fancies but that God was near Him. So, is it possible, thought they, that this young man is a Messiah from God, or Sree Krishna Himself? The belief, in short, obtained a firm hold of the minds of his followers, that God was very near and that it, was He Who was speaking through the Lord. They beheld besides wonders every day; they beheld beautiful, and paradisaical scenes, visions of angels and so forth,—and they expected that something very wonderful would happen very soon. So when Sreebas announced that the Lord God had come, the announcement was received as one which had been expected. So they all ran towards the Puja house to see what the matter was.

Peeping into the house they saw an illuminated Figure on the cushioned seat, and the followers naturally got dazed. They slowly shut the door and remained outside. It was to bring them back to their natural condition, the illuminated Figure informed them that He wanted to be bathed. When they heard this command they ran to the market place to purchase jars to fetch water from the river, Ganges. One by one the followers of the Lord began to appear on the scene. The Lord was inside the hut, and none dared intrude into His

presence, but they all saw a wonderful sight. The Pooja-house of Sreebas, within which the Lord was sitting, had a mat wall. Through the fissures of this mat wall, issued pencils of light, which were distinctly visible from outside. They soon found out that the rays were coming from the body of the illuminated Figure within. The rays, coming through the fissures, were not affected by the mid-day sun of India in the month of May, but remained distinctly visible. Those who have any experience of this country, know how fierce are the rays of the May sun at Indian noon-tide. For any pencil of light to be visible in such glow, it must be stronger than the rays of the mid-day sun in Indian May. The early saints chronicle this event to give man an idea, how strong was the light that enveloped the person of the Lord.

There are other descriptions of the luminosity which surrounded the person of the Lord. These descriptions give us some idea of the nature of this luminosity. Well, when the jars, hundreds of them, had come, filled with water, the Lord came out of the house to bathe. There were then hundreds of his followers present. And what did they see? They saw a figure of gold, girt as with "million lightning flashes," issue from the house. Indeed, the light that surrounded Him dimmed the mid-day sun of Indian May when He came outside. This is what one of the many authors, who were eye-witnesses to this spectacle, says: "When the Lord appeared, he was seen to be enveloped in a garb woven of lightning, a million times condensed, and proportionately bright which dimmed the rays of the sun."

The Lord seated Himself on a large wooden seat in the open air, and water was poured on his head. The water which

fell to the ground, from the body of the Lord, acquired a peculiar luminosity, and as it flowed through the yard it sparkled like golden water, or water mixed with a sparkling substance, such as pieces of diamond. His followers, when he was bathed, dared not rub his sacred body with an ordinary towel, so they sent for the finest white muslin to rub his body with. And when this was done, the illuminated fluid stuck to the muslin, and the white sheet of muslin shone in the sun like a piece of gold-embroidered cloth, studded with diamonds. He was then led, by his own desire, to the sleeping apartment of Sreebas, the doors of which were not only shut but screens were hung at all the doors and windows to exclude light and heat from it. As the Lord proceeded to the sleeping apartment, a thousand flashes of lightning seemed to play around Him. He was then taken to the room which had been darkened. But no sooner was He taken there than the flashes of lightning that surrounded the Lord, lighted up the room. His followers now had a clearer view of His person, and His body appeared to them to consist of strong light only, and not of flesh and bone. The light, though it was brighter than mid-day sun of an Indian May, was yet quite agreeable to look on, and did not hurt the eye. It soothed and delighted, but did not dazzle.

There are further accounts of this light in several books describing his career. He was generally in his human state, but now and then the God Almighty appeared in his person. When He thus flourished as Lord God in a house, for some hours say, He left a luminosity there when he left the place. This is what Muraree, who was his constant companion, his neighbour and about fifteen years older than

him, says : "When the Lord left the house of Chandra Shekhar, he left behind him a cool luminosity, which resembled the rays of the moon. This light remained in the house for seven days and nights continuously and then gradually disappeared. The light looked like electricity, as if the lightning of heaven was playing on earth. Its effect upon the eyes was such that no one could open them when under its influence."

We said that those who were present could not help believing Him to 'be the God Almighty, 'the belief stuck to their minds in spite of themselves. The most confirmed sceptic, nay, even an opponent had also no escape from that influence. But He was believed to be God by his followers for many other reasons also. His powers of throwing multitudes into ecstasy and converting the greatest sinners into saints by His will ; the way he taught God-madness, by example, etc., shewed to his followers that he was more than a man. What a privilege to be able to believe that God, in His affection for man, had ever taken a human form!

THE SAINTLY CAREER OF A YOUNG HINDU WIDOW.



WE have widows almost in every family. But, as we have scarcely many widowers, it shews that the number of females in this country exceed that of males. Hence we have not men enough to provide all women with husbands. Our predecessors managed it by marrying more than one. This considerably lessened the value of husbands, and enabled fathers to provide their daughters with this commodity, without ruining themselves as they have to do now.

Let us now come to the point. We said above that almost every family here has one or more widows. These women naturally pass a most dreary life. Yet they can make their existence not only happy but ecstatic by a very simple method. This method will be found in the life of the lady, Indu Mati, whose career, written by her brother's wife, is given below. Indeed, she led a life of religion and became a saint.

She was born with the feelings of piety, highly developed in her heart. For while only eight, she spent much of her time in devotional practices. She gave a good deal of attention to study with a view to learn from religious books how to worship God. Even at the early age mentioned above, she began proselytizing her companions,

telling them that the highest object of existence was to worship God. Indeed, she spent much of her time with her companions in devotional practices. If hymns were sung or religious books were read anywhere, girl as she was, she was sure to be there, forgetful of hunger or thirst. Indeed, she herself read many of the popular religious books of the Hindus, and that with the sole object of finding how to worship God. She, in this manner, prepared notes of procedure as to worship and she instructed her girl friends in these rules and methods.

She was the daughter of Babu Shashi Shekhar Rai of Prachpara, in the Hooghly district, and was named Indu Mati. At the age of eleven, she was married to the son of Babu Parbutty Charan Gupta of Monghyr. At the age of thirteen she was taken to her husband's and at the age of fourteen she lost him by accident.

It was during a sun eclipse, that her husband suddenly disappeared. It was believed, rather ascertained almost with certainty, that he had met his death in the bosom of the broad Ganges below Monghyr. Gigantic efforts were made to find the body but without success. So there was no absolute certainty that she had become a widow,—essential as this was for the purpose of performing the *Sradh* ceremony of her husband. A married girl has all the privileges of a woman in this country. On the other hand, a widow has to lead an austere life, and is never permitted to marry again.

The priests, however, when consulted, gave their opinion that since the body of her husband had not been found, she must live as a married woman for twelve years at least, and, if within that period her husband did not turn up, she

must, after performing the *Sradh*, adopt the hard life of a Hindu widow.

But Indu Mati preferred to adopt the austere life of a widow even from the beginning. She gave up eating animal food, she gave up using jewellery, and she gave up society. She spent her time in devotion, and she scarcely allowed her friends to disturb her with worldly talk. Within a year some of her internal organs were opened, and she began to hear voices from the celestial world. Her spiritual eyes and ears were opened too; she began to cure diseases, found lost articles and soothed the afflicted in many ways. For this, she was treated by those who knew her as a woman, beloved of Krishna. Yet she was then only a young girl of 15 or 16. At first she worshipped like a Shakta, but gradually she was drawn to the lotus feet of Sree Krishna.

If any one sympathised with her widowhood, she never admitted that she was a widow. She declared that she had only one husband and that husband was Sree Krishna, the dear God. She would, now and then, do a little domestic work, but she spent most of her time in devotion. We said above that her spiritual senses were opened and she gradually began to see visions of celestial beings. Thus she was once asked by one whom she regarded as an angel to go to her father's at Panchpara, though no doubt this angel was only a high-class spirit. There the same spirit told her never to mourn for her widowhood; that she had got the highest reward which was open to man or woman, and that her glorious liberation was very near. She then told her sister-in-law, the wife of her eldest brother [the writer of this memoir] "Sister! mind this is my last visit to my father's house, Panchpara."

Sister-in-law: Explain yourself. What do you mean?

Indu: I mean that I am here in this sphere only for three months more; I shall not remain one day after three months.

Her sister-in-law thought that she was contemplating suicide, so she asked:—Do you mean to commit suicide?

Indu: If I had meant that I would have done it long ago, and never taken the trouble to bear the burden of this earthly life so long.

Sister-in-law: Then how do you know that you shall depart from here after the expiry of three months?

To this question, Indu gave no direct reply; nay, she evaded a reply by broaching other subjects and ended by saying: "You see, sister, if I raved just now and spoke of my death, don't you let any one know about it. You know I sometimes talk like a mad girl."

Her mother, suffering from ill-health for a long time, desired her sons that they should cremate her body in the bosom of the Ganges. Thereupon Indu said, "That is my request too." The mother sarcastically remarked that she was only a girl and not an old woman, so she had no business to talk in that way. Indu replied, "Yes, I don't need Ganges to save me. If I have *Bhakti* in Krishna that will save me in after-life."

She then returned to Calcutta, and continued to give hints to her dear ones here that she was going soon to Heaven. She always talked of high things and her frequent advice to her dear ones was this:

"Act in such a manner as to enable you to go to Heaven. And let your friends below weep when you go to Heaven laughing."

Eight days before her death, her husband appeared to her, when she was in a half-awake half-sleepy state, and said :

"Why do you lead such a hard life ? Though you don't see me yet I am always with you. Will you come with me just now ?"

To this she replied : "Yes, I can, if you appear before the public and take me with you."

Husband : Open your eyes and you will see me.

Indu. I dare not. If I open my eyes probably you will have to disappear. I am quite happy to see you with my eyes shut.

Husband : Very well, I go now. Whenever you seek me, you will find me.

Indu Mati now began to spend her time only in devotion. Her advice to her mother was that she must worship God more often and more ardently. But the mother complained that as she had been suffering from fever for a month past, she had not the ease of mind to enable her to pray to God. Indu Mati said in reply : "No, mother, that won't do. If this ordinary illness disables you from worshipping God, how will you manage on the last day ?" And then she gave a beautiful lecture to the mother, adding ; "Mother don't drag me to earth, rather help me up."

On the 7th Agrayayan, corresponding to 22nd Nov.; Sunday, she came back home after a drive. That night she felt a little unwell. She told her younger sister, Leela, "You see mother is unwell and she is constantly trying to induce me to take charge of her family affairs. Alas ! she does not know I am going, not only before her, but almost immediately."

Leela was shocked and said that she did not like that sort of talk, and upon that Indu said, "I am only speaking the truth. It is true, my departure will cause intense pain to mother and others, but I can't help it, I must go. My husband came to me eight days ago and he requested me to seek him when I felt the need of his presence. I do not, however, know how to seek him." She reminded her sister that she would become a widow, twelve years after the disappearance of her husband. "That day is drawing nigh. Mind," said she, "I will never live a day in this world as a widow.

Her illness increased. "Mother don't leave me for a moment," said she. The mother replied, "No, I am with you, and am constantly praying to God to spare your life."

Indu: Mother, don't do that. Don't you know that I am to be pronounced a widow in a short time. Let me go before that.

Then she addressed her eldest brother, "Brother? Look there! don't you see an angel, radiant with glory, giving me courage? You see, I am in peace, absolute peace." She was then getting occasionally and momentarily unconscious. "Brother," said she again, "place the Image of God, Radha Krishna, on my breast; place the Geeta on my head. Put the sacred garland round my neck. Don't you, any of you, see the writings that I have in my box. Let them be burnt with my body." She then gazed at the Figure of Sree Krishna and said, "Thou art the pilot in times of danger," and expired calmly as if she were going to sleep. There was no gasping or any such ugly symptoms as attend a human being at his last moment.

The day before she died, at about 12 o'clock, she addressed her mother thus: "Ma, the little property that I have must be distributed in this manner." So saying she made over her fine clothes, jewellery, etc., to her brothers and other dear relations.

AN ENUMERATION OF FEATS ACCOMPLISHED BY SPIRITS.



SAID the Lord Bishop of Ripon before the British Association :

"We stand on the threshold of a new era, by the advent of a Church of God nobler than any the world has ever seen, in which the large, wide ranges of knowledge shall be brought into use ; the Church of God so reconstructed will be the Church of a larger and nobler future. The harmony lies in the fact that we are spiritual men. We shall know that He who made the great and stately fabric of the universe, and who formed the cell so that it might link itself to its brother-cell, and organ unite itself to organ, is the God also who linked thought to thought, instinct to instinct, moral conception to moral conception, until He built up the spiritual man."

To the vast majority, religion is a science which lays down rules how to make our after-existence happier. To those blessed beings, blessed with a piety of the highest order, that is to say, to men having *prem* and *bhakti*—religion is a luxury, as it is a source of ecstasy and bliss. A business-man will tell you that he worships God because he hopes

to better his prospects in this and the other world by it ; a man of genuine piety will tell you that he worships God because he cannot help it ; because the effort gives him pleasure, and imparts bliss to him.

As to the last class of men, we have seen among pious men, the Vaishnavas, who worship Sree Krishna, or Sree Gauranga, that merely the praise of the Lord throws them into an ecstatic trance.

The principal religious faiths in the world are founded by Messias, such as Krishna, Buddha, Christ, Mahomed and Gauranga. The basis of these religions is faith. Men believe them that is all, but they cannot speak with certainty about their truth. Thus for instance, the simple belief that there is a God is based upon faith, it cannot be established by evidence. Bradlaugh, a noble and most intelligent man, was an atheist, and so was Ingersoll.

It, however, happens that the age of Faith has been at last supplanted by the age of Reason. Faith has no longer that hold upon the human mind, as it had before. A writer says that it is doubtful, whether there are so many as a hundred sincere Christians in America. The Christian Churches are not now attended by worshippers. And that is the case with every other religion in the world. Men now demand evidence, they demand facts to prove that there is a God or that man has a soul. It is no longer a proof to the Christian countries of the dogma that there is God and a next world, because Jesus Christ believed in them. They will tell you that it is nothing to them if Jesus Christ believed in them. They will tell you there is no proof that Jesus Christ believed in them; even if he believed in those dogmas, that is no proof

to other men ; indeed, there is no proof conclusive that Jesus himself existed at all.

This is the state of mind of the leaders of mankind now, in all parts of the world. They want, as we said above, facts. They must have proof positive, establishing that there is God and there is a next world. And thus the Lord Bishop is obliged to speak in the way he was led to do, as quoted in the beginning of this article.

Seeing that men are getting infidels day by day,—that it is reason that rules now and not faith,—the good and merciful Lord led the spirits in the other world to exert to make themselves known to men in the material world. These spirits, hundreds and thousands of them, are trying to prove that men live after death, and they are governed by laws made by God. The two believed to be unproved dogmas of the present day, namely, that there is a God and there is a next world where men go to grow for ever and ever, are now being proved to men by the spirits in hundreds and thousands, by unimpeachable evidence.

It is quite true, they do not find the work too easy. Men have become so materialistic in their tendencies that they will believe any absurdity except in the existence of the next world. And thus every effort of the spirits to prove themselves, is opposed by incredible stubbornness, and met by absurd explanations, which seek to destroy the spiritual theory.

Let us now enumerate in how many ways the spirits have tried to prove their existence to us. They began by raps in 1848 ; we have now materializations in full daylight, and photographs of the dead who left no photograph behind ! Epes Sargent, the able writer on spiritualism, has left a

enumeration from which let us quote,—an enumeration which is not exhaustive,—nay, many phases of manifestation have since then come to light which did not exist in the days when Sargeant wrote. Says Epes Sargent :—

“The materialized figure of Katie has been known to disappear instantly on re-entering the cabinet where Miss Cook was lying entranced.

“In describing the remarkable phenomena through Mrs. Anna Stewart at Terre Haute, Ind., Mr. Théodore F. Price of Monson, Ind., under date, March 4th, 1875, writes : “The doors of the cabinet were thrown open, and the spirit appeared holding the medium by the hand. Both spirit and medium advanced from the cabinet, now vacated by all things visible save the chair in which the medium previous to this had been seated. Said the spirit : ‘Can you now all see the medium, and distinguish us both clearly? Are you all satisfied now that there is no deception about this?’ Both spirit and medium remained standing in front of the cabinet for some minutes, the former asking that all should closely scrutinize the features of each.” The light on this occasion was “clear and satisfying.”

“The spirit Florence that came through Miss Showers, at Mr. Luxmoore’s house, in London, April 11th, 1874, dematerialized herself and her white robes almost instantly, so as to be invisible, and this three times in quick succession.

“Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, in his “Defence of Spiritualism,” gives the following account of some of the phenomena through Miss Nichol (afterwards Mrs. Guppy) :

“The most remarkable feature of this lady’s mediumship is the production of flowers and fruits in closed rooms. They

consisted of anemones, tulips, chrysanthemums, Chinese primroses, and several ferns. All were absolutely fresh, as if just gathered from a conservatory. They were covered with a fine, cold dew. Not a petal was crumpled or broken, not the most delicate point or pinnule of the ferns was out of place. . . .

'At a meeting of the Marylebone Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, in London, March 18th, 1874, Mr. Thomas Everitt said that he had known *as many as nine hundred and thirty-six words* to be written in a second by spirit-power. A pencil was used in this work, and that the writing was not done by some process analogous to lithography was rendered probable by several specified tests.

'The flowing white robes of the spirit Katie would disappear instantly with the spirit-form, and yet, as we have bairn, she cut strips from her tunic and distributed them, and these have remained materialized, though the cut places were instantly made whole by the spirit.

'Not only have manmade objects been brought through walls and ceilings into closed rooms, but living things. In the London Medium (Dec. 30th, 1870), a case is mentioned in which a dog and a cat were brought from Mrs. Guppy's house by the spirits, a distance of two or three miles. The names of eight witnesses to the occurrence are given.

'The floating of the human body in the air has been a very common phenomenon. Dr. Davies narrated, at one of the Harley street meetings, in London, how he felt Mr. Home all over, while he was floating about in a semi-darkened room. Mr. E. B. Tylor (author of Primitive Culture), gave, in a lecture at the Royal Institution (1871), several instances

of statements in historical records, that certain of the early fathers of the church were very often floated in the air. While holding the hand of a medium, in the dark, I have myself known her to be lifted in her chair and placed on the table. In the London Spiritualist (June 15th, 1871), will be found an account of a sitting at which Mr. Herne was floated in the air *in the light*.

"Spirit music, in the absence of all human instruments, has been heard, not only by mediums, but by several persons at once, who were in their normal state.

"Solid objects have been introduced in some unaccountable manner. "I have been present," says Mr. W. H. Harrison, "often in broad daylight, with Messrs. Herne and Williams, when solid objects, such as books and flowers, have fallen on us from above, where nothing but the whitewashed ceiling was to be seen."

"Spirit photography, though genuine specimens are easily imitated, is now an admitted fact. "I have received" a remarkable photograph got by Mr. John Beattie, a retired photographer of Clifton, England. He had his own plates and apparatus, and superintended the whole process himself. A medium present would describe the form of the spiritual presence, and then the photographic impression would confirm the report. The figure in my copy, though almost grotesque, is yet human in its features, and sufficiently distinguishable. Mr. Alfred R. Wallace gives his testimony explicitly to the reality of spirit-photography. Lady Caithness, whom I knew in London, vouches (July 24th, 1874) for five recognizable spirit-photographs she and her son got through Buguet, the Parisian, to whom they went perfect strangers.. Buguet took

too many genuine spirit-photographs in London to leave it doubtful that he was 'a medium. Unfortunately he was tempted by want of money to supplement with fraud his insufficient and variable medial power, and subsequently, on being arrested in Paris, to abjure his mediumship. Once safe in Brussels, he addressed a letter (Sept. 27th, 1875) to the French Minister of Justice, confessing his apostasy.

In a letter from Florence, Italy, April 4th, 1872, to Professor Crookes, Baron Seymour Kirkup, an honorable man and sincere student of Spiritualism (see Hawthorne's account of him), relates that on a certain occasion he asked Annina Carboni, a spirit, to take a letter to her sister, Terésa, still in the earth-life, and residing at Leghorn. Paolina Carboni, another sister, was the medium. The Baron made a sketch of the letter, and Paolina copied it. In this letter Teresa is told to note the *exact minute* of its arrival, and to mention in her answer the exact time of sending it. "Where, Paolina," says the Baron, "had finished her letter, she went away, and I shut the door and remained alone. I folded the half sheet, and placed it at 6 P. M. on the piano, unsealed, and without an envelope. I watched it, expecting to see it go; but after two minutes, finding that it remained, I took a book, and after two minutes more I looked, and the note was gone. The door remained shut, and no one entered the room. At eight minutes past seven came three loud raps on the sofa. I went to the piano, to see—nothing. I returned to the table, and there on my book was a little triangular note, like Paolina's. It was a punctual answer to it, and I called Paolina to read it. The spirit had made two journeys of sixty miles each, besides waiting for the

writing of the answer (fifteen lines), in the short time of one hour and fifteen minutes. As I remained on purpose totally alone, there could be no trick, no smuggling a prepared letter. . . . Another witness of my dear Annina's exploit, is her mother, wife of a former English vice-consul at Rome. She has just come from Leghorn, where she was present when her daughter Teresa received and answered the letter of Paolina."

"Subsequently to this, Baron Kirkup received still more striking evidences of the speed of the actual transmission of real, objective letters, to great distances, by spirit power.

"The venerable S. C. Hall, honorably known in English literature, referring to the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home, writes (1871): "I have held an accordion (my own property) in my hand, when delicious music was played on it, lasting several minutes. It has been taken from me, and carried to the end of a large room, playing there; I saw the stops moving and heard the music: I could only not see the power that produced the sounds. . . . Since this was written I have seen a hand moving the accordion up and down, and another hand acting on the stops. Two other gentlemen saw these hands also. The room was well lit. . . . I have seen a man (Mr. Home) taken from his seat by some power invisible, and conveyed about the room; and he has marked on the ceiling with a pencil, a mark that is still there. A red-hot blazing coal has been taken from a fierce fire, and placed (by Home) on my head, without singeing a single hair. I have seen nearly a hundred flowers—among them two large bunches of apple-blossom—thrown on my table; the medium, a lady (Miss Nichol), having been pre-

viously examined by two ladies on entering my house. I have repeatedly grasped a spirit-hand. I have seen lights that seemed phosphoric, to the number of, it may be twenty, at once, floating in all parts of a room. I have seen a heavy table floated to the ceiling. A grand piano has been raised from the floor, no visible person being within two yards of it. I have seen a hand-bell raised by a shadowy hand, and rung over the head of each person in the circle."

'Mr. W. H. Harrison relates that on one occasion Katie in the dark, gave the persons present something to feel, saying, "That is what we make the faces of. Do not pinch it." It felt like a piece of damp wash-leather. Next she said, "Feel this; it is true spirit drapery." The texture was certainly remarkable. As it was drawn over the fingers it felt as light and fragile as a spider's web; fine silk would be coarse and heavy in comparison. "Now feel it materialized," said Katie, and it felt like the heavy white drapery which ordinarily adorns the spirit heads.'

Now how can these phenomena be explained by denying the agency of the spirits? Telepathy is it? Can telepathy cause a rap? Subliminal self? Can it produce a spirit photography?'

Add to the above, there are now at least fifty millions of spiritualists in the world. Most of these have accepted the philosophy after due investigation. So we have fifty million intelligent men testifying to the truth of the philosophy.

Then there are periodicals devoted to the cause of spiritualism. Take the '*Harbinger of Light*', a monthly paper, edited by Mrs. Bright. It is issued from Melbourne and was founded in 1870. It is therefore 37 years old.

We have then *Light*, which is a weekly paper, 28 years old, and is published at 110 St. Marlins Lane, W. C. London.

The *Two Worlds* is also a weekly paper, 21 years old, published at Cooper Street, Manchester.

The *Occult Review*, a monthly journal, edited by Ralph Shirley is six years old, published at 164 Aldersgate Street E. C. London.

The *Progressive Thinker* is a weekly paper of big size, edited by J. R. Francis. It is issued from Chicago and is 39 years old.

The *Balance* is a monthly paper issued from 1744-46, California St., Denver, Colorado.

Reason, a monthly, is six years old, and issued from Rochester, New York.

The *Swastika* is also a monthly, published at 1748 Stout Street, Denver, Colorado.

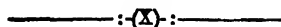
The above are some of the periodicals in English devoted to the cause of the philosophy of spiritualism, a philosophy which is based upon experiment and observation. Every civilized country has an organ of its own advocating this philosophy. Is it possible that this stupendous literature is based upon a lie? Add to the above the tens of thousands of books published within the last sixty years on the subject.

Spiritualism is again supported by a large number of scientists of eminent position, and it is supported by a large number of converts who were previously bitterly opposed to it.

Professor Challis, F. R. S., the late Plumerian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, stated his opinion in a letter to the *Clerical Journal*, of June, 1862, as follows :—

“I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . In short, testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.”

KILMAN CASTLE: THE HOUSE OF HORROR.



[THIS story* regarding an Irish castle which I have named "A House of Horror," calls for some special explanation - which personally I am unable to give. Perhaps amongst the younger generation of seichists--who calculate and dissect anything, and by analysis explain anything - one will be found to undertake the task of reducing the apparitions at Kilman Castle to their original elements, but the task is beyond me - I can merely write down the facts as they came to my knowledge.

Two of the people who have seen the elemental apparition here recorded and the "Captain Gordon," in whose name this tale is told, put me out of this world of speculation very soon after their vision of the uncanny, spook.

Fully realizing the howls of incredulous laughter with which critics will greet this confession I here declare that on three separate occasions I have personally verified some of the experiences related, and that once I saw the elemental. Since that vision two very serious accidents have taken me to the gates of the next world, - indeed almost through them. [Andrew Merry in the *Occult Review*]

CHAPTER I.

Kilman Castle was a sombre-looking bare building, consisting of a square keep tapering slightly to the top, looking in its grim grey strength, as if it could defy time itself. Flanking

* Here hundreds of cruel murders were committed by a robber chief named. Let none read it whose nerves are weak.

it on each side were wings of more modern build, and beyond one wing was a curious rambling-looking house, which my driver told me was called "The Priest's House," and which evidently had at one time been quite apart from the Castle, though now part and parcel of the house, being connected by one of the wings.

Even the trees round seemed to grow in gaunt, weird shapes, probably because their tops caught the full blast of the wind, and their branches creaked and groaned above our heads as we passed under their overhanging shadows.

The gateway was castellated and overgrown with lichens and creepers, and the drive bordered with ancient walls, beyond them the ruins of other old walls or buildings, all overgrown and covered with moss and ferns. Even the topmost branches of the big sycamores were decorated with these same ferns, which grew in endless profusion in every niche and corner.

"It will be a wild night," my driver remarked, pointing to the murky red sky showing through the trees. As he spoke, a loud mournful cry sounded above us and was repeated three times.

I started at the first cry, then laughed, for I quickly recognized the noise to be the call of the hoot owl. Often had I heard these birds in India and seen my native servants cower panic-stricken, for in some parts of the East the cry of an owl is regarded as a token of coming death to one of the hearers.

"That's a loud voiced customer," I said. "Are there many of his feather round here?"

"No, Captain ; we never had but that one of scracheing kind. He was here all the summer, 'an' now the winter do be comin' on, he's spoiling the trade of Matt's shebeen beyant at the crass-roads by the same token."

"How on earth can an owl spoil the trade of a public-house?"

"'Tis the mountain min mostly, sorr, goes there, an' ne'er a mother's son of them will put fut outside their cabins afther dark since that gintlemin in the ivy has been hoot-ing. They mountain fellars be rale skeared, for they do be believin' in pishrogues an' such like, an' they do be sayin' 'tis an evil spirit keening for a scowl that will die near by. There have been a power o'wakes lately—what wid the influenzy, an' the ould folks been pinched wid the cowl—in a good hour be it spoken ! Here we are, sorr."

A bright light shone through the opened door, and in the warm welcome that Betty and her good man gave me I forgot the bleak night, the hooting owl, and the bloodthirsty traditions the voluble groom had been telling me.

The interior of Kilman Castle is quite in keeping with its weather-worn outer walls. I may as well describe it now, though it was not until the next morning that I went over the place with Maurice O'Connoll.

The entrance hall is very lofty, with a gallery running round three sides, and is paved with black and white stones. The walls are pierced—evidently long after they were originally built—by archways leading into the two wings, and are twenty feet thick. They are honeycombed with narrow passages, and at two corners of the tower are circular stone staircases, fine bits of rough-hewn masonry, each wedge-

shaped step resting on its fellows; both staircases are as perfect as the day they were built. It was curious to me to note how the inner axles of these winding ladder-like stairs had had the blackened stones polished smooth and bright by the many generations of hands that had pressed against them, as their owners ran up and down these primitive ways.

O'Connell told me that tradition states that the Castle was originally built by the Irish for the Danes, who seemed to have extracted forced labour from the half-clad barbarians before Ireland was fully christianized. The story whispered by the country folk declares that the mortar used in its construction was made in a great measure with human blood and human hair, and that therefore it has withstood the ravages of time. Somewhere about the year 800 the Irish, under the leadership of a chieftain named O'Connell, rose against their oppressors, and took possession of the Castle, where O'Connell established himself, and soon became a powerful prince. His descendants inhabited this Castle, whether the original building, or a more modern one built of the materials and on the site of the old one, history does not reveal; and until the advent of the English in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, this stronghold was considered impregnable. Amongst the first of the English adventurers was a young squire—son of an English knight—who hoped to win his spurs at the expense of the wild Irish. The expedition he was attached to, attracted by the rumour of the O'Connell's riches, besieged the Castle, and in a sortie the defenders made, the young squire was taken prisoner. He was confined in a little room off one of the staircases, and as all the Irish were very busy defending the Castle, the

only daughter of the house, one Finnueguolla O'Connell, was deputed to push what food they allowed the prisoner through a little hole in the walls of his dungeon.

The Englishman made the best use of his opportunity, and by judiciously tender speeches, he succeeded in winning the maiden so completely to his side that one day, with a view of abetting his escape, she procured the key of the prison and let him out. As he was running down the twisting staircase, he met young O'Connell, the girl's only brother, coming up, who immediately raised a hue and cry. The escaping prisoner turned and fled upward, eventually coming out on to the battlements of the tower. Seeing that flight any other way was impossible, and preferring the risk of sudden death to the more lingering one his attempted escape would ensure him, were he to be recaptured, he gave a mighty jump over the parapet, and managed to find refuge, and not death, in the branches of a yew-tree growing near the walls, reaching his countrymen safely.

Eventually, his rather treacherous lover betrayed the Castle to the English; its inhabitants were all hung in a field—called to this day "The Hangman's Field"—and the English squire married Finnueguolla, taking her name and the lands of her father by right of marriage and conquest.

Their son, Maurice O'Connell, was one of the first high sheriffs appointed in Ireland, and his tomb, dated 1601, is still to be seen in the little churchyard near Kilman.

The tower had originally five floors or stories; of these three exist—the first, a big bricked-up room, under the present hall; then the hall itself; and at the top of the tower a large chapel, with a fine east window and stone altar.

Besides the bricked-up room under the hall are dungeons hollowed out of the rock itself, with no windows or communication to the outer air, and some of which O'Connell now used as wine cellars. In a corner of the chapel at the top of the tower is an *oubliette*, where disagreeable strangers were invited to walk down two steps on to a hinged platform that let them fall below the level of the deepest dungeon, where pointed stakes helped to give them a quick journey to the nether world.

"A couple of cartloads of old bones and bone dust were cleared out of that," my host told me, "and buried with due ceremony in the churchyard by some superstitious old ancestor of mine. Amongst others who were said to have been thrown down there was a priest, the brother of a far-back O'Connell, who offended the reigning head of the family by beginning mass here one day without him. That particular prince was a beauty—one of his little games was getting a hundred and fifty mercenaries to help him fight the English, and when the enemy were beaten off, to avoid paying his hired friends, he treated them all to a poisoned feast in the hall here, and killed the whole lot! See these skulls and bits of bones? They came out of the wall when we made a new window. The idea is, that when this place was besieged, the garrison had no way of burying their dead, so they cemented the bodies up in the walls. That's one explanation, the other is the two-penny coloured 'walled up' alive business. You can pay your money and take your choice. Here, anyhow, are the skulls and bones that came *out* of the wall; I don't trouble my head how they got *in* there."

This rambling description will, I hope, give some idea of

the environment of this story, and form the outlines of a mental picture of the quaint old place, which has been inhabited without a break for at least a thousand years.

As for the legends and stories belonging to it, their name is legion—all telling of love, murder, and rapine, as such mediæval traditions are always wont to run.

My first evening at Kilman passed very quickly and pleasantly. Betty and I yarned over old times until my host passed from the passive remonstrance of ill-concealed yawns to more active measures, by saying rather sternly—

"Betty, Kenneth had no sleep last night, so we must pack him off early to-night. It's getting late—half-past eleven. There go the dogs!"

As he spoke, the baying of many dogs, "of high and low degree," broke into a noisy chorus, rising to a crescendo of angry fear, and then diving down into a pianissimo of canine woe.

The big deerhound, Oscar, who was lying on a sheepskin rug in the hall, added a long, deep note of misery to the general orchestra.

"Do those dogs see the moon?" I asked. "What a curious noise they make!"

"There isn't a moon to-night," O'Connell answered. "But the dogs here always do that. It's one of their little ways that won't bear explaining. They mark half-past eleven without fail; we can set the clocks by them."

"Probably some shadow in the trees at that time," I hazarded.

"So I thought, and we shifted them to the other side of the place, but it was just the same over there. No,

don't ask Betty about it, or she'll keep you up all night telling some cock-and-bull ghost story if you do. Now, once more *will* you go to bed, Betty? Think of that poor 'devil' or a 'maid waiting up for you all this time. Have a whisky and soda, Gordon, before turning in?"

Whilst we were consuming the wine of the country I asked O'Connell if he knew of any ghost story connected with the Castle.

He looked at me curiously, and then laughed.

"A ghost? We've only a couple of dozen or more, my dear fellow. But surely you are not the cut of Spooky Believer? Don't tell me you take a 'Julia' or such-like familiar about with you!"

It was my turn to laugh now.

My host continued—

"I've been here all my life, often quite alone, and never have I seen what I can't quite explain to myself by natural causes—electricity, you know, and all that. Of course, there are noises enough, but what old house is free from them? It's only rats in a great measure. What I say is, that the only spirits about arise from the too liberal consumption of this spirit," he tapped the tantalus stand. "The servants get drinking—we've an old cook now who'd see you under the table, but her omelettes cover a multitude of sins—and then they kick up a row themselves, get frightened, swear they see ghosts, and clear off in a body next day. If anything makes me really mad, it's the rot people talk about spirits and apparitions in this house."

"What says Betty to all these things? Does she listen

to such folly? Of all the women in the world, one would swear she would not."

My host pulled angrily at his pipe and enveloped himself in a cloud of smoke before he replied—

"She got some idiotic maggot in her brain last year, and has turned ever since as nervous as a cat. It's too bad of her; I did think she had some common sense—that was why I married her." This with the sublime disregard of any sentimentality common to Benedicts' of some years standing. "Just now she has been worrying my life out, trying to get me to go away for this month; it is in November most of these mysterious follies are said to appear—because the nights are dark, I expect! Betty would die sooner than go upstairs alone at night. It's too provoking of her. I wish you'd chaff her into common sense again."

I did not believe for a minute that Betty was really nervous! She was certainly playing some deep-laid practical joke upon her husband. I mutely determined to be wary of turnip-headed bogies and booby traps, for in the past my cousin had occasionally indulged in such childish follies.

We went up the broad oaken staircase in one of the wings, and then along the gallery overlooking the hall.

A funny little doorway in the wall, about the height of my shoulders, raised my curiosity; Maurice O'Connell, taking advantage of his six feet and odd inches, pulled it open to show me the winding narrow staircase it concealed. A rush of cold air nearly put our lights out, and he hastily pushed the door to, which seemed very heavy.

"It's all iron-plated," he explained. "In the Rebellion of '98, the family, and, in fact, all the Protestants of the

neighbourhood, took refuge in there. However, I won't begin telling you the legends. My wife is the best to do that ; if she does not know an appropriate story, she invents one on the spot."

With this parting libel on Betty's veracity, he showed me my quarters, and after seeing I had everything I needed, he wished me good-night and departed.

My room was a long narrow one, with a fireplace across one corner. The floor was of polished poplar, with a couple of rugs on it. To my delight I saw that instead of the ordinary heavy-curtained bedstead one would picture as appropriate to the house, there was one of modern make, with a wire-wove mattress.

I locked my door as a precautionary measure against bogies—or practical joking—and began leisurely to divest myself of my clothes, when I became conscious of some one breathing heavily in the room.

"Hullo," I thought, "here is a hospitable spook manifesting at once for the credit of the house."

Then O'Connell's remarks about the servant and whisky came back to me. Horrors! If it was the bibulous cook!

The breathing was now snoring, and came unmistakably from under the bed.

Seizing the poker I gave a vigorous sweep with it, adjuring the snozer to "come out at once."

There was a patter of feet, and out crept an obese and aged fox-terrier of the feminine persuasion, showing her few remaining front teeth in an apologetic grin, and agitating her minimum of tail with cringing affability.

As the old lady seemed an amiable specimen of her race,

and apparently had been recently washed with carbolic soap, I determined to allow her to be my guest for the night, even if she was self-invited. So I threw her my rug, which she proceeded to make into a bed for herself in a corner near the fireplace, scratching and turning round and round, and finally, with a grunt of satisfaction, curling into a ball, watching my toilet operations with brazen effrontery, and wagging her tail whenever she caught my eye.

I placed a box of matches and a candle by my bedside, and it was not long before we were both asleep, my last recollection being the sound of the dog's stertorous breathing; then a blissful, dreamless unconsciousness came over me.

A cold nose against my cheek, and two long-nailed fore-paws vigorously scratching to get *into* my bed, awakened me quite suddenly, and I found my friend the fox-terrier standing on my chest, trembling most violently, and whining in a distressed fashion.

"You ungrateful little brute," I said angrily, giving her a far from gentle push on to the floor; but in a second she was up again, doing her best to get under the bedclothes.

"Not if I know it;" and again I sent her flying. The room was quite dark, and as the fire had been pretty bright when I went to bed, I guessed I had been sleeping some time.

Thoroughly enraged, when the dog jumped up for the third time, I threw her roughly down, and this time I heard her patter under the bed and creep into the farthest corner, where she sat trembling so violently that she shook my bed.

By this time I was thoroughly awake, and fearing I had hurt the dog, I put my hand out of bed, snapping my fingers to call her and make my *amende*.

My hand was suddenly taken into the grasp of another hand, a soft, cool hand, at a temperature perceptibly below my own flesh.

To say that I was astonished would but mildly convey my feelings. After a few seconds of steady pressure the other hand let go, and almost simultaneously I heard a heavy sliding fall, like the collapse of a large body at the foot of the bed. Then in the absolute stillness of the room there sounded a deep human groan, and some half-articulated words—or to be accurate, prayers.

The voice—if it could be called a voice—died away into another groan; the dog under my bed gave a sharp hoarse bark, and scratched and tore at the wainscoting. Fully convinced that some one in trouble of some sort had got access to my room—by what method I could not imagine—I struck a match and lit my candle, springing from the bed and crying out, "Who's there? What is it?"

My eyes blinked for a little at the sudden light, but when they were steady I looked to the spot where I had heard the groan. There was no one.

The room was absolutely empty, and exactly as I had left it on going to bed. Nothing was out of order, nothing was moved, and there was nothing I could see to account for the noises I had heard.

To make certain I tried the door. It was still locked. I made a tour of inspection round the walls, which were painted, not papered, examined all the furniture, and finally, kneeling at the foot of the bed, held my candle so as to be able to look underneath.

In the corner crouched the fox-terrier, but there was nothing else. The polished boards reflected the light of my candle, and perfectly mystified I was getting up, when I felt the hand I had been resting on the floor was damp.

I held it close to the light, and saw my finger-tips, and the ball of my thumb were reddened as if with blood, and turning back the rug I discovered a dark stain extending perhaps for two feet one way, and three or four the other.

Instinctively I looked at the ceiling, but its whitewashed surface showed no corresponding mark. Nothing had dropped from above. The stair was damp, not wet, and yet felt warm as though the fluid, whatever it was, had been recently spilt. I examined my finger-tips again. The marks were very like blood. Bah! I dabbled my hand in the water in my basin rather hurriedly, then I once more went carefully round the room.

The shutters were barred, the door was locked, there was no cupboard in the wall, and the chimney was still hot from the fire. I tapped the walls carefully and could find no indication of any hollow place that *might* possibly be a secret door, but as I did so my common sense revolted at my own folly, they were so innocent of any panellings or dados that could conceal an exit.

If a practical joke had been played upon me, where had the delinquent vanished to?

One hypothesis alone was possible, and that I indignantly rejected, for I *knew* I was wide awake in my sober sense and not the victim of delusion or waking nightmare.

For a minute I contemplated writing the whole thing down there and then, but the absurdity of the matter flashed across

my mind. I looked at my watch and found it was nearly three o'clock. It was better to warm my shivering limbs in bed than chill myself further by writing what no one would believe, for after all I had *seen* nothing, and who would credit groans and whispered words without one particle of corroborative evidence? The fox-ferrier's "mark" to the important document would not enhance its value in the eyes of the Psychical Research Society.

So I crept back to my nest, first enticing the dog from her corner, and in a half-acknowledged wish for company, even if it was only that of the little beast, I took her into bed with me.

I left the candle burning for a short time, then as there were no further noises, I put it out, and prepared once more to woo the drowsy god, and falling asleep was not disturbed again.

When I had finished dressing the next morning I curious to see what was there—turned back the rug at the foot of the bed. Sure enough I found the dark stain, just as I had seen it in the night, with this difference—it was no longer wet, but appeared of long standing.

We were to shoot some home coverts that day, and besides ourselves O'Connell expected six guns, a few neighbours and a sprinkling of officers from the nearest garrison. Betty, too, took me on one side and told me that her friend of the dimples and dot was coming, and that I was to be *sure* and not let "dear" Captain Adair monopolize the young woman's attention, but that I was to "go in and win."

Miss "Dimples" arrived, also "dear" Captain Adair, a tall, dark ruffian who had basely forestalled me by getting the

pretty little lady in question to drive him out. I found this warrior was a universal favourite, O'Connell declaring that he was "one of the *few* decent soldiers" he knew; whilst Betty—well, Betty was sickening!

Adair and I were told off to a warm corner, where to my great joy I wiped his eye over a woodcock. He grassed two long-tails that I missed in an unaccountable manner, but every one knows one woodcock is of more value than many pheasants.

We had a capital day's sport, plenty of walking, and a most varied, if not very big, bag, as there were birds of all feathers about. As for the rabbits, the whole place walked with them, as one of the keepers said, they were indeed a "fright."

Betty and the Dimpled Damsel lunched with us, and followed the guns in the afternoon. Miss Dimples would have none of me, but tripped gaily, after the all-conquering Captain Adair, so Betty took pity on me.

"Did you sleep all right, *really* Kenneth, last night?" Betty asked me anxiously, as we walked along together.

"Don't you think it likely?" I answered, looking hard at her. "Of course I did, all the same. But if it is convenient, may I be moved into a room facing west?—My present quarters face east, you know, and I never sleep, *really* well that way."

"Then you *did* see something," she said in a low voice.

"Not a thing," I answered cheerfully.

"Don't ~~try to~~ humbug me, Kenneth; I know you so well that it is impossible."

"Honest Injun! Betty, never one little ghostie on a postie did I behold." I spoke laughingly; the night was far off still. "But, to be strictly truthful, I did think I *heard* a groan or two, and though it probably was only my fancy, I would much rather not hear them again! By the way, is there any story connected with that room, anything to do with that stain on the floor?"

I saw her colour under my watchful eyes.

"Maurice said nothing to you about it, then?"

I shook my head.

"Well, people have complained before—in fact, we don't generally put any one there now. The room is called the Muckle or Murder Hole room, and the story goes that the stain on the floor is the blood of a man stabbed there by his brother. Two O'Connolls quarrelled over the ownership of the Castle, and fought, and the dying brother cursed the other, praying that no eldest son should inherit direct from his father. Maurice succeeded his grandfather, you know, and even he had an elder brother. I believe the curse has always been fulfilled. The room had been disused for fifty years or more when we did it up. The stain has been planed off the boards several times, but it always comes again—creeps up from below in a few hours; no one knows how. Maurice won't believe in any of these stories, having heard them all the day of his life. He declares that one person tells another, and then, nervous to begin with, of course they imagine a ghost. So, when you are coming, he insisted on your being put in there, for he said *you* could not be prejudiced by any nonsense, and that we would be able to prove what, folly it all was."

I do not know that I altogether appreciated O'Connell's kind experiment at my expense. However, I told Betty he was quite right, as no better man could be chosen to "lay" the ghosts.

"I'll have you moved to-night," my cousin continued. "Don't tell me what you saw"—I made 'a movement of protest—"or heard; for, Kenneth—don't laugh at me—but though I hate myself for my folly, I am often more nervous than I can say."

"You nervous, Betty! I am ashamed of you—why, what has come to you?"

She interrupted me quickly—

"I can't explain it. The only description which at all comes near the feeling is somewhere in the Bible, where it speaks of one's heart becoming water. I never felt the least fear when I came here, though, of course, I heard all kinds of stories, and have had all through endless trouble with servants leaving at a moment's notice, frightened into fits. When people staying here said they saw things I only laughed, and declared it was mere nonsense, and though we've always had quite unexplainable noises, such as the great chains of the front door being banged up the staircase and along the gallery, and endless footsteps, and sighing and cries, and rustlings and taps—they *never* frightened me. Even when sudden lights and tongues of flame, and letters of fire on the walls, came many times, both of us saw them, for Maurice *did* see them, too, though he hates to own it—I was only curious and annoyed because I could not explain it satisfactorily to myself. But, Kenneth, a year ago—last November—I saw 'It,' and I have never felt the same about these things since, or ever shall."

"November is the height of the season in your spooks' society?" I asked lightly, trying to cheer poor, serious Betty.

"Yes, nearly all the stories are about that month, though odd spirits appear all through the year. It's in November that there is said to be the vision of a dead troop of soldiers, drilling in the ring."

"What are your stock apparitions?"

"There are so many, I don't remember them always, but I will try and recall what have been seen within the last six years. First, of course, there is a banshee. She sits on the terrace, and keens for coming deaths in the family. Then there is Earl Desmond's ghost, who howls in a chimney, where he was hanged and got smothered. A monk, with tonsure and cowl, walks in at one window and out at another, in the Priest's House; that is the wing beyond the blue room, where I sleep now. He has been seen by three people to my own knowledge, not servants, for, of course, *their* stories are endless, and require more than a grain of salt. Then there is a little old man, with green cut-away coat, knee breeches, stockings, and bright shoe buckles, holding a leathern bag in his hand. Quite a dozen people have seen him. Sometimes he is all alone, sometimes a little old woman to match him is there, with skinny hands, long black mitts, old-fashioned dyes, and a big head-dress, so they describe her. My mother saw them, and a third figure, an old man, dressed like a priest, with an intensely cunning face. She saw all three together several times."

"Do these ghosts do any harm, or talk to you, or anything like that?"

"The great man tries to stop people, but no one has been brave enough to interview him yet. Then, in the Priest's House comes a burly man, in rough clothes, like a peasant; he pushes a heavy barrel up the back stairs of the wing, near the servants' bedrooms, and when just at the top, the barrel rolls down, bump, bump, bump, a fearful noise, and all disappear."

I fear I laughed heartily at this inconsequent ghost; but Betty went on, unmoved—

"Then there is a woman with very few clothes, and a red cloth over her face; she screams loudly twice, and disappears. That is on the same landing as the barrel man. These have been seen by numberless servants, and——"

"My dearest Betty, do you mean to say you believe old wives' tales, told by the common or garden domestic?"

"No, I don't," said Betty candidly. "I don't mind about these one bit. I tell you, because I am trying to give a full catalogue of all who have been said to appear in my married life here."

"Go on, my dear."

"Then," resumes Betty, "there is a tall, dark woman, in the historical scarlet silk dress that rustles. She haunts the blue room, which used always to be the nursery, and sobs at the foot of the children's beds. My last nurse and two or three maids have seen her. Her story is that she was a poor soul, one of the O'Connolls kidnapped, and she had an infant soon after she was brought into the Castle, which O'Connell threatened to kill if she would not marry him, and when she had yielded to him, he stabbed the child before her eyes, saying she could not look after him and the baby

at the same time. They found her dead next day, having killed herself with the knife that slew her child."

"What nice, cheerful little ways the O'Connolls seem to have had."

"They were simply robber chieftains, and robbed and murdered without compunction," said Betty. "Then there is a scene on the gallery, seen once in my day, and several times in past generations. Some time in back ages there was a beautiful girl two of the O'Connoll men were attached to. Both often tried to abduct her—one at last was successful. The other brother, returning angry and disappointed to the Castle, found the girl was already within its walls. A violent quarrel ensued between the two men, in the middle of which the girl escaped from the room in which they all three were, and ran, shrieking, along the gallery. 'Let him who catches her keep her,' shouted one man, as they both started in pursuit. The original abductor caught her first, and, with a cry of triumph, lifted her in his arms.

"'Keep her then,' cried the brother; but as he spoke he ran his sword twice through her back and killed her. The whole scene is re-enacted in the gallery."

Betty related this pleasing legend with much spirit.

"Oh, Betty," I cried, "do say there is a blue light. That story is nothing without a blue light."

"I don't know if the light is blue," she answered simply. "But the keep is lighted up, when this apparition is seen, for a minute. When the girl is killed everything disappears. I have seen the keep lighted up myself—once."

"How? When? And where?"

"Driving home from a day's hunting at the other end of the county—two girls who were staying here and myself. We were very late, and it was so dark I had to walk the horse up the avenue. When within sight of the Castle, I could see the yellow light of the lamps shining through the cracks of the shutters in the wing and from the hall. Of course, as it always is, the rest of the tower was in darkness. Quite suddenly there was a brilliant stream of white light from all the windows and arrow-slits in the keep—from the big chapel windows and all. I had just time to exclaim 'Oh! look at the light,' when it went out just as suddenly as it started shining." - -

"Some one taking a look round the place with a torch or something," I hazarded.

"No one would venture up the winding stairs to the chapel at that hour, I can tell you! Besides, I *know* no earthly light but electricity could produce the strong glare I saw."

"A sudden flash of lightning, probably."

"There was no thunder or sign of any. However, I never expect any one to believe it. I *saw* it—that is all I know."

"You tried to find out an explanation?"

"Of course I did," replied my cousin crossly. "Do you think I *like* having that kind of thing happen in a place I am to live in for the rest of my natural life, and my children after me? There, Kenneth, I did not mean to snap at you," she added penitently. "But when people talk as if they thought one went out of one's way to invent the very things which make life a burden, I *do* get annoyed. I *never* tell people these stories now, because they simply don't believe one; or if

they do, write one down ^a weak-minded, self-deceptive, back-boneless idiot."

"Betty, you *know* that, I——"

"You are 'Kenneth,' and not 'people.' But to hark back to the ghostly inventory. There is something heavy that lies on people's beds, and snores, and they feel the weight of a great body pressing against them, in a room in the Priest's House, but see nothing. No one, to my knowledge, has *seen* whatever does this, only heard and felt it. Then there is something that very young children and dogs and cats see, but no one else. Fortunately, as the children grow out of babyhood they seem to lose the power of seeing this thing. My babies saw it when they were too young to talk, and were sent precious nearly into convulsions. My cats go quite cracked, spit, claw, and run up the curtains, and ~~undergo~~—oh! it was only a day or two before you came that Maurice and I were in the smoking-room with four or five dogs, when, without rhyme or reason, they all dashed into the hall, barking furiously! Then just as quickly they dashed back again, their coats bristling, their tails tucked between their legs, the picture of flight—old Oscar as bad as any of them. Maurice ran out, but could see nothing uncanny, yet no amount of driving or coaxing would bring the dogs out again, they crawled under chairs and sofas, shivering, and refused to budge."

"Could your husband make it out?"

"Not a bit. But that often happens. Those are all the ghosts I can remember in the house—except it. But outside they swarm. Really I am not surprised, for the whole neigh-

bourhood was a veritable Armageddon. We cannot plough anywhere near without turning up skulls galore."

"Why don't you let the place to the Psychical Research people?" I suggested. "With such a delightful assortment of ghosts 'on tap,' they would be charmed to take it."

"I only wish Maurice would," said Betty, "or get some one to come here and investigate. But like all Irishmen he adores every stone and blade of grass that belongs to him, and he won't hear of the place being uncanny in any way. Once a friend wanted to send a parson with book, bell, and candle, to 'lay' a ghost she saw, and Maurice was furious; and when I suggested inflicting a man I know who is very clever at probing into those kind of things, he would not hear of it. He gets so angry with the country folk when they refuse to come here after nightfall, and when they say the place is 'dark,' meaning bad. As for me, he thinks I am rapidly becoming fit for the nearest idiot asylum, because I am in such deadly terror of ever seeing 'It' again."

"Would you mind telling me what you saw yourself, Betty? O'Connell told me you had had a fright."

"I'll tell you if you like, Kenneth, but of course you will find some plausible—and utterly impossible—'natural' explanation for it. Maurice says vaguely 'it was after dinner,' which is extra rude, for I am, and always have been, strictly blue ribbon. Still, here are the facts. Remember, I do not expect you to credit one word! We had a party for shooting here last November, among others my sister Grace and one of my brothers—dear old Ted you know. Well, we had tramped with the men all day, so we were all tired and turned up to bed early. I went the round of the girls' rooms, then got into

my dressing-gown and had my hair brushed, after that I sent my maid off to bed. Maurice and I were the only inhabitants of the red wing, next the room you slept in last night,—no one else that side of the tower. I heard a noise in the hall, so went out on to the landing and along the gallery and looked over. There I saw Maurice putting out the lamps himself. He had a lighted candle in his hand, and was evidently just coming up to bed.

“‘Maurice,’ I called to him, ‘will you bring me the last *Contemporary Review* out of the drawing-room please? I want to read an article in it.’

“‘All right,’ he called back, ‘I’m just coming up to bed.’

“He left one lamp burning, and went through into the drawing-room, whilst I, leaning my elbows on the corner of the gallery balustrade, waited for Maurice to reappear. I recollect I was pondering what kind of sport I should have the next day, when I was going to hunt with Mr. Blakeney.

“Suddenly, two hands were laid on my shoulders. I turned round sharply, and saw, as clearly as I see you now—a grey ‘Thing,’ standing a couple of feet from me, with its bent arms raised, as if it were cursing me. I cannot describe in words how utterly awful the ‘Thing’ was, its very undefinableness rendering the horrible shadow more gruesome. Human in shape, a little shorter than I am, I could just make out the shape of big black holes like great eyes and sharp features, but the whole figure—head, face, hands and all—was grey—unclean, blueish grey, something of the colour and appearance of common cotton wool. But, oh! so sinister, repulsive, and devilish. My friends who are clever about occult things say it is what they call an ‘Elemental.’

"My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I felt every hair on my head separate and move—then the spell was broken.

"I wheeled round—fortunately outwards—on to the open gallery, and with something—not myself—in my throat that shrieked continuously, I tore along the passage, down the stairs, through the corridor into the Priest's House, where my sister was sleeping. Once in her room I nearly fainted but pulling myself together, I managed to make my husband and brother—who, hearing the shrieks, had flown to the rescue—understand that there was a "Thing" in the gallery, which had frightened me. They ran up together and searched carefully, but, though they hunted up and down, they found nothing. My brother just saw 'It' for one second, and you know he died. It is said to be a very bad sign of one's luck to see 'It.'"

Betty paused to wipe her eyes for a minute, then resumed—

"I soon got all right, though my teeth would not stop chattering for half an hour, and I told them quietly what I had seen. Maurice was dreadfully frightened at the time—now he declares I was hysterical, and that a cat jumped on my back."

Betty had grown quite white as he related her adventure, but managed a smile as she said the word "hysterical."

"It *must* have been a trick, Betty!"

"Who could have played it on me, or who would be in that part of the house? I grant you it is *possible* some unknown enemy conceived the excellent plan of trying to frighten my few remaining wits away, but it's not very probable—and I who saw 'It'—oh! but what's the good of talking—I

should like to explain it to my own satisfaction ; but I can't. One thing I know, if ever I meet 'It' again I shall go stark, staring mad or die the very minute. Having no ambitions for Bedlam, I take every precaution to prevent such a fate overtaking me. I have forsaken that wing of the house, leaving those rooms for strong-minded people like you. Also, I make my maid sit in my room now until Maurice goes to his dressing-room. There, Kenneth, I have told you, and doubtless you think me an infinite fool—but, oh ! Kenneth, if you had only seen 'It !' ”

“Be assured, Betty, if I do, I will put a .450 revolver bullet into the cotton wool, and make the funny joker's inside sorry for itself—that is all I can say,”—and I meant it.

Our talk drifted into other channels, and by the time the gathering twilight sent us indoors to tea and hot cakes, I was no longer thinking of the galaxy of ghosts that my cousin had trotted out for my benefit.

Betty and the “Admirable” Captain Adair, who was staying the night, sat after tea on the fender stool in front of the cheerful turf fire gossiping lazily, so Miss Dimples had perforce, in default of better game, to pay a little attention to me, and by the time the dressing gong sounded we were discussing mutual affinities, having reached this interesting conversational point by the chromatic scale of dancing, hunting, shooting, plays, books, religious beliefs (Miss Dimples would have been an aggressive Agnostic had she known how), first impressions, telepathy and palmistry (Miss Dimples told my fortune, making an amusing record founded upon the romances of a well-known military novel writer), thence to affinities ; we agreed that the topic was

not properly threshed out and should "be continued in our next."

„I had been shifted, I found on going up to dress, into a room next the Murder-Hole chamber, and thought my new, bright, big quarters a distinct improvement. The floor was carpeted, and looked respectable and comfortable, and not suggestive of bloodstains and murders. I looked forward to a real sound sleep that night.

We spent a merry evening; Captain Adair, who was staying the night, sang us comic songs until we ached with laughter, and Miss Dimples, smiling and fascinating, completed my subjection. Alas! I am not the owner, or even likely to be, of those dimples and that dot.

After dinner we went out in a body to catch the half-past-eleven ghost and to time the dogs. When we first neared the kennels there was a great deal of pleased snuffing and whining from the dogs, but, to the second concert, the wild howling began.

None of us could see what started the chorus, so the mystery remained unsolved, though we each tried our best to find plausible theories. After many songs, came whisky when the ladies had gone to bed—singing choruses is apt to make one thirsty. Then we turned upstairs to our respective rooms, my little friend the fox-terrier, whose name I found to be "Nell," accompanying me again.

Tired out with the long tramp and sleepy from the evil glass of whisky those thirsty songs were answerable for, I knew nothing from the time my head was on the pillow until the servant brought my bath water next morning.

(To be continued.)

HYPNOTISM : ITS DANGERS AND USES.



A SOCIAL gathering of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance was held in the office of *Light*, at 110, St. Martin's lane, W. C., on December 9th, when Dr. Stenson Hooker gave a short address on 'Hypnotism.' He said that the practice of Hypnotism was increasing, both within and outside the medical profession. Much confusion unfortunately existed as to the difference between mesmerism and hypnotism. The idea of Mesmer was that an actual fluid passed from operator to patient, and he refused to countenance the idea that suggestion played any part. A few years ago many inquirers ran to the opposite extreme, and concluded that the results obtained were entirely due to suggestion, but he, the lecturer, thought that there were elements of truth in both theories.

Dealing with the points of difference between hypnotism, subjectivity, and sleep, Dr. Stenson Hooker remarked that hypnotism is not like natural sleep. In the last named, one would be awakened by some sudden noise; in the hypnotic condition a pistol or cannon shot would fail to do this. With regard to loss of will power by the subject, a good deal of nonsense had been talked and written on this, but, in all

cases, the operator should suggest to the patient that under no condition whatever could he or anyone else hypnotise him or her without the patient's own consent.

An experiment was then carried out by Dr. Stenson Hooker, the subject being a young lady who had accompanied him, and with whom similar experiments had previously been made. She passed into the hypnotic condition immediately upon Dr. Stenson Hooker pronouncing the words 'Go to sleep.' Her condition was tested by passing the finger across the surface of the eye, and by the slight insertion of a needle into the skin, both of which tests were borne by the subject without flinching. Partial and complete catalepsy were similarly induced; first the left and then the right arm became rigid at command, and afterwards the whole body, which was placed across the seats of two chairs. An imaginary tragedy was enacted: a fur boa, made up to represent a child who had been run over by a passing vehicle, was fondled and caressed by the hypnotised subject, who finally restored it to the supposed parent. The subject was awakened as quickly as she had been sent into the hypnotic condition.

Dr. Stenson Hooker pointed out that it would be impossible to get this subject to commit a crime when in hypnotic condition, because her sub-conscious mind would revolt against anything of the sort, and that it was absurd to suppose that a person of moral character could be forced to commit a crime under hypnotism. He once questioned a child who was a somnambulist as to her experiences when hypnotised. The child replied: 'I was in a very beautiful place where there seemed to be a lot of people dressed

in white. They were surprised to see me, and said : "What are *you* doing here?"' Dr. Hooker added that it seemed to him like the account of the man who was in a certain place 'without a wedding garment;' that she was actually on some other plane of living, and from the spiritualistic point of view her answer meant a good deal.

Hypnotism, he continued, was not a 'cure-all,' but when properly applied it certainly aroused the healing function within the system, and all persons have within them this natural recuperative power. It has been said that this hypnotic force, once having been exercised, remains as a permanent means of influence, not only in this life but in the other life; that a hypnotist who has hypnotised a certain patient is still able, when he gets over to the other side, to use that influence upon the person still living here. Patients had come to him in very great distress, assuring him that they had been hypnotised, sometimes long ago, by persons living, and even by others who have since passed over to the other plane. This was one of the moral dangers which had to be faced and guarded against.

With regard to spirit control, and the part it plays in subjectivity and mediumship, difficulties lay in the path of proper investigation. It would be interesting to see the analogy between the mediumistic trance and the one just witnessed. Unfortunately materialising seances usually had to take place in absolute darkness, and, as a rule, it is not permissible to touch the medium, but it would be interesting to know to what extent the medium is in a state of anaesthesia or hypnosis while under this trance control. He believed that hysteria and depression were sometimes

due to the influence, or partial control, of unworthy individuals on the other side, and that that was one reason why we should always keep a perfectly steady, well-balanced mind, and surround ourselves with such an aura of good and powerful thought as would keep our minds from being unduly influenced by anyone on this or the other side. Our own free-will is one of the most glorious assets which we as human beings possess.

NOTES ON A SEANCE.



MR. B. F. AUSTIN, Vicksburg, Mich., has contributed the following in a recent issue of *Reason*:—

On Tuesday evening, August 11th, in company with sixteen others, I attended a seance held for materialization in the seance-room of the Vicksburg camp; Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel being the medium.

Dr. Rothermel evidently believes there is nothing too good for the meeting-place between mortals and their spirit friends, and had spent considerable time and money in improving the room; and when the seance hour arrived, in place of bare floor and walls, and musty atmosphere, and a place without physical comfort and beauty, we had an elegantly carpeted room, well ventilated, the walls hung with drapery, and an abundance of flowers and sweet odors. Every detail that enters into the organization and management of the seance-room seems to have been an object of thought and study to this man, who, from scores of years of experience and study based on his education and practice as a physician, has probably gained more knowledge of the laws and conditions of materialization than the average materializing medium or attendant at such seances ever dreamed of. The Doctor is not now, and has not been for some years, following

mediumship as a profession ; but visiting the Camp, gave by request a few seances.

The first feature of the seance, after careful seating and attention to all details making for the comfort and harmony of the circle, was a half hour's address by Dr. Rothermel on the conditions necessary for materialization. This was indeed a very instructive address ; and in it the Doctor pointed out the helplessness of the spirit guides and friends in their efforts to manifest unless the requisite forces—both physical and mental—could be gathered up and utilized from the medium and sitters present.

Everything done in the seance was explained in detail to the sitters—both what the medium did and what the sitters were asked to do ; so that those present probably gained a clearer concept of materialization and its conditions than they had ever had before. Excellent music was provided, and with an intelligent and harmonious circle conditions were almost perfect.

In the first part of the program, Dr. Rothermel sat in the room with us after his arms had been securely tied fast to his knees, and the bands not only tied but carefully sewn fast in such a manner that freedom of the arms or hands was impossible. A little cabinet behind him contained a table and the usual bells and musical instruments. Seated in front, of the cabinet, in a good light we saw hands appear through curtains, articles were thrown into the room, handkerchiefs taken into the cabinet and written upon, and other usual phenomena. In addition to which we witnessed the following :

1.—A hand appeared through the opening, at the side and

somewhat above Dr. Rothermel's head, and a match being handed up, it seized it and struck it, revealing clearly in the additional light a large, powerful hand and wrist. If the Doctor's hands had been free, it would have been physically impossible for him to perform this act.

2.—While the Doctor was thus sitting, the lady assistant was in sight at this time. His niece, who assisted in the arrangement and management, but who was always in the room with us, and in sight, held a zither near the opening of the curtain. A luminous hand, surrounded by cloud, reached through the opening and, in sight of all, touched the wires of the instrument with a contact so fine and delicate and spiritual that every one present was fully satisfied the musician was a spirit intelligence. While this was going on, the curtain was raised from the Doctor's knees, and we saw his hands while the spirit hand played on the zither. We also saw the spirit hand pass repeatedly from one to the other of the Doctor's knees.

3.—Dr. Austin was called up to the curtain at the stage when handkerchiefs were drawn in through the opening and thrown out, written upon and knotted; and distinctly saw a handkerchief pass through the unrent curtain—illustrating the phenomenon of matter passing through matter.

4.—There was constant communication between the Doctor, sitting in the seance-room, and the cabinet behind him by telegraph signals audible to all; also occasional voices from the cabinet; also the playing on the zither, etc., in the cabinet, while the Doctor and assistant were both visible to us.

In the second part of the program, Dr. Rothermel was released and entered the cabinet; and among the many interesting things witnessed were the following :

1.—After explaining the reason therefor, a number were called to the curtain and requested to join hand to hand, to make the requisite conditions for a materialization OUTSIDE THE CABINET in sight of the circle and a DEMATERIALIZATION OF THE SAME OUTSIDE THE CABINET. The request complied with, and explanations given, it was announced to us that "Emma," a cabinet guide, was then in our midst unseen, and her course was announced as she passed through the circle gathering the physical and mental forces for her use, until, at last, we were told at what point of the floor she stood and would first appear. Soon after a little wisp of light was seen there (in the centre of the room), which flickered and wavered, but struggled upward until it assumed the height of a young woman; when out of the cloud, with robes of light and beauty, she stepped—a human form, with power of motion and of speech—and moved around among us, a creature of grace. For a few moments she stood before us; then passed again into the ethereal shapeless cloud, which gradually went down and out.

2.—To illustrate the possibility of our being mistaken in judgment, a form came out very much resembling the medium; and to prove it was not the medium, the form came a second time and materialized, followed (so said the cabinet guide) by a spirit not materialized. We are then told to watch the materialized spirit before us (which we did) and that we should see the second spirit take possession of this materialized body and transfigure it. We watched the oper-

ation, and saw the changed appearance—the transformation—taking place, etc.; and apparently, a woman occupying the same body that had appeared to us so much like the medium's body.

There were a few forms recognized by friends ; names and messages were given ; but most of the seance was an instructive demonstration of the science and art of materialization.

Many other interesting features were witnessed, for which we have not space.

B. F. AUSTIN.

We were present at the seance and subscribe to the above account :

(Signed)

JEANNETTE FRASER, Vicksburg, Md.

GEO. G. MILLARD, Leonidas, Mich.

MRS. M. L. STANLEY, Jackson, Mich.

MRS. CECELIA NELSON, Bellevue, Mich.

NOTE—On Wednesday evening, August 12th, Dr. Rothermel held another seance ; and, according to the statement of George G. Millard, of Leonidas, Mich., who was present, E. V. Wilson materialized, and, standing in the centre of the room, took a match and, lighting it, held it near his head and face while burning ; so that all could distinctly see him till the match burned out.

THE RATIONALE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.



THE following interesting article is from the fruitful pen of Dr. Alexander J. McInvor-Tyndall, the Editor of *Swastika* :—

Twenty years ago, there were comparatively few among the many who realized the power of clairvoyance—the faculty of the subconscious mind which enables us to describe distant places or to predict events which are still in the future.

I can remember ten or twelve years ago that a person possessed of such a power was looked upon as something abnormal and uncanny. Gradually, enlightenment has spread until now even among the most ignorant, we hardly find a person who has not some conception of the actuality and the normality of those ultra-mundane faculties represented by telepathic phenomena, clairvoyance and the power of prediction.

Not every one who is a clairvoyant has the gift of prophecy, although the two phases are apt to appear together. We know that our physical senses are interdependent. The taste of a thing depends very much upon the sight of it, for example. When it comes to the psychic faculties, this interdependence is still more apparent. And right here, I

want to make clear, the fact that our psychic faculties are not something distinct and separate from the senses that we term physical. They are simply a finer, more intense degree of these same senses. We know that all about us in our daily commercial life, we find people of varying degrees of perception—purely, we may say, of intellectual perception. There are those who are slow of comprehension—not quick of ear, or eye, or understanding. Then there are those who seem to comprehend in one word, what it takes others many words of explanation to understand.

As we rise high in the scale of intellectual cultivation, or rather in mind-concentration, we unconsciously enter the field of the psychic faculties. We live much of our time in the finer realm of psychic life, without being aware of it. Intuition, is after all but an extremely sensitive, intensely fine sense of reason—an extension of the faculty that is ascribed to the physically conscious mind as the highest development of the physical senses—namely *reason*.

Therefore, you will readily see that there is nothing strange, peculiar, mysterious, or supernatural in the manifestations of natural clairvoyance. It is a quick perception of *that which is*, and it corresponds on the psychic plane, to our physical sense of sight. The psychic sense of hearing we have termed clairaudience, and the psychic sense of feeling, we term "psychometry." The language of the psychic self—is telepathy. But, as a matter of fact, these senses blend so harmoniously that it is sometimes impossible to distinguish exactly which of the avenues of sensation is employed in receiving and sending impressions. What we wish to do, is to make clear, the distinction between direct thought-transfer-

ence, telepathy and clairvoyance. I have given you in as few words as possible the rationale of all the psychic faculties. They are simply an extension of the highest development of the physical senses. In direct thought-transference, only the words, or meaning of a specific thing is conveyed. Thought-transference may involve no degree of the clairvoyant faculty whatever. It implies simply the transference of specific thought-forms from one mind to another, without the necessity of speech, or other physical means of such transference. An example of clear-cut, and distinct thought-transference is the following, and it is an actual occurrence. I was doing some work in the editorial rooms of the *Dunster Post* a few months ago, when I distinctly heard certain words.

I looked up, and asked one of the men sitting in the room with me, if he had made that remark, and as the words were meaningless in themselves, I also asked him what he meant. He said that he had not spoken aloud but that he was fixing his mind upon an attractive heading for the story he was writing and those words had come into his mind.

He was concentrating so intensely upon the words that they reached me but without any sense of their application, or meaning. Everyone has had the experience, doubtless, of having the words of a song or poem in his mind, and suddenly some one in the room would break into the song, or quote the words. These are instances of direct transference of Thought, and although we really know comparatively little of it as yet, we still know that it is not an uncommon phenomenon.

The faculty of clairvoyance comes into play, when we feel or see, or "sense" we may call it—something which does not

exist consciously in the mind of another, or something upon which another is not concentrating. "The faculty of seeing through opaque substances," is one of the definitions given to clairvoyance. But we are to learn these days that there are no opaque substances. Everything, however dense it may appear to the limited sight, in reality is luminous.

There is another phase of clairvoyance, however, which is almost indefinable. That comes as a sort of "inner conviction"—a certainty that is in no way dependent upon comparative circumstances, or reason. Clairvoyance may not always include prediction, although it is generally associated with prediction. But, there are instances of distinct clairvoyance, which do not in any way include prophecy or prediction.

For example, a party of which I was a member once experimented with a young boy of seventeen years of age, who was a remarkable clairvoyant, but who utterly failed when it came to prediction. He would describe in detail, the appearance of a person or a room which he had never seen, tell the contents of a sealed package, or in any way tested, prove the possession of a power to see through supposedly dense objects. When asked what would happen the next day, or the next week, he would refuse utterly to make prediction, saying he could not foresee. If urged to try, his statements generally proved quite wrong. So you see that clairvoyance does not always presuppose the power of prophecy.

HOW TO BECOME CONSCIOUS OF THE FINER SENSES.

Among various nations or localities, this power of foreseeing is noticeable. The people of the Scottish Highlands,

for example, have earned the appellation, "the canny Scot," because of this extraordinary gift of prophesying, while other phases of psychic phenomena are not more common with them than with others. Personally I have always had this gift, although of late years I have learned not to voice my predictions too broadly. When a child, I used to utter predictions about almost everything that came under my observation. I did this absolutely unconsciously without knowing the reason why. I mean by that, the words would seem to force themselves out of my mouth without my volition—or without any realization on my part that I was uttering something that had not yet occurred. Many children get scolded for telling what their parents consider lies, when as a matter of fact, they are stating as actual occurrences something that has not yet taken place, but, which later developments prove true.

Now, the question naturally occurs to all who know that postulate of Mental Science, that "we are self-conscious, responsible beings," as to how it can be possible to predict events, when we ourselves have the power to make or to change events. The average idea of prophecy presupposes that an inscrutable Fate or God has already ordained such and such an occurrence, and we have nothing to do with it. But I want to make plain to you the fact that *it is because* we are responsible for our lives, that prophecy is possible. The cause is this: All relative events—experiences and occurrences that take place on the external plane—are the effect of causes which we have set in motion sometimes years previous, and sometimes they are causes which others have started years before we are born.

This looks like fate, doesn't it—when we talk of our reaping the result of causes set in motion before we were born? How then are we responsible? you will ask. The reason is that we are subject to the dominant thought of the race—we are under the relative law of cause and effect—*until such time as we rise above it and become self-acting.*

When we have once got into the vibrations of the *higher law*, we are in tune with it—at one with it—and we ourselves *are cause*. Do you see the difference? A shot fired in a certain direction will invariably hit a person in line with that bullet, whether that person be innocent or guilty—whether he be an intended victim or the victim of an accident. But, if he have the power to foresee—that is, if he vibrates to a finer, higher key than that of the occurrence, he will escape that condition by stepping aside from it.

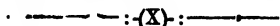
The power of clairvoyance, particularly when it includes prophecy, is not merely the power to know what is inevitable. If that were the case, it would hardly be a desirable gift. We need not trouble ourselves with that which we cannot prevent. But every extension of Man's consciousness brings us into a conviction of the absolute Goodness of the Universal Law. That is, every faculty which we cultivate into the finer and finer realms—makes us that much more immune from disastrous and unpleasant consequences.

The man whose mind is cultivated, has the advantage over the uncultivated man, not only as regards material comfort but also in every possible way that makes for happiness. So we may easily discover that the cultivation of the finer, higher faculties of the human organism, gives us more and more immunity from unhappiness, more and more freedom from

the limitations imposed by the relative law of cause and effect. Personally, I have been saved many times from accident, from financial loss, from various forms of distress and I have also saved others, by my power to foresee. If I have the vision that enables me to see a precipice before me in the direction that I am walking, I may turn aside from that precipice. If the power to foresee it was not accompanied by self-control and a free will—it would do a little good to know that I must walk into it.

The faculties of the higher Man, the divine ego, are the safeguards against the network of material and mental vibrations which are all about us. And it is only by cultivation and realizing the use of these faculties that we may escape some of the conditions which are at present converging toward a crisis in the world's history

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.



AN AUTOMATICALLY WRITTEN POEM.

PRINCESS KARADJA, whose name is not unknown to our readers through her writings and addresses, has published through Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trueman and Co., an English edition of her poem 'Towards the Light,' which was originally written in Swedish, and has been translated into several languages.

The circumstances of its production are singular and interesting. On midsummer night, 1899, the Princess was alone in the chapel of her Belgian residence, praying at the tomb of her husband and eldest son, when she suddenly heard a voice whisper: 'Fetch pen and paper.' She did so, and her hand automatically drew a sun and wrote the words 'Möt Ljuset' ('Towards the Light'), a design which appears on the cover of the book, and then wrote a poem of several hundred lines. The unseen author announces himself as her guide, who has been preparing her for conveying his message to mankind. Then he tells his story in dramatic and moving language. He had been a rich and pleasure-loving man who, after exhausting every form of indulgence, and feeling his life wasted for want of *something*—he knew not what—had committed suicide. To his horror he found

that his thinking self was still alive. As his body had been his greatest treasure, he was unable to get away from its neighbourhood until, by a chain of circumstances which are powerfully described, love and pity were awakened in him, and he found peace.

The teachings in this poem are purely spiritualistic and there are lines, especially in the last four pages, which we should much like to quote. As to the process by which it was received, Princess Karadja says :—

When I took the pen in my hand I had no idea about what I was going to write, but nevertheless I wrote fluently hundreds of verses. I must have become entranced. It seemed to me that the temperature fell quickly. I felt chilled, though the summer heat was oppressive. My soul was detached, all my senses were sharpened and acquired an extraordinary lucidity. I was so distinctly conscious of the spirit voices, that it was almost as if I had written under dictation. . . Most of the thoughts contained in this poem were not mine five minutes before I wrote them down. Where did they come from? No satisfactory answer can be given to that question. Telepathy is the only possible explanation of such phenomena. . . For my part I am absolutely convinced that free intercourse between liberated spirits and incarnated souls is simply a question of time.

By 'telepathy' Princess Karadja evidently means a transmission of thought from those in the Unseen to those still on earth; but, as we have repeatedly pointed out, telepathy is but a name for this phenomenon, or for the similar one taking place between the living, a phenomenon which is not explained by merely giving it a name. At present,

however, people in general are more eager to search for an explanation than to cultivate and utilise the power; Princess Karadja has been wise enough to avail herself of it without waiting for laboured and doubtful explanations.

The poem, in the original Swedish has a delightfully musical flow, and much of this is preserved in the translation made by the Princess herself, on the success of which she is to be highly congratulated. We hope that the prediction contained in the closing lines may be verified, and that the seed thus sown may 'ripen to a crop of richest blessing.'—*Light*, Dec. 5, 08.

DISSOLVED IN THIN AIR.

THE *Daily Express*, London, has the following in its issue of Dec. 22, from its New York correspondent:—

Some startling manifestations of psychic phenomena have been given by a young mechanic named Frank E. Foscett before two eminent professors and a number of students of psychical research.

Foscett gave two seances on Saturday and Sunday, at the homes of Professor P. F. Hall, at Boston, and Professor William James, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Professor James is Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, and formerly occupied the chair of psychology.

Both men are prominent members of the Society for Psychical Research, and every possible precaution was taken to prevent fraud. The test conditions at the seances were made unusually severe.

At the first seance, at Professor Hall's residence, Foscett sat in the centre of the room before a small table, and performed every feat of a Hindu fakir.

He then went through the fire test. First he allowed the flames from matches to curl around his fingers. Then he held both hands over a kerosene lamp until the smoke completely blackened the chimney.

The climax was reached, when he poured a quart of alcohol into a basin, set it on fire, and bathed his hands in the blazing liquid for ten minutes, also spreading the flaming alcohol over his face and arms.

Immediately after the conclusion of this test physicians who were present examined Foscett carefully, and were unable to find the slightest trace of burns or blisters.

Foscett said the flames did not cause any burning sensation, but only a pleasant feeling of warmth.

The second seance was of such a startling nature that Professors Hall and James decline to discuss it until the phenomena have been repeated, but another person who was present has given a brief description of Foscett's power.

He declared that Foscett was completely dematerialised, and added:—

"He seemed to dissolve in thin air as we watched him. He was gone forty-one seconds, then he materialised again. The spectacle was so startling that we were absolutely afraid, and we lost sight of the test conditions.

"We have asked him to appear before us again. It seems unbelievable, but he certainly seemed to be dematerialising. We do not know what to think."

Foscett appears in a passive state during the tests. Those who examined him do not believe that hypnotism accounts for his feats. They consider that he possesses some hitherto unknown latent psychic force.

A CONVINCING SPIRIT MESSAGE.

It is a well-known fact that some of the most convincing evidences of the presence of spirit friends are given unexpectedly, and in illustration of this fact Mrs. M. McCaslin, writing in 'The Sunflower,' gives an interesting account of a recent experience of her own. She says:—

A dear friend had passed to the spirit life early in the spring, when making arrangements to visit the Lily Dale camp. He was familiar with psychic phenomena and it was but natural to expect him to manifest. But the summer passed without any evidence of his spirit presence.

Near the close of the season a medium described this friend, giving the initials of his name, and pointing directly towards the writer. But almost immediately a person sitting in the rear of the audience, in line with where the medium was pointing, arose and acknowledged the test, receiving a message from the departed.

Several weeks passed and then a mediumistic friend described the spirit to me, and said: 'He tells me this: "You thought I was coming to you when another party recognised me. I was there all right, and saw you, but also noticed an old friend directly behind you, and used my strength to give him greeting, determined to come to you in a more private way, with the message I had for you, as soon as possible. There is a picture of mine I want you to have. She (indicating a mutual friend) has it, and will give it to you. A spirit here tells me there is a letter for you that has miscarried. The writer is anxious for you to get it, but it has gone to a suburban station. The spirit says she is the mother of the writer of this letter. See if she is correct. Don't think your

spirit friends have ceased to care for you because you don't hear from them. They may be trying hard to communicate when you don't know it, just as I did several times before reaching you." "

The photograph and letter have been obtained. There was no chance for collusion of any kind, and the medium (a dear, personal friend) gave the message as freely as a glass of water. Neither would mind-reading explain the method by which the letter and photograph came into possession of the writer.

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NOTES.



SCIENTISTS are busy testing the claims of spiritualism. If the philosophy is true, it will not suffer by examination as a matter of fact, whoever has examined it persistently has accepted it. No one labored more to examine the claims of spiritualism than Sir W. Crookes, Dr. Hodgson and Mr. Myers. No one was perhaps more opposed to it. But they, and particularly Dr. Hodgson, were celebrated for their detective abilities. It is alleged that Dr. Hodgson detected a fraudulent medium, no sooner he came across one. Mr. Myers was a confirmed sceptic. But yet all of them were obliged to accept spiritualism subsequently. Materialisation of spirit is now a very common manifestation. The celebrated medium Miller's successful performances in France have destroyed the scepticism of many confirmed sceptics. He is one who, while taking no pay, mind, is capable of shewing spirits under strict test conditions. The wonderful seances with this medium, Miller, described by the author of "An Occultist's Travels," Prof. Reichel—a copy of which epoch-making book has been sent to us,—ought to establish the truth of spiritualism on an unassailable basis. This exceedingly interesting book, full of the personal experiences of the author, many of which are very wonderful, can be had of R. F. Fenn and Company, 18 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

PROF. PALMARINI, of the Society for Physical studies at Florence asked, Prof. Enrico Morselli for his opinion about Spiritualism. The latter was utterly opposed to the spiritual theory, but yet he had the honesty to admit the phenomena. Said he, "I do not deny the phenomena. They are reported by persons worthy of credence and because I also experimented."

Palmarini.—Trickery?

Morselli. The trickery would then be more wonderful than the phenomena.

But why was Morselli so bitter against spiritualism? He disclosed the cause of his feelings. Said he, "I saw a phantom which presented itself as my mother. See the absurdity. One so dear to me is attracted by a medium, while I, her son, cannot do it! Is not such an idea repugnant?" His argument was, if she was his mother, why did she not appear before him and why did she require a medium! Palmarini replied: If the one dearest came to me on the back of a common mule, because she had to cross a pathless mountain and not on a motor car, would I reject her? Morselli was apparently silenced. The phenomena he admits and that means everything to the unprejudiced.

Sceptics here and spirits on the other side, are having it seems, a good fight: The sceptics first laid down the rule that they would never accept the spiritual theory, if the facts could be explained by any other way, and so they had recourse to telepathy, subliminal self and similar other theories to explain the manifestations attributed to spirits. Mr. Flammarion would not accept the theory of spiritualism

unless he saw it proved hundred times by undoubted facts. Others have declared that they would accept it on no account whatsoever.

The spirits, on the other hand, are determined to make their existence acknowledged even by hopeless sceptics. Now, what can be better proof of the truth of spiritualism than the materialisation of spirits? That is to say, some mediums have acquired the power of helping the spirits to appear before the investigators in material form. This ought to be conclusive proof of the truth of spiritualism. But if the spirits learnt to materialize themselves, the sceptics began to raise additional objections. Thus some mediums were detected in dishonest practises, and from this fact, it was sought to be proved that all materializing mediums were frauds. Then the spirits required darkness for this manifestation, and the sceptics declared that darkness meant deception. It was argued that, if the spirits could materialize in darkness, they ought to be able to do so in light also. Then another really serious objection was raised to the effect that the materialized spirits oftentimes resembled the mediums, and this was a fact.

The spirits, on their part, began to materialize in light, that is to say, in light sufficient to distinguish features. Some mediums accepted all test conditions and thus showed that it was impossible for them to practise deception. Indeed, Prof. Morselli, a sceptic, declared that "he would almost guarantee that trickery was impossible. Certainly, if these phenomena were effected by trickery, it would be a more

extraordinary phenomenon still." The spirits then created material spirits who bore no resemblance to the medium.

SAYS the *Harbinger of Light*, that brilliant Australian paper, on spiritualism :—

"Gradually man is realizing the magnificence of his destiny as an integral part of the great Cosmic scheme of the universe and the unlimited progression before him.

Now this was known to Kapila, the illustrious Hindu philosopher, who founded the Yoga philosophy, and announced it to the people of India thousands of years ago. He declared that the soul of men had hidden powers, not known to them, which were developable and which when developed would make them almost omnipotent. It was upon this knowledge of the high destiny of man that the Vedantic philosophy was founded, which laid down that man was part and parcel of God Himself. The belief among Hindus is, that it is the spark of divinity in him, granted by God, which gave man his life.

This principal that man is a part and parcel of God, is illustrated differently by different schools of philosophy. One class lays it down that there is no separate God; others say, that every man has his own God, Who is a Partner of his soul. Then there are still others, who think that God is distinct from men; that He created men for an unknown purpose of His own; that He has given man divine attributes that man progresses for ever and ever, and approaches God nearer and nearer, though he can never reach Him. This is the religion of the Vaishnavas who follow Gauranga.

MANY correspondents want to know how circles are to be formed. Try, if you have perseverance. In this *Magazine*, we have given directions on several occasions, how circles are to be formed. We have a notion that the door is sure to be opened to those who knock, but then those who knock must persevere. Let the members sit, say, from forty minutes to an hour, and let them give at least three weeks' trial. It is quite true some achieve success at once, some after a few days' effort; but it is also true some have been obliged to persevere for weeks to attain success. Mediumship of the higher phase is a gift which is more valuable than hoards of money or the lordly position of a king. Let the members begin reverentially; let them pray while sitting or sing hymns, and if they persevere they are almost sure to achieve real success by which we mean higher mediumship. By this they will be able to secure the aid of the angels who are only men, but have attained to a high position.

THE Psychological Society, composed generally of scientific men, is carrying on its researches with great zeal though of course not in the ordinary way. As scientists they cannot certainly follow methods suggested by common sense. Thus they began by ignoring all physical manifestations. They do not believe in sights, pictures, sounds and movements of material objects produced by unknown causes, yet they believe in automatic writing; that is to say, they are ready to believe that there is an intelligent agent which can cause the hand of a man or a woman write whatever it likes, yet they do not believe in an intelligent agent, who is not the medium, which can produce raps. This seems unreasonable to an ordinary man

who is not a scientist. They are prepared to admit that this intelligent agent can furnish information by automatic writing which the medium does not know, but they are not prepared to believe the statement of this intelligent agent that it is the spirit of a man. This we are told is science.

The President of the Society, Mrs. H. Sudgwick, in her presidential address thus urges on the members of the society —

There is one department of the Society's activities in which hardly any real progress has been made—I mean the investigation of the physical phenomena of spiritualism, or I may say for shortness, telekinesis. So far as I can judge, this subject stands almost exactly where it did 26 years ago, when the Society was founded. The first President of the Society said in his first presidential address that it was "a scandal that the dispute as to the reality of these phenomena should be still going on, and that it was a primary aim of the Society 'to make a sustained and systematic attempt to remove the scandal in one way or the other'."

So the matter lies entirely in the hands of the scientists. It is for them to decide once for all whether the physical manifestations do really occur or not. You who come across such a manifestation has no voice in the matter. If you see a table raised by an invisible agent and tell it to a scientist, the latter will dismiss you with the remark that you had suffered from an excess of imagination. If ten men see the same fact and describe it to the scientist, he will dismiss them all with the remark that it was only a case of sympathetic hallucination. If, to strengthen the allegation, the ten men take a photograph of the incident, the scientist will invent a term and explain it in his own way. But he will in no way admit that a table could be raised by an invisible and intelligent force.

We must give the scientists, however, the credit that they advanced reason for the conclusions arrived at them. Let us enumerate some of them. First, they have seen tuckery in such things, therefore they may be caused by tuckery. Secondly, they have never themselves seen such things, therefore, they say, they do not occur. Thirdly, they are *prima facie* impossible. Fourthly, they cannot explain them away by any other way than by adopting the spiritual theory, which, however they cannot do, since the theory is not true. Fifthly, has not the President of the Society discovered a new mineral and therefore more competent to decide the fate of an incident though she has never seen it, or investigated into its origin, than the person or persons who witnessed it, since the latter never made any discovery in the domains of science? The above are some of the scientific reasons for which they cannot admit the truth of the sounds and sights that millions of men have heard and witnessed.

The three members of the Society who took a real interest in the work,—as for instance, Mr. Piddington, Mrs. Sidgwick, and Professor Lodge,—though devotees of science, are, however, not willing to over-ride common-sense. Humanity owes an immense debt of obligation to the above three investigators and especially to Mr. Piddington who edited the report of the 'proceedings in regard to the method of cross-correspondence, by which they tried to test the spiritual theory.' The conclusions arrived at by Mr. Piddington, we believe, prove the spiritual theory conclusively though he does not say so in as many words. He says:—

There have been correspondences of the most definite character, and not only that, but in the production of them, here is evidence both of intelligent direction and of ingenuity. I care not to whom that intelligence be attributed; but that intelligence and acute intelligence lie behind the phenomena I stoutly maintain. And if this be once admitted, no excuse need be offered for trying to place upon them interpretations which otherwise would be over-subtle.

DR. PEEBLES, who honoured our city with a visit, may be considered as the foremost spiritualist in the world. He, the doctor, received messages from and interviewed more than one hundred spirits, from all walks of life; and through them has derived some very accurate knowledge concerning the spiritual world and its inhabitants. There are several spheres in the spirit world in which the spirits are located. The first sphere is divided into "many circles and conditions, spirits as low as the very lowest in the body. They dispute, wrangle, and have all the passions they had on earth." In "the second" sphere "appearances correspond largely to the conditions of earth. . . . Those in the higher were instructing in the lower." The next higher conditions were still more improved. No one has written more largely on the subject of the spiritualism than he.

THE
Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

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EDITED BY

Shishir Kumar Ghose,

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[No. 12.]

LORD GAURANGA : THE GREATEST
PSYCHIC IN THE WORLD.—III.

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WE have called Gauranga the greatest psychic that the world ever saw. Not only is his career of twenty-four years full of the most wonderful incidents, but these are supported by testimony which is overwhelming. This cannot be said of other Messias or Avatars, or even of great psychics. There is no Messiah, Avatar or psychic whose supernormal performances are supported by such an array of testimony, by many millions of men, his contemporaries, companions and followers, who accepted Him as their Master, and as the Lord of the universe ; and by a large number of writers of

books, pamphlets, songs and *sloka*¹, who kept a record of what they saw.

What mark him out from others, who performed super normal feats, are the following. He was not a medium in the ordinary sense of the term. If he was a medium, he was a medium of Sree Krishna or the Lord God, that is all. What also especially distinguished him from others was his irresistible control over the elements, matter and men. They were going to have a big Sankirtan celebration in the open, but thick clouds threatened to spoil their pious work. The Lord thereupon gazed at the clouds and commanded them to disperse, and immediately the weather cleared. This is testified to by the author who was present on the occasion. The author of Baishnava Bandana was a leper, he was cured by the Lord and he testified to the fact in his book. The Lord,² in this manner, restored sight to the blind.

In this journal appeared the wonderful account of a yogi who, in course of an hour, created an orchard of many trees bearing luscious fruits, which feat was witnessed by a large number of respectable witnesses. Gauṅga did something like it every day, while in his native city. He just planted mango seed and clapped his hands. The seed germinates quickly, and the plant grew into a tree which yielded about two hundred magnificent fruits. And when the fruits were plucked, the tree disappeared! He shewed this experiment to prove how the body of man would disappear while the soul lived. He threw vast multitudes into ecstatic trances by mere command; these danced and sang in ecstasy, uttering the glories of God. He converted the most confirmed sinner

in the same way ; they fell down in a swoon to rise most pious men. He could assume different forms ; he appeared as Ram-Seeta to those who worshipped Ram-Seeta ; as Mahadeo to those who worshipped that God ; as Durga who worshipped that Goddess ; and of course as Radha-Krishna. Tears of joy came out of his eyes with the force of a syringe wetting the multitude surrounding him, and their quantity was such as to make the sandy sea-shore, where he danced, actually muddy. A picture taken on the spot, describing the occasion, shews this. He sometimes danced in air during Kirtans. And we have, already described, the dense and dazzling luminosity which surrounded His person in His Divine state. In this manner, the Lord God frequently revealed Himself through his body, and on one such occasion, he ate victual which could not be consumed by one thousand persons.

In our last we described how Lord Gauranga was taken into the sleeping apartment of Sreebas, which was at once lighted up by the brilliant luminosity which surrounded His person. The Lord was seated inside, and He summoned the hundreds who had come, to approach Him nearer. When they came He addressed them. "The voice was sonorous and impressive, withal sweeter than music. He spoke thus, 'You of course know Who I am. I am He Who sits in the heart of every man. I have revealed Myself to-day to tell you that you have nothing to fear from the King.'"

Now, the fact was, His followers were threatened with the wrath of the irresistible king because of their supposed innovations in religion. The threat had a demoralizing effect

upon many of His followers, and the Lord wanted to assure them of His protection. He continued:

"I have come this time not to punish sinners, but to reclaim them. I am come to teach My creatures how to attain Me by *bhakti*, reverence or loyalty and love, by shewing practically all that a devotee should do, by Myself passing through all the stages required of him in his spiritual progress. I will, in short, in this Avatar, teach My creatures not only by precept, but by example how to attain Me."

In the above the reason is given why the Lord posed as a devotee almost always, only now and then, revealing that He was also the Lord God acting the part of a teacher.

He continued: "If the sovereign should be minded to maltreat you, I shall not punish him; I shall punish not in this Avatar, but soften his heart towards his fellow creatures. I will shew you how I shall touch the heart of the King." And saying this, the Lord beckoned Narayan a girl of four years to approach Him. When the girl had done so, the Lord commanded her in this manner. "Narayan said He, "be inspired with *bhakti* for Krishna." No sooner were these words uttered than the girl burst into tears, crying "my Krishna, my Krishna" and began to display devotional feelings, such as only a most ardent devotee could do. The Lord smiled and said: "That is how I shall deal with the King, if he should resort to force to maltreat a man of religion."

Those who were present found themselves dazed. They did not know whether they were awake or asleep. At this time the four ladies of Sreebas' family appeared at the door. They were the wives of the four brothers including Sreebas. Three

LORD GAURANGA: THE GREATEST PSYCHIC.

of them were quite young, and according to the customs of the Hindus, had no permission to appear before a young man, who was no relation. Addressing Sreebas' youngest brother, they said humbly: "Can we not go in and see Him?" The Lord was in the room, but they could not venture to go in, because of the modesty of their sex. Addressing Sreekanta, the youngest brother, of Sreebas, in the most imploring tones, they said: "Can it be just that we should be deprived of the inexpressible joy of seeing Him, simply because we are women?" The Lord heard their voice from within, and replied, "Certainly they may come in and see Me." The ladies having entered the room, overcome with a variety of feelings,—such as, say, bashfulness, expectancy and fear,—saw through the half-uplifted veil, which covered their faces, the benign countenance of the Lord. They then, overpowered by *bhakti*, saluted the Lord with their heads bowed down close to His feet. The Lord felt compassion for them; touched their heads with His lotus feet, and blessed them, saying, "May your hearts abide in Me."

Their husbands, who were present, did not feel the least jealousy when Nimai claimed the undivided possession of their hearts. And why? It was because Nimai was not then the young Pandit of Nadia, but the Father of all. They also felt that, if a wife were more dearly related to her husband than to any other man, God was nearer still to her.

Gauranga, however, conferred an irrepayable boon to man by teaching them the sweetest of religions, sweeter than all the religions taught by other Prophets. He taught it, besides, not merely by precept but also by example. He taught men that the highest duty of man was to love God. Of course,

this truth was taught by other Prophets too; but then it is always very easy to offer advice; though it is sometimes difficult to follow the advice given. There is no difficulty in telling men that the best thing that they can do is to be mad after God, but it is rather difficult to be a God-mad man. He himself became a God-mad man and remained so for twenty-four years. If the Creator has the least good feeling in Him, He is bound to be the slave of a man who loves Him as Gauranga should he did. Any one can see by studying his life that all we say is literally true.

MYSTERIOUS MANIFESTATIONS. IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

29, Kankurgachee Road,
P. O. Harrison Road, Calcutta.
The 16th January 1909.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE
H. S. Magazine.

SIR,—In accordance with the conversation that passed between you and me a few days ago, I beg to send herewith a series of incidents recounted in a complete narrative form, in connection with the manifestation of spirits and their evil acts in my house. The incidents have been exhaustively dealt with and too much detailed with facts—and this I have done with a view to show in bold relief the various stages of their developments. No pains have been spared to make the narrative a strictly accurate one, and I fervently hope that you will kindly publish it in your widely circulated magazine as already promised in your issue of May last (vide the Note appended to Vol. III, No. 3, 1908 of your Magazine).

I beg to remain, etc.

AMRITA LALA DASA.

I.—PREVIOUS HISTORY OF THE HAUNTED PLACE.

BEFORE narrating the connected and consecutive series of incidents in course of which I and my family had the chance of encountering spirits and witnessing their weird actions, I wish to give a brief history of the place, believed to be haunt-

ed by spirits, and its surroundings. The house in question is situated at No. 29, Kankurgachee Road, in the suburbs of Calcutta. It is, to speak the truth, our present dwelling-house. Before we had settled here, it was a lonely deserted garden with a building in it. This garden-house was used by its previous owner only when a garden party had to be given, and on such occasions many friends and relatives of the owner used to congregate there for merrymaking. It is said, that the garden was at one time the resort of drunkards and *badmašes* and that many heinous crimes had been perpetrated within its boundaries. It had often been frequented by these felons for immoral purposes. They used to indulge in revelry and when under the influence of liquor, would quarrel among themselves, and thus heinous crimes were committed. It is even said that women were murdered there. Besides, owing to its extreme loneliness, the place afforded opportunities for committing suicide. So it had witnessed many cases of homicide and suicide. And a rumour was abroad in the locality that those who had met with unnatural or untimely death in this garden, became evil spirits or ghosts, with the garden-house as their favourite haunt. The rumour was believed to be so true by the people of the neighbourhood, that no one would dare walk along the side of the garden after nightfall, when it would assume an air of weirdness as if the hobgoblins had really taken possession of it.

For some years the garden remained unoccupied and it was at last proposed to lease it out. Somehow or other a Brahmin was allured to live in it as a tenant at a very low rate of rent. At first he perhaps hesitated to do

so on hearing the rumour about the house being haunted. But as he was poor and the rent quite low, he took courage and occupied the garden-house. But, in about six months' time, he lost a daughter suddenly, and vacated the garden.

After this no one would venture to live in this garden as a tenant; and it practically remained vacant for many years.

At last about fifteen or sixteen years ago we happened to occupy and to dwell in it with our family in spite of repeated warnings from the neighbours, whose accounts of ghosts and spirits in the garden we treated with contempt in the firm conviction that ghosts only existed in imagination.

II.—FALLING OF STONES.

For nearly two years we lived in the garden without any new disturbances. But one day, all on a sudden, stones began to fall into our courtyard at noon, and this continued for some months, though not incessantly but at intervals. We first concluded it to be the work of some wicked men, and, indeed, we had ample grounds for holding the view. We thought that perhaps some wicked neighbours wanted to compel us to vacate the garden-house so that they themselves might use it. The garden had many fruit-trees, as also a tank abounding with fish, but before our occupation left uncared for by its owner. So we supposed, these wicked people wanted to keep us indoors to steal fruit and fish.

On the first day of the occurrence, stones began to fall at noon and when an enquiry was started no one was found within striking distance of our garden; and the falling stopped

soon after. On the second day stones fell again as before and at the same hour too, but this time we made a very careful and thorough investigation into the matter, when we found that the stones were being hurled from the south, near our privy, where there was a *chalda* tree. On the third day, however, we ascertained that they were being flung from the side where there was a jack tree and sometimes from behind our kitchen, both situated on the north side, and at certain times from the west too, which was the back side of our house. But strange as it might appear no one of our family was hit or hurt by these stones. The rubbles flung were of the same size as are usually found on the roads, some perhaps larger and some smaller. We collected and kept these specimens. Generally stones would fall at noon when the male members were away from the house.

On the night of the third day, after we had all come back from our respective places of business and were listening to what had happened in our absence, a stone fell in our presence on the thatched roof of the kitchen and rolling over dropped on the courtyard. Instantly we armed ourselves with *lathi* and with the help of a lantern began to search every creek and corner—every possible place from which we suspected that stones might be thrown. In the meantime, from the outside too, the sound of similar hard substances falling reached our ears. While we were thus engaged in searching, a neighbour, named Kartick, noticing the glare of the light and curious to know what had happened, came out of his abode. We then informed him of everything and showed him the stones we had collected. He expressed evident surprise at what he

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saw and heard. Up to that time we had not brought this fact to the notice of any one in our neighbourhood, under the impression that we would not be materially benefited by disclosing our difficulties, for, as I have said, we believed that all these were being done by the people of the locality, who had more or less suffered by our coming and occupying this sequestered, forsaken garden-house. However, Kartick at least was friendly and sympathetic. He was the only person who took any interest in our case and tried his utmost to help us materially in the detection of the real culprits that night. But nothing came of our efforts and we retired to our house and Kartick to his own cottage.

The falling of stones, however, was not stopped. It continued for several days. Meanwhile, we were not idle, and after coming from office would make every endeavour to find out the mischief-makers. But finding that all our strenuous attempts in this direction baffled and frustrated, we began to ponder over the matter. My father, brothers and myself took to thinking as to how we might extricate ourselves from this dire difficulty. At first we were quite at a loss as what to do. Because, without any sure proof we could not charge anybody in the matter. At length, after due deliberation, it was settled that the next morning we would lodge a complaint with the Police and secure its help. Consequently, with the dawn of day, my younger brother was sent to the Belaghata Thana under the jurisdiction of which our house was situated. The Police sent a Chowkidar to make the necessary investigations. It was also ordered that two constables would be sent daily to guard our house. But even in their presence did stones fall twice or thrice at noon

from the back of our privy, to the utter dismay of the constables. However, that night stones did not fall at all. Next morning a report was sent to the thana to that effect. The Daroga, accompanied by two other Chowkidars, came to our house to make further enquiries. He summoned a few people of the neighbourhood and warned them to behave better believing that some of them were connected with the affair.

From that time forward, the falling of stones ceased, and we concluded that it was due to Police interference. Still to further intimidate the neighbouring people, my eldest brother invited a certain colleague of his who possessed a revolver, to come and fire a few blank cartridges in the air with a view to make the neighbours believe that we had got a pass from the Police to keep a revolver and to freely fire it in emergencies.

Thus we became free from this sort of evil for the time.

III.—FALL OF HUMAN EXCRETA.

A year passed quietly without any further trouble, but symptoms indicative of fresh mischief began at last to manifest themselves. One morning, after daybreak, when the outer doors of our house were as usual opened, our eyes accidentally fell on something wrapped up in a piece of paper lying on our verandah, just in front of the middle door of one of the rooms used as dormitory. On examination it was found to be human excreta. We were naturally astonished at this and made a row as to its author. But as this sort of filthy work could not be done by any member of the family, we concluded that it was the act of those wretches who used to throw brick-bats formerly, and that

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unsuccessful in their previous attempts they had taken to this new device to torment us.

Again on the same day, at noon and in the evening, some quantity of excreta wrapped up, as before, in a piece of paper, dropped into our courtyard. By this time we became more vigilant and hastened out of the house to catch the miscreant, but sorry to say no one was found. The last time we thought it came from the southern direction.

Next day it was repeated with a little variation—excreta being wrapped up in a piece of rag instead of paper, as on the previous day, and looking as fresh as if it had been thrown just after discharge.

In this way the falling of human evacuations continued for days together, and at last stopped of itself. We did not report this fact to the Police nor did we inform any outsider. But somehow or other the matter leaked out, and our neighbours came to know about it. At midday one day, a few women called at ours, and when they were engaged in their usual prattle, all of a sudden their attention was attracted to something just taken from above. They immediately went there, and to their great disgust found a quantity of human excreta wrapped up in a piece of rag. They were then told what had gone before, and they too came to the same conclusion with us that it was the doing of some mischievous folks.

We observed one peculiarity in connection with this fall of excrements. Curiously enough the excreta never happened to fall on anybody nor on any articles. However, this disagreeable manifestation stopped of itself after a time

IV.—LOSS OF ARTICLES.

Matters went on as smoothly as before. But, shortly there was a new development of a more serious nature, in spite of great watchfulness and constant vigilance on our part and that was the missing of articles, viz., eatables, clothing, money and even jewellery, in a strange way.

This sort of mischief (mysterious disappearance of articles) commenced with confectionery, sweetmeats, ripe fruits and other articles of food. Gradually the depredations extended to more valuable articles, such as clothing, rich garments, and at last to jewellery. It may be observed in this connection that not only would articles kept open disappear, but those under constant watch and care, and even under lock and key!

When confectioneries, viz., sweetmeats, began to disappear, we naturally suspected the youngsters of the house. But, in several instances we found that they were not at fault. However, arrangements were made to keep sweetmeats, which had been prepared for our daily consumption, as also other articles of food, in a niche (shelf) under lock and key, and the charge of this shelf was given to a responsible female member of the house. But notwithstanding all measures of caution, it was very strange to say that the depredations continued. Not only sweets continued to go out of sight, but also ripe fruits, whose seeds and shells even would not be found out.

Then came the turn of clothes and jewellery which also began to vanish from sight in the same strange manner and all our efforts to stop them proved futile in this case also.

One day a piece of warm clothing (wrapper) which was being dried in the sun vanished in the twinkling of an eye. We at once instituted an enquiry as to who might have taken it away. We were certain that it had not been stolen by any one, because during that time no outsider or beggar had visited our house. Had a stranger come, our dog, usually fastened at the gate, would have barked at him and thereby called our attention. In spite of all our efforts to find out the article and to ascertain the cause of its miraculous disappearance, we lost it for ever.

In this way we were also deprived of many gold ornaments and other valuables without being able to trace out any clue to their mysterious disappearance.

V.—UNVEILING OF THE MYSTERY.

During the four years that this constant trouble and injury lasted, our family underwent considerable changes. We lost seven of our relatives, all closely connected with one another, within this brief span. To add to these calamities, my revered father at last breathed his last, leaving us in a miserable and woful condition to mourn his loss. Besides, two of my brothers left the house and went to distant places on business—one to Shillong and the other to Bombay. Thus the numerical strength of our family was greatly reduced.

Owing to these unforeseen circumstances which foreboded that some evil was at hand, our mind was unhinged and we began to lose our former strength of mind. But as ill luck would have it more wonderful and more horrible incidents began to occur.

Three or four days after of my father's death, while we were in mourning, one night a discordant yet jingling sound

was heard by my mother in her slumbers. Immediately she awoke and called for us. Hastening to her room we noticed that some utensils were lying scattered here and there, while a gunny bag which contained fried rice (*klu*) was misplaced. Previously the bag had been kept upon a round teapoy in a corner of the room, but to our utter amazement we found that it had been removed to the middle of the floor. Another strange phenomenon came to our notice. The iron bolt fastened tightly to the windows from inside was found lying on the floor. As the doors of the room had been kept closed and as the bolt could not be unfastened from the outside, we were certain that nobody had entered the room, and naturally we were surprised at the displacement of the bag and the bolt. On seeing the utensils scattered about on the floor, we thought that these might have been done by cats or rats, but who could have removed those heavy articles.

Within the period of our mourning, one night, when we had just gone to sleep, the sound of something having fallen on the floor, reached our ears and we began to whisper amongst ourselves if everybody had heard it. We at once commenced a search, and to our great wonder we noticed that a big iron screw-driver was lying on the floor which had for a long time been kept in a recess in our room. The cause of our wonder was that it was impossible for any such animal like a cat or a rat which might gain access to that room, to throw out such a big iron thing from that recess. It could not have been moved except by some human agency, but no trace of any such agency could be discovered in the room. Again, almost simultaneously with this

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event occurred another incident of a more wonderful nature. When we were about to return to our respective beds after the first phenomenon, my youngest brother observed two candlesticks kept on the top of a shelf, falling with such vehement force on the floor as if somebody from behind had just thrown them down. We now thought that certainly some human being must have entered the room, and therefore a careful search was made but no outsider was found. Later on, another strange incident came to our notice. My brother felt something hard placed under his bed. On removing the blanket, he found a short dagger of the form of a "kukri." Immediately our attention was called to it and we discovered that it was the same dagger which had long before been kept on the same shelf where the two candlesticks had been put. We wondered as to how it came under my brother's bed.

During the remaining period of our mourning nothing wonderful happened, but fitful disappearance of articles continued as before. We did not take any particular notice of these events, because by that time we had become familiar to them.

After the occurrence of the above incidents, a month or two passed without any disturbance. But fresh incidents began to occur, which, compared to those already described, appeared even more wonderful and extraordinary. In fact these weird events wrought a revolution in our thoughts and ideas. They upset our deeprooted and long-standing beliefs in the existence of spirits. Hitherto whenever anything strange had happened we tried our best to ascribe a cause to it or at least to find a rational explanation. But

now the incidents came to happen in such a mysterious manner that we became actually forced to confess ourselves beaten. We had at last to attribute these miraculous phenomena to the agency of the denizens of the spirit world, because it seemed to us to be quite impossible for any physical causes to produce such marvellously weird effects. The various incidents that have already been narrated, namely, the pelting of stones, the throwing of human excreta, the mysterious disappearance of our household articles, etc, which were attributed to human agency or trickery, were now taken to be the manifestations of the spirits that haunted the place.

Let me now recount the incidents alluded to above.

On Friday, the 10th of Asarh, 1311 B. S., about 1-30 a. m. my eldest brother was suddenly awakened by a noise caused probably by the movements of some one inside his room, and he called to us aloud to bring a light. When the lamp was being lighted, a sharp jingling sound was heard as if some metallic substance had fallen from a certain height. With the help of the light we searched the room through and through without finding any body. While thus engaged another metallic sound was heard, and simultaneously with the sound we found that a round metallic substance, of the form of an eight-anna bit, was rolling on the floor. Immediately our attention was drawn to it, we picked it up. On examination in the light we discovered that it was piece of sovereign worth 15 rupees. We then began to search again, and another piece was found under the bedstead. We were thunderstruck at this strange phenomenon. Whence did these two pieces of guinea come? How could they

fall from above? When we were thus discussing this subject, my mother recollected that she had a few guineas in her cash-box along with other silver bits, namely, two-anna, four-anna and eight-anna pieces, and she suspected that these pieces might be two of them. Apprehending this, she opened her box and to her great surprise found the whole purse missing. It was impossible to attribute this mysterious phenomenon to any but occult causes. We were, however, not sorry for this heavy loss, as we had got back two of the guineas, and believed that the others would be restored in due course when the spirit was in a more amiable mood.

Next day, that is, on Saturday, the 11th of Asarh, my eldest brother, on his return from office, was putting off his clothes, when his eyes suddenly fell on his bed where he noticed a freshly prepared 'danadar'—a kind of sweetmeat. On enquiry he learnt that no such eatable had been brought to our house on that day. We were not kept long in suspense for we concluded that this must have been done by the spirit who was haunting our house and playing all these merry pranks for his own amusement. Then came the thought as to what might be done with the 'danadar.' We were divided in opinion; some thought it would be injurious to eat it, others were of opinion that when the spirit had out of his own will given us the sweetmeat to eat, there would be no harm in partaking of it. After all we ate it and found it good and wholesome.

Again, on the following day, that is, on Sunday, the 12th Asarh, a big *kissenbhog* mango was found on a bracket in our room, although nobody had brought any such fruit

that day, or any day before. In the evening another wonderful incident occurred. Just before evening, when it was scarcely dark, when almost all the inmates of the house were outside their rooms, and my brother was preparing to go to the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj Prayer Hall, he heard certain sound as if some metallic substance had dropped from above on to the floor of his room. Just then I and my wife entered the room with a light, as is the custom in the evening in a Hindu family, and brother saw that a four-anna bit was lying on the floor. No sooner had he picked it up than a shower of four-anna, two-anna and eight-anna bits began to fall from the ceiling of the room, as if some invisible being were dropping them on the floor from above. From dusk up to 7 o'clock in the evening this shower of silver coins was kept up. On reviewing this singular incident we conjectured that the coins which were falling from the air as it were, might be those which the Spirit had condescended to take before from the cash box of my mother as had been already described. We thought it was now returning them out of his own accord, shewing thereby that he was always with us.

On the next day, that is, on Monday, the 13th of Ashwin, there was another wonderful incident, which would seem incredible. As usual, on his return from office brother went into his room to put off his office clothes. He saw a strange scene which struck him with infinite surprise. He noticed that in the middle of the room, on the floor, were placed all the requisites of a Hindu in offering his evening prayers, to Gee namely, sandal-wood, sandal-stone and copper vessels (ko-hi kushi) containing Ganges water, as well as a brass water-pot

It looked as though some one had just finished his evening service, the evidence of which was so very strong that the fact could not be denied, as the whole room at that time was literally surcharged with the fragrance of just-prepared sandal paste, traces of which were still visible on the sandal-stone and as the water used in the service scarcely had dried up. These things were kept in a separate room set apart for divine service. We at once instituted an enquiry respecting the transfer of these pujah articles to this room, but we failed to gather any information concerning it. While we were pondering over this matter, suddenly from above a rupee fell in front of my brother. From this, we surmised that the spirit who certainly had wrought this wonder of performing an evening prayer was still present there. Comprehending now the noble purpose and intention of the spirit as manifested in his evening service my mother and brother told all of us to regard the invisible being as the guardian-spirit of the family. We then addressed the spirit and while doing so, another two-anna piece fell before my brother and a four-anna before me.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF THEOSOPHY IN INDIA.



WE began this Magazine with an account how the spiritualism of America, was first brought to India ; how we, on account of a severe bereavement, came to Calcutta from our village home to ransack the Public Library for any book on that subject, as we had heard that the Americans were talking with the dead and had published many books recounting their experiences ; how the then Librarian, Babu Peary Chand Mitter, supplied us with several books on the subject, one by Judge Edmunds, another by one Mr. Jones, the third by F. W. M. and we believe a book by Prof. Denison ; how we went home to Amrita Bazar (Jessore) and held our first circle ; how we succeeded in satisfying ourselves of the truth of spiritualism ; how a description of our circle and its results were sent to the *Indian Daily News*, by the late Babu Ananda Mohan Bose then a student ; how this communication created a stir in the country, so that a large number of people were led to follow in our wake and to form circles in towns and villages in Bengal and other provinces.

We had also the privilege of having had something to do with the introduction of Theosophy in India. We were then living in Deoghar, where we heard that a Russian lady and an American Colonel, accompanied by

European followers, had come from the West to Bombay, and that they possessed occult powers. We found all this in the columns of a Bombay newspaper. We thought that the principal figure among them was Colonel Olcott, for he was the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, at first founded in America. So we addressed him a letter asking who and what he was.

The reply came promptly. We were told that they had come to teach, and learn *Vidya*. We again wrote to the Colonel to explain what he meant by "Vidya." In reply, he wrote, "Fie, you a Hindu and don't know what *Vidya* is? There is only one *Vidya* in the world worthy of study, and that is *Yoga Vidya*."

So our curiosity was aroused, Europeans dealing with *Yoga*! We again wrote to the effect that "as *Yoga* develops occult powers, can you shew any phenomena?" The reply came, and we were told that if we went to Bombay we might see some phenomena, but yet they could not promise. Yes, they did not promise, but yet they intimated unmistakably that we had only to come to them to see wonders. So when it was settled that we would be their guest, I hied at once to Bombay. Colonel Olcott had come to receive me at the station, and while we were going to our place of destination, he gave me to understand that the principal was Madame, and that I should treat her deferentially. So I went home, and was received graciously by the Madame, the celebrated Madame Blavatsky, Founder of Theosophy.

I saw that the party was composed of Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, one Mr. Wimbridge and one Mrs. Bates, — these four only. The last two came from England and

had very little or nothing to do with the movement. Mr. Wimbridge was an artist—he afterwards left the Theosophical Society and opened a business in the city of Bombay. Mr. Bates subsequently came to Calcutta and saw us here, but we do not know her whereabouts now.

Col. Olcott seemed to us to be a man of large heart, vast acquirements, of childish simplicity, and, a slave of slave of the Madame. Madame seemed unfathomable, now the deepest of the deep, now as silly as a forward girl of twelve. With the exception of one Parice, a very young man, they had not then been able to gain a hearing from any. They had been severely left alone by the citizens of Bombay, as also by the people of the province. Thus the Colonel sorrowfully told me. And then he opened the secrets of their mission to me, enjoining absolute secrecy on me.

He said there were adepts, mainly Hindus, who had acquired almost unlimited powers by the culture of *ajna*, that Madame was herself almost an adept, the Colonel had himself seen one of them in America, who came to him suddenly at night, and he shewed me the turban that the latter had left him. I was told that the adept vanished suddenly from his sight. They had been brought to India by three adepts—*Mahatmas*—to serve a purpose of their own which was to benefit humanity generally, and the Hindus particularly, by establishing the Theosophical Society, which would impart the highest knowledge open to man.

Good Hindus in the early days of our life, we had latterly forsaken Hinduism and adopted Theism. We felt however that this religion was not based upon anything substantial; we had practically ceased to believe in anything, when spiri-

tualism from America opened our eyes, and led us to God and religion again. Yet we had seen very little of spiritualism. We had certainly seen some phenomena, and they supported the philosophy of spiritualism and we were led to believe in it. But yet we were not absolutely sure. We tried to get hold of any such phenomenon as would convert our belief in spiritualism into absolute certainty. But we had hitherto failed to witness any such. Here then was what we had been trying to find these years, offered to us by Colonel Olcott, and our joy knew no bound.

On enquiry as to what the powers were that these adepts had acquired, we were told that they could step out of their bodies, fly away with their *Yantra sharer* wherever they wished or send anything anywhere they chose, they could make themselves invisible, they lived in invisible cities of their own; &c. Indeed, we were told that they could perform all the wonders of which we had read in our ancient literature.

Myself—To see is to believe. May it be our good fortune to see an adept?

Col.—You may or may not. That depends entirely upon them or you. If you wish to gain their good will, you must help them in their work.

Myself—That I must, whether they bless me or not. I am ready to do anything in such a good cause. But I am here, in Bombay, for several days. Yet Madame has not shewn me any phenomenon.

Col.—I am glad you have asked me this question. Madame will shew you nothing until you have joined the Theosophical Society.

Myself—If that be so, initiate me at once.

Accordingly I was initiated by the Colonel in Madame's presence. He gave me a lecture; taught me the sign and the pass-word, I paid a fee of rupees ten and became a member of the Theosophical Society, which, as I said before, had been founded in America before they came to India, the Colonel being President-Founder, and Madame, General Secretary. I was, I believe, the first member of the Society.

I then brought some leading citizens of Bombay, my friends, to see Madame and the Colonel, prominent among them were, Messrs. Malabari and Murarjee Gokuldas. I also wrote to wealthy men in Bengal who were good Hindus, to help the Society with money. And money came from Maharani Swarnamoyee of Cossimbazar, and Raja Boroda Kant of Jessore and others whose names I do not now remember. But though I was jealously working for the Society yet I saw nothing, and I was very very impatient to see something. The Colonel perceived my impatience and charged Madame with ingratitude in my presence. He told her that I was the first Hindu to join their Society, who had induced others to do so, nay, who had procured funds for the cause and still I had not been shewn any phenomenon.

Madame said nothing. She appeared as if she had not heard what the Colonel was telling her. I had, however, seen only one phenomenon, but not a very extraordinary one which I must relate here. I and the Colonel were having a talk in the verandah of a Bungalow, which was at some distance from the other two where the Madame, the Colonel and their guests lived. There he was reclining on a mat with his head on my lap. Though there was a wall between us and the street, it was not high; and so people, who were passing

along the road, could see us. Suddenly a chit was handed to the Colonel by Babula, the famous favorite and confidential servant of Madame, or more properly her familiar. The chit contained an admonition to this effect: "What means this exhibition of yourself before the public? Put on your coat and be decent." The Colonel, on perusal of the chit, looked like a guilty boy caught stealing apples; he hastily rose, and put on his coat!

How could she see us? Did she come out of her room and advance a considerable way to have a peep at us? The Colonel smiled. He said:—"That is her way. She will take you by surprise and is always doing so with every one she is intimate with. "Better go and inquire," said he, asking me to go at once. I ran, and before Babula had reached her, I found her writing, with a cigarette in her mouth! I asked her what she meant by the message. She replied, "Was there any ambiguity about it? People of this quarter must respect us, and who will pay any regard to the Colonel if he does not shew himself a decent man?" "But how could you know from your room here that the Colonel had thrown off his coat and was reclining on a mat?" I asked. "As to that," said she, "one of your countrymen came to me and told me that." "Who was he?" "Well, he did not wait to be questioned," said she, intimating plainly that it was her Master, the adept, who was controlling their destiny, who had come and vanished!

I was very much puzzled. Of course, Babula or somebody must have told her, or she had actually come stealthily to have a peep at us. On the other hand, we saw that it was impossible for Babula or any other to see us, and go back

without being caught. As for her, coming to the spot herself that was absolutely impossible, for many reasons. So here was the first intimation of the Mahatmas! On the following morning, as we four,—myself, the Colonel, Wimbridge and Bates—were taking our breakfast in another house, where the family breakfasted and dined, I suddenly heard musical bells. Madame was in another house, she took her meals alone. The sounds were very sweet. But who was producing it? It was at about 7 or 8 in the morning, indeed, it was then broad daylight. No one was visible who could make the sound, certainly not Madame who was in another room writing. "What is this?" I asked in surprise. The Colonel said smiling. "These are her musical bells." "Who rings them?" "Madame." "But Madame is not here." "That is true, but she has this control over matter; she does it through the occult powers that she possesses."

Immediately a chit came to me from Madame to this effect, "Mr. Ghose, do you hear me?" Yes, I did, and I ran to her in the other house where she was sitting. When she saw me there was triumph in her eyes, and she laughed. Well, I knew that Dr. Richard Hodgson had found similarity between her writings and in the letters said to have been written by Koot Hoomi, the alleged Mahatma. But here there was no fraud. I felt absolutely sure that the musical sounds had been produced either by a spirit or some occult power that she possessed. We heard the bells in the air, around us and over our heads

(To be continued.)

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:(X):

(Continued from our last.)

CHAP. II.

Miss DIMPLES was a laggard at breakfast. Betty was just going in search of her, when the door opened, and she came in. Her pretty rosy cheeks had lost their colour, and she looked quite pale and tired—as if she had not slept.

“What have you been doing?” O’Connell asked, with much severity. “Reading a trashy modern novel in bed, eh, young lady? Or, like that sensible wife of mine, interviewing a ghost?”

No one could accuse Miss Dimples of being pale now—she flushed painfully, a vivid scarlet.

Betty looked at her with troubled eyes, and O’Connell seeing the effect of his jesting words, frowned wrathfully. “I threw myself into the breach, talking fast and intentionally in a loud voice to my host as to the day’s prospects.”

When O’Connell, taking Adair with him, had departed after breakfast to consult with his steward—an ubiquitous creature, whose duties ranged between buying the babies’ boots and arranging the various shoots, Miss Dimples, with many more blushes, broke the sad fact to her hostess that she was recalled home.

I was sorry for the poor child, for she was in an agony, between inventing a specious lie and not seeming in unseemly haste to quit her friend's roof.

"I am so sorry to go, dear Madam O'Connoll," she said, with tell-tale flaming cheeks, "but I got a letter from mother this morning, saying she is not very well, and that she wants me to come home."

Betty did not believe this story, nor did I; but as a very strong motive was evidently behind the girl's many excuses, I resolved to try and extract the truth.

It was arranged that Miss Dimples should depart after lunch, and Betty, jingling a huge bunch of keys in a workmanlike fashion, started "housekeeping," telling her friend to amuse me for half an hour.

"You've been telling terrible tarra—diddles, Miss Dimples," I said reprovingly, when we were alone, shaking a reproachful finger at the fair sinner. "You never had any letter this morning, but a very obvious bill forwarded on to you. I particularly noticed the blue envelope lying in solitary grandeur on your plate."

"If you did notice, you shouldn't have, and you are horribly rude to tell me to my face I tell stories. Those are Indian manners, I presume; now *dear* Captain Adair!"

Miss Dimples pouted in a provokingly charming manner at me.

"We are not talking of Captain Adair—da—I should say, bless him!" I interrupted austerely, "but are discussing the infamous conduct of a little lady, who, having told several very inartistic fibs within the last five minutes—by the clock—now refuses to confess and receive absolution."

"Certainly I refuse, with *such* a father confessor!"

"You will not find a more sympathetic one in all Ireland, including its garrison towns!"

An alarming glare from two heavily curtained eyes made me hasten to add:—

"See, I am quite in the right attitude." I sank on my knees with my hands clasped. "Now, fair ladye, in your mercy tell your devoted knight what wicked monster disturbed your rest, that I may rend it limb from limb!"

"Now sit down—no, not here—over in that chair. Well, first you must swear by—by your spurs, not to tell The O'Connell."

"I swear it."

"Or ever in a horrid club smoking-room."

"I never enter such places, my mamma does not like me to."

"Or ever to tell Madam O'Connell."

"May not Betty know?"

"Certainly not. It's bad enough my having to be as rude as I am in flying off like this, without my adding insult to injury by telling some stupid story about the house."

"So be it; I won't tell Betty then—just yet."

"I went up to bed, you know; you gave me my candlestick. By the way, I believe you made my fingers black and blue." She critically examined her plump little digits. Miss Dimples runs to entrancing hollows even in her hands. "No, stay where you are—you need not look at them, thank you. Only be more careful next time you hand a person a candlestick. Well, we talked a little, and brushed our hair, and drank some tea."

"Do you women drink tea at that hour? What horrible lepravity!"

"You men drink whisky, which is worse. Now if you interrupt me *once* again, I shall stop altogether, so there! Well, I went to bed, as I said before; my room is called the Clock Room, and it is in the Priest's House. I locked my door quite securely, but I could not sleep for ages, not a wink, though I was dreadfully tired from that awful tramp and my poor feet"—here the "Number two" shooting-boots pattered out pathetically, to emphasize her remarks—"simple *child*! I heard all you men go to bed, a nice row you made! Then I heard the servants go past, making those elaborate efforts to walk softly, which result in twice the noise of ordinary footsteps. Then I tried counting, but that woke me up all the more. At last I composed two new frocks, and the mental effort *did* make me drowsy, so I tried to recollect Dr. Monaghan's sermon—I was in Ballykinkope last Sunday, and that put me off in a few seconds."

"But, Miss Dimples, with your anti-religious convictions, do you go to church?"

"Of course I do. One must give whatever Protestant tenants one has a good example! Besides, at home I play the organ, and it's such fun composing the voluntaries. You can't think what a beauty 'The Absent-minded Beggar' makes!" She laughed merrily. "Now don't interrupt any more, or I truly will stop. Just as I was dosing off great heavy footsteps, coming up the stairs woke me up again, heavy steps like a big labourer with clodhopping boots would make. I listened, thinking I was safe, as my door was locked, wondering who it could be. The footsteps came along the

corridor and stopped at my door for a second, and then came on right into my room, as if no door was there at all! I can swear the door never opened, but the footsteps came right on through! It sounds very mad I know, but it's truly true, Captain Gordon. The footsteps went about the room for several minutes, and I nearly *died* of fright. I kept my eyes tight closed, afraid I might see something and expire, or worse still, my hair turn white in a single night! However, at last I could not bear the horrible idea of this thing walking about unhindered, and I got strength to open first one eye a teeny, weeny bit, and then both. It was quite light in the room, the turf of my fire had fallen in and was burning brightly. Well, I looked about, but could see nothing, yet all the time the heavy footsteps went on across the room to the wardrobe and back to the fireplace—the very boards creaking under the weight of nothing that I could see! At last, to my horror, the footsteps came over to the foot of my bed, and the ghost—yes, it must have been a ghost, I am positively certain—sat down plump on the edge of the bed, almost on to my toes. It is a great, big, heavy ghost, too, for it made all the springs rattle. Fortunately, the bed in that room is very broad—one of those great, spreading, hospitable beds, you know, and I was lying away from the ghost, with only my feet over to its side; so gradually drawing my toes up—Heaven knows how I had the courage—I crept softly out on the other side, and along the floor on my hands and knees into the corner behind my bath. The big felt mat the maid spreads for me to stand on was folded up there, and I wrapped myself up in it. There I sat all night shivering with cold and fright, whilst that horrible great big pig of a ghost lay on my bed and snored

and snorted most comfortably. You may laugh, Captain Gordon—I only hope it will go to you to-night—I did not feel in the least like laughing I can assure you. When the morning came, and it grew light enough to see, I looked over to the bed, fully expecting to see some hideous monster lying there; yet there wasn't a thing. My door was locked just as I had locked it; but on the second pillow—the one I had not used at all—was the impression of a heavy head, and all along the eider-down quilt there was the mark where the huge long ghost had lain. I would not sleep another hour in this house—no, not for a million pounds. It's not at all kind of you to jeer at me, Captain Gordon, for I am quite in earnest; and really and truly I was utterly unnerved and never so frightened before in all my life."

I did my best to comfort the poor little girl, who evidently enough had imagined an exceedingly alarming experience, which whether bred in her own nerves, or caused by some spiteful sprite, had succeeded in making her pass a very miserable night.

She was quite shaken, and had only just escaped a bad cold, as the result of her night out of bed, and was not at all fit for the fourteen Irish miles she must drive before she got to her own home; but in vain did I urge her to delay her going until the next day. She was stubbornness itself, and as the very suggestion of spending another night in Kilman seemed to give her pain, I refrained from further pressing, and led our conversation into lighter, less nightmarish channels.

The morning's sport was as varied and excellent as the shooting of the day before. The pheasants were nearly all

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wild birds, and were mighty strong on the wing. We walked over the most different land—bog, covert, marsh, and heather } succeeding each other in pleasant variety.

Besides pheasants we massacred a few snipe and many wood-cock; also the usual plethora of bunnies. Hares we saw, but O'Connell preserves them strictly for Mr. Blakeney's sporting pack of harriers which hunt in the neighbourhood. Betty promised me a day with them.

After lunch came a tender parting with Miss Dimples. She was kind enough to express a hope we might meet again, and murmured comforting assurances that she would keep me some dances at a ball, coming off within the next ten days.

I never knew if Miss Dimples did keep these dances for me! Anyhow, I fear that lucky beggar, Adair, got the benefit of them; for events crowded, and sent me back across the silver streak long before the ball came off.

Adair left Kilman after dinner that night.

He came into my room, when I was changing my shooting things, and began to chat.

"What a rummy old place this is," he volunteered. "You never were here before, were you? There are no end of stories going round about, ghosts, you know. Not that I believe in such yarns, do you?"

"You never found a moderately old place people did not say was haunted; and as Kilman is immoderately old, course they are bound to call it so," I answered sententiously.

"Yes; but sometimes you do hear most unexplainable rows here. Why, only last night, I'd have sworn some one was singing in a big cupboard there is in the room I was given."

"Practical joking, I should say."

"I don't know how it was done, all the same, as I searched the beastly place out several times; but no sooner did I get to bed again than the infernal music began once more."

"It's to be hoped your visitor had a pleasing voice," I laughed, at his injured tone.

"The song, if I could call it a song, was wordless—all a jumble of vowels, sung on a succession of minor notes, always ending in a particularly piercing tone that gave me a pain behind my eyes, and made me want to sit up and howl like a dog. I feel sure those poor brutes last night heard the same thing when they yelped. Oh! of course it's all rot. I daresay I dreamt it, but I thought I'd ask you if you had dreamt it, too. One doesn't like to ask O'Connell about the matter, for though he is the best of good chaps, yet he's a bit touchy on that point. I remember once he was very near knocking my head off, because I hinted at something being wrong in another room I was then in."

I assured Adair I had not had "the mysterious minstrels" in my room, and asked for particulars of his other experiences.

"Mind you," he began, "I don't believe in ghosts, not for a second; yet it is funny, I must own. What happened before? Oh! nothing much, only every time I got into bed I was rolled out again. Mind you, I saw nothing, though I looked pretty smartly; I can tell you—with a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other—only, as I told you, no sooner did I lie down again than the mattress, humphed itself up and threw me."

"A bucking mattress is a new and added terror to the history of ghostology."

"I pulled the badly old bed to bits, and at last yanked it all out on to the floor, where I slept in a heap. The man who called me thought me quite mad, or very drunk. However, I told him I could not sleep any other way, and cleared that day. O'Connell would not believe a word of the matter—of course, he did not tell me in so many words—but he laughed, and patted me on the back, and advised me to have four, instead of three fingers of whisky next time, and then I would sleep better. Madam O'Connell laughed, too; but promised she would never put me in that room again, and never has. All the talk of spirits is folly; but this is a very rummy place, there's no doubt about that!"

With this he left me, and when he had gone I regretted that I had not asked him if, by any chance, it was in the room I was now in he had been so rudely disturbed; but my mattress, as I punched it, seemed incapable of any such Buffalo Bill tricks.

When Adair had departed, after dinner, we talked shooting. I told shikari tales, and romanced over the tigers I had nobbled, giving the full account, from start to finish, of the exciting sport I had had with the late owners of two fine pelts I was giving to my cousin.

Half-past eleven came and went, heralded as before by the dogs; but in going over the stories of past hunts and big shots, we took no heed of time. It was past twelve when Betty left us, and nearly one o'clock before we thought of turning in.

O'Connell rang up a servant, and asked him if the house was shut up, and the household gone to bed.

"They have," said the man.

"Then you can go, too—I will put out the hall lamp," answered his master. "Now, Gordon, we'll have one more drink, and then make for bed."

We walked into the hall, and O'Connell showed me the old-fashioned locks and heavy chains that barred the doors, I mentally wondering how these chains *could* be taken from their staples, and dragged and rattled upstairs in Betty had described. Then he put out the lamps, and with "Nell," the fox-terrier, at my heels, and a favourite cat, of his following him, we walked upstairs.

He saw me into my room, gave my fire a poke and made it up, then, wishing me good-night, walked across the gallery to his dressing-room, and I heard him open and shut the door.

Left for the night, my first action, as it always is, was to lock my door. Then I put a candle and matches near my bed, and prepared to make my little friend "Nell," a comfortable corner.

The dog and I had grown allies. Betty said she was quite jealous, for "Nell" was a faithful old lady, who did not generally admit new loves into her doggie heart.

"It's one of Betty's tests with new people," O'Connell told me. "If 'Nell' does not growl at them, they are all right, if she does, nothing will persuade Betty that they are not burglars in disguise, and she will have nothing to say to them."

I threw my rug down again to-night for "Nell," who sat in front of the genial blaze, and turned her damp nose up to me in the trustful way that dogs have.

Wheeling a low roomy armchair into a good position for the light of the lamp to fall on my paper, I got my writing book, and, with my legs each side of the fireplace, began to write some letters, which, it was absolutely necessary should leave by the next day's mail. Up to the present I had really had no time for writing, but now it was business and had to be done.

My first letter was to a firm of naturalists who were setting up some maskhor heads and big horns for me, telling them to send two good specimens and a couple of tiger skins on to Kilman; next I wrote to my gunmakers about an express rifle I was in treaty for.

Pausing only to light my pipe—I can never get my ideas to run straight without the aid of my old briar—I began a long and rather intricate letter to my lawyer, about a monetary matter that had been giving me a great deal of bother lately.

Stopping to replenish the fire—the one drawback to these delightful turf fires is the constant need there is of putting on fresh sods—I looked down to see where the dog was, for I missed her from my feet.

“Nell” had disappeared.

I whistled softly and snapped my fingers. A faint tip, tip, tip, tip of a wagging tail told me her whereabouts. The fox terrier had hidden under an old secretaire in the corner, and had no intention of coming out. I called her repeatedly, with no result.

“Don’t be such a little fool,” I said crossly, kneeling down and pulling her out by the scruff of her neck. “You are not going to begin fresh pranks, I trust.”

“Nell?” big brown humid eyes looked wistfully into mine,

but the moment I relaxed my hold, she attempted to creep back under the secretaire again. However, I prevented her, and carried her to the bed I had made for her by the fire.

Then I was just settling down to my writing again, when a scratching at the door caught my attention.

I looked up to listen; the ferrier gave a veritable scream of terror.

The dog was sitting bolt upright on the rug, every hair of her coat bristling roughly, her lips drawn up, showing her brown old teeth, her ears laid back flat to her skull, her eyes fixed on the door, trembling with the same painful rigours of the night she had first been my companion.

The noise at the door continued. At first I fancied some cat or dog was trying to get in, but then I noticed that the scratches kept up a kind of time—one, two; one, two, three, one, two; one, two, three.

I set my teeth. The unknown exponent of the art of practical joking at Kilman had chosen the wrong time for a display of his pranks.

He was safer when he kept to the darkness of midnight. Suddenly awakened out of sound sleep in a black Egyptian gloom, a man is not so formidable a foe as when with a lamp lighted, candles burning, and fire blazing, he catches up a revolver that has often proved its accuracy, and goes forth to inflict condign punishment on the villain or fool attempting to frighten him. I was enraged at the dastardly way poor Betty had been ticked, and resolved that if "he," "she," or "it," who were guilty of these disturbances would only show, they would regret the hour that they tempted their mate.

My revolver was soon taken from the holster case, in which

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I carry it about. I assured myself that it was loaded, then walking across the room I unlocked the door and flung it wide open.

There was no one outside.

The landing and corridor were empty, and beyond, through the half open door that divided the wing from the tower, I could only see the blackness of the unlit gallery. When I listened, my straining ears seemed to catch the sound of a soft thud, then a rustle, then another soft thud going along the gallery, but as I could not see, I turned quickly into my room, and catching up the candle from the table at the side of the bed, walked out on to the landing, and through the door into the gallery, holding the candle overhead, and striving to pierce the dark depths below and around me.

All was still now, only my own breathing broke the silence. I sniffed the air—faint! a subtle, unknown, and horribly vile smell filled my nostrils, and sent me back quite sickened to my room. There was no more to be done, so I shut and locked my door, and turned with a sigh to my bothering letter.

"Nell" welcomed my reappearance with rapture and every demonstration of delight. She jumped on to my knees, and tried to cover my face with her frenzied kisses. I felt that she was still trembling violently, so I soothed and petted her for a few minutes before putting her back into her bed.

I had scarcely taken up my pen again, when a noise came from the far end of the gallery—thuds and brushings. Whatever caused the noise advanced right up to my door, and fell or threw itself once or twice heavily against the frame work. Then the scraping began again—one two, slow and

long scratches right down the panel. One, two, three; shottly and quickly succeeding each other; then a rustling or brushing noise against the door, followed by another thud and more scratching.

I sprang up, sending my papers flying in all directions, rushing to the door, unlocking it and tearing it open. The same sickening smell struck my nostrils; the mat that lay across the threshold was half turned back; but beyond this there was no more to be seen this time than before.

But most unmistakably I heard the rustling, brushing, soft dumping noise at the end of the gallery!

Should I walk across and rouse O'Connell?

This would entail waking Betty, and her being left alone whilst I carried off her husband to help in the hunt for this mysterious night-bird which was disturbing me. I was the only occupant I knew of the red wing, the O'Connolls alone in the blue wing, and in the Priest's House were the babies and servants.

Should I cross the gallery, I debated, go through the blue corridor, down the stairs and into the Priest's House, in search of the butler?

I had no kind of idea which was his room, and my endeavours to discover him might land me in nurseries with terrified shrieking babies and irate nurses, or in the women servants' quarters, where indignant and hysterical maids would call down vengeance on my devoted head.

Even should I succeed in finding the man's room, what should I ask his aid for—a burglar hunt?

But burglars do not scratch with their finger-nails, or people's doors.

A ghost hunt?

Then I should probably frighten all Betty's domestics into departing next day, besides laying up endless ridicule for myself when nothing came of it. How did I know that Oscar, the deerhound, had not been taught the clever trick of scratching and bumping in correct time?

There was nothing for it but to go back and await further developments.

I shut the door, but did not lock it, put my papers away, all idea of further writing being out of the question, placed the lamp on a chest of drawers exactly opposite the door, lighted every candle in the room and revolver in hand, stood by the door ready to wrench it wide open before the practical joker could have time to depart.

The first intimation of the return of my visitant was, as usual from "Nell," the fox-terrier. Again her coat bristled and her limbs stiffened, the same visible tremor shook her whole body, and her eyes once more fixed themselves with agonized attention on the door.

In a little, I, too, heard the bump, bump, bump, along the gallery, the rustling and brushing, the thump against the door. Then a sniff under it, and a long scratch, as if with a sharp fingernail, down the paint.

Breathless with excitement, I flung back the door.

In a moment I knew what Betty had meant when she said her hair "moved." For my flesh all over my body and scalp crept, and every hair on my head stood straight on end.

I must admit without reserve that I was utterly terror-stricken, and absolutely paralysed with fright! My hand holding the revolver dropped limply to my side when in the

full glare of the lamp I saw the Creature that squatted in the doorway.

No one who has not experienced the sensation can in the smallest measure understand the absolute weakness that came over me, the seeming cessation of the pulses of life the grip in heart and brain, the deadly numbness which rendered me incapable of thought, word or action, when I first saw that awful beast.

I heard a sharp yelp from the terrier just when the door swung back, but after that there was no further sound or movement from the dog, and the Creature on the mat and I faced each other in absolute silence. The lamp burnt brightly, the fire fizzed and puffed and my fascinated eyes took in every detail, every gruesome feature, of the indescribable Horror squatting at my door.

The Thing was about the size of a sheep, thin, gaunt and shadowy in parts. Its face was human, or to be more accurate, inhuman, in its vileness, with large holes of blackness for eyes, loose slobbery lips, and a thick saliva-dripping jaw, sloping back suddenly into its neck. Nose it had none, only spreading, cancerous cavities, the whole face being one uniform tint of grey. This, too, was the colour of the dark coarse hair covering its head, neck and body. Its fore arms were thickly coated with the same hair, so were its paws, large, loose, and hand-shaped; and as it sat on its hind legs, one hand or paw was raised, and a claw-like finger was extended ready to scratch the paint.

Its lustreless eyes, which seemed half-decomposed in black cavities, and looked incredibly foul, stared into mine, and the horrible smell which had before offended my nostrils, only a

hundred times intensified, came up into my face, filling me with a deadly nausea. I noticed the lower half of the creature was indefinite and seemed semi-transparent—at least, I could see the framework of the door that led into the gallery *through* its body.

I cannot tell exactly how long we thus stood, gazing at each other—time seemed to cease and eternity begin—but at last the creature gave a species of hop and landed well inside the room.

Then my hitherto nerveless fingers closed round my revolver—oh! the comfort its cold stock gave me—and covering the brute carefully between its prominent eyes—I fired.

A crash of lead striking the wood of the huge hanging cupboard, *behind* the object I aimed at, told me I had either missed, or my bullet had gone clean through the Thing's head. It did not seem one bit inconvenient or very troubling its vile countenance at the sound of the splintered wood.

I took aim once more, desperately determined that if lead could solve the mystery, my bullet should throw it.

I *could* not have missed, but another splash of the bullet in the wardrobe was the only result of the second shot.

My flesh crept again, and a stifling tightness clutched my throat. Either my eyesight was failing, or the creature was gradually becoming less distinct. Just as I was preparing for a third shot, it reared itself upright, and holding its arms rather bent it took one step forward, as if about to spring upon me.

Was it the trick of my hot aching eyes or not? I cannot say, but the horrible bestial lines of the Creature gradually merged into the grey, featureless shape Betty had described.

Overcoming the strongest physical repugnance at the thought of the Creature touching me I pressed my revolver right 'up to or *into* its breast—and fired! Springing back to avoid its "hands" clutching me, my ankle twisted, and I fell, something striking me a sharp stinging blow on the temple.

*

The next thing I heard was Betty's voice saying joyfully, "He is coming to, now, doctor, I am sure."

My eyelids seemed weighted as with lead, but with an effort I opened them, to see a man I could not recollect having ever met, standing over me with a pair of scissors in one hand and a roll of sticking plaster in the other.

Beside him stood Betty, and Maurice was supporting my head. I was lying on a bed in a small room I had not been in before, but which, from the whips and boots about, I guessed rightly to be O'Connell's dressing-room.

"You fell and split your scalp open against an iron bed-post, old man," said Maurice. "We got Dr. Charterly out to mend you up."

"Not quite as bad as that, O'Connell," the doctor corrected, smiling. "I expect Captain Gordon has had many worse head than this. There, that's as neat a job as I can make of it; you'll have to wear your hat over your eyes to hide the 'plaster,' or your friends will say you've been prize-fighting. Want to get up, do you? I would not if I were you, it's not much more than seven yet, so lie where you are until breakfast time, and try and get a sleep. Here, drink this up."

"Betty," I called rather weakly, feeling an insane desire to cry, "Betty, are you all safe?"

"Of course, Madam O'Connell is. Why wouldn't she be?" interrupted the doctor. "It's ruining her complexion, she is, stopping out of bed like this. Now, O'Connell, please, I'll be much obliged if you and your good lady will leave me alone with my patient. With your permission I will take a couple of hours' rest in this fine chair and then invite myself to breakfast with you, for I'm due at your dispensary at ten, so it's not worth while going home."

My Cousin pressed my hand, and she and her husband left me alone with the doctor.

I was beginning to speak when he stopped me. "Look here, Captain Gordon", he said; "I presume you want to get well fast? Then don't be bothering your poor battered brain with thinking. You've had a fall and a fright—no one else was frightened or hurt, and you yourself are not at all bad; if you sleep now, you'll be well when you wake up."

"Doctor," I cried, earnestly, "I must get to Dublin to-night and Madam O'Connell——"

"And Madam O'Connell and himself are to go with you —medical orders!", the doctor said, with a comical twist of his face. "I'm hunting the lot of ye away for a change, babies and all. So, unless you want to be left here all alone with the alternative of Ballyknaske Union Infirmary, get to sleep and be fit for the journey."

He sat in an armchair, wrapped a rug round his feet, and vouchsafed me no more words. My thoughts were confused and chaotic: but before I could arrange them the medicine he had given me did its work, and I went to sleep.

O'Connell was sitting in the room when I awoke, and a tray with breakfast things was on a table beside my bed.

My head was quite clear now, I was free from aches and pains and very hungry.

"The doctor said you could get up when you'd eaten some thing. But there is no hurry, Gordon, as our train does not go until three o'clock. Feeling pretty fit again?"

"I'm so awfully sorry, O'Connell," I began. He stopped me.

"I know what you mean, old man, it's no fault of yours, I suppose. Look here, though, about last night. It's Betty I don't want to have frightened, for it would only make her worse at frightening people like she doubtless frightened you. All her fault again, of course."

"What happened when I fell? I suppose you heard my shots and came in?"

"You let my three times, didn't you? I didn't hear the first shot. Betty did, and awoke me just at the second. I was half across the gallery when you fired last."

"Then you saw——"

He cut me short.

"My dear fellow, I saw nothing. I make a point of *never* seeing anything in this house. I simply cannot afford to. My father, grandfather, and their fathers before them, spent their lives here—deuced long ones, too, judging by my grandfather's. The ghosts were talked of then just the same, and no one was one bit the worse for them that I ever heard of. My idea is, if you leave them alone, they will leave you; so I have not seen, and do not see, and never *will* see, one of them. But with my wife, it is different! So Gordon, I want you to help me—do tell her a good thumping likely lie, and make her think you were drunk."

"Kenneth can economize that lie," Betty said gently. She had heard her husband's last words as she came into the room. "I know what you are talking about, and I know Kenneth was not dreaming, and of course I know he was not drunk. But I don't want to know or hear another word on the subject. We'll stop in Dublin until November is over and then—then we'll come home. I am so sorry, Kenneth, that you have proved to be one of the small percentage who—'see.' Many, many people come here, see nothing, and scoff at the idea of there being anything to see. You were less lucky. Now I'm going to pack up. Don't you go into the other wing again, the clothes you want will be brought you here, and the rest packed up. Now be a sensible man and don't go trying to remember about last night" (as if there was the smallest danger of my forgetting it), "but eat up your breakfast before you move."

"Betty's right," said O'Connell. "We won't talk of ghosts again. After all, what is the good? It all leads to nothing."

"Where is 'Nell'?" I cried, suddenly thinking of my little terrier friend.

"She is dead," O'Connell answered shortly, and I did not ask for more particulars.

QUEERLY MIXED VERDICT OF SCIENCE ON SPIRITUALISM.



UNDER the above heading, Mr. M. A. Lane, who is an acknowledged leader in scientific research and a deep student of sociologic and economic conditions, contributes the following excellent article to *Uncle Remus—The Home Magazine*. There can be no doubt that "strange vistas dimly open before us" and that it is possible the 20th century "will lift the stone from the tomb and point upwards to a life hereafter." The progress of spiritualism, aided by the earnest effort of sincere workers and investigators is sure to prove beyond cavil or question.

I go to seek a great "Maybe" (je vais chercher un grand peut-être) were the dying words of the incomparable Franco Rabelais, who was greater, perhaps, as a philosopher-physician than as a writer of coarse humor. Before Rabelais' time and since Rabelais's time, the question of a life beyond the grave has been debated with more genuine feeling than any other question whatsoever. The young materialist scoffs at the general popular belief in a soul and in a future state. He is content to die and "mix for ever with the elements, to be a brother to the insensible rock." He is satisfied to die and let it go at that. He does not even admit the soundness of Rabelais's great speculation of a possible "Maybe." For

him there is no immortal Something within the mortal coil. With death there is an end.

As he grows older the materialist is not so positive in his convictions. He finds himself coming around to the great doubt that disturbed the dying Frenchman. He finds creeping into his consciousness a formula such as this: "Maybe I do not know." He finds that in spite of the absence of demonstrable fact upon which to base a conviction to that effect, there is in his mind a very slight residue of feeling that death is not quite the end of him. Maybe.

One of the most significant facts of this new century is the presence in the United States of Dr. Godfrey Raupert, professor in the College of the Propaganda at Rome, and member of the London Society for Psychic Research. He comes as the special delegate of Pope Pius X to tell the people of the United States the position of the Church on the facts of spiritualism, spiritism, or so-called occultism, and his presence and his mission are of themselves evidence that the Church accepts the facts as genuine; that is to say, that the Church admits that apart from the fraudulent "manifestations" of fraudulent mediums, men have received and do now receive communications from intelligent beings who live in an invisible world; beings which can, and do, now, and then, take on a visible human form which can be photographed by an ordinary camera. Dr. Raupert has with him several photographs of this description and he explains the conditions under which they were taken; conditions which exclude the possibility of fraud or trick or deception of any kind whatever. Dr. Raupert informs us that the Church does not positively voice its opinion as to the origin of these facts,

and if this be the case, the Church has considerably modified its policy during the last forty years. Under the rule of P. IX the Church taught that all of the "phenomena," "manifestations," and the other facts of spiritualism—whether genuine, and not merelegerdemain or deception of other kinds—were due to the activities of the devil and his angels. Under the rule of Leo XIII no special teaching was given on this subject, probably owing to the fact that the work of the spiritualists was given but small space in the daily press. The "sensation" had worn itself out. And now, after half a century, the Church speaks again, but not in the old tone. It is looking at things with eyes of the new time; and what appeared simple enough fifty years ago appears to-day rather puzzling problem.

Modern spiritualism made its debut with the table-rap Fox sisters, whose most noteworthy successors were the Fox brothers; and in the interim came the mediums with whom the great English chemist and physicist, Professor Crookes experimented and studied. The newspapers of those days gave as much space to these matters as they would have given to a great international war. Spiritualism, with its mediums and its seances, swept Europe and America in great waves. It disturbed the Churches and industry alike. To some it came as a most consoling conviction; to others it proved an incurable irritation. The Church attacked it as the work of the evil one; men of science attacked it as an imposture and fraud. Several of the most notorious mediums were exposed by clever newspaper reporters, and then the daily press dropped the subject as having been exploited sufficiently. The "sensation" had died away.

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Spiritualism, however, had not died away. It had only taken on a new and surprising growth. In spite of the fakers and frauds, in spite of the legal prosecution and conviction of hundreds of mediums, spiritualism has grown steadily in this country until to-day there are in America more than 1,500,000 believers, or, let us say, persons who are convinced that its claims are facts. In other words, there are in this country, now, one and one-half million Americans who think they have positive proof that there is an invisible world in which the souls of dead men continue to live and feel and think. It is not a belief with these people; it is to them a conviction, based upon what they claim to be positive demonstration—positive as the demonstration of any other fact to which the evidence of the senses can be brought as a witness. In such posture of affairs, it naturally occurs to one to ask, what has science to say upon the subject? For of late we have got into the habit of referring all questions—even questions of finance and labor strikes—to the scientists, and if they do not believe all they say, we at least give them a respectful hearing. Has science anything to say about the genuineness or the genuineness of the alleged facts of spiritualism? It is true that there is positive evidence of the existence of an invisible world in which live intelligent beings who speak and act like men and women, and who occasionally appear in the human form under conditions which permit their forms to be photographed? The importance of the answer to these questions is obvious. If death is not the end of all, how nearly does that fact touch us all! If death is not the end of life; if intelligence and sentience persist after the body has passed into death and decay; if resurrection from

the dead—in a way—is not, after all, a mere superstition but a living fact, why then, we have hit upon the most interesting matter conceivable.

Spiritualism and its phenomena have been investigated, notably, by several men of science of the highest standing in Europe, and of these at least four have been convinced that the claims of the spiritualists are, in the main, true; there is to say, these four have been convinced that forces which can manifest intelligence do really exist in an invisible world, out of which they can emerge under favorable conditions and hold communication with living men. It is interesting to note that these four men of science are all in different lines, and that each of them has been a foremost man in his speciality. One of them is the already-mentioned Professor Crookes, chemist, physicist; another is Professor Oliver Lodge, psychologist; the third, Alfred Russell Wallace, zoologist, and co-discoverer of natural selection with Darwin; and the fourth is Cesare Lombroso, the most noted alienist of recent times, and the founder of the new science of criminal anthropology.

THEY HAVE INVESTIGATED SPIRITUALISM.

"These men have investigated spiritualism with the same caution and with the same scientific precision which they customarily use in the investigations of their own specialities and their verdict is that the alleged facts of spiritualism are in the main, true facts, and that the evidence is quite as sound as any other evidence upon which the physical sciences in general base conclusions that are not to be disputed. Here you have a state of affairs which no one, who is not moved by fear of losing caste as a man of science, or by mere stupid prejudice, will thrust aside with a wave of the hand. For

many years Crookes and Wallace have been the most prominent defenders of the genuineness of the spiritualistic phenomena. Their perfectly fine originality and power in their specialities have forced many men of science to discuss their peculiar convictions concerning spiritualism, but their eminence and ability have not saved them from abjuration. • •

Their scientific critics, one and all, assert that Crookes and Wallace were "fooled" by the mediums. These critics, not without considerable personal feeling, and in some cases plain vituperation, have scolded Crookes and Wallace after the manner of a vexed fish-wife. Assuming that the whole business of spiritualism is mere trickery and clever deception, they have no patience at all with the man who allows himself to be taken in. When invited to investigate for themselves they say "No," as if in a sort of dooms' blast which puts an end to the discussion there and then. They will not themselves investigate, and they will not accept the results of investigation by others—unless the results show that the "phenomena" are fraudulent. • •

The position of the critics of Crookes and Wallace may be stated so: "We have not investigated spiritualism and we have no desire to do so. We are convinced it is a fraud and no matter what may be the story of your own investigation you may bring to us, we reply: 'You must have been taken in.' There are no genuine facts in it, and when you say that there are, you are simply confessing your own stupidity and your own unreliability in measuring your wit with a charlatan. Keep out of it; let it alone. Or if you must go into it, do not publish your matter until you can show us how the thing can be demonstrated by laboratory methods." • •

This is the kind of criticism which has assailed the great physicist and the great zoologist for years; but Crookes and Wallace remained unshaken in their convictions, which grew upon them rather than the reverse, with time. It must be remembered, too, that they were comparatively young men, in the very zenith of their scientific power and fame when they began their celebrated researches in spiritualism; and although they have not yet been able to demonstrate their facts after approved laboratory methods, they have given to spiritualism a standing which, without their peculiar experiments, it certainly would never have had. The opinions and convictions of Professor Lodge are not regarded with the same keen feeling as are those of Crookes and Wallace. Lodge is somewhat of an all-around mystic whose work is as difficult to deal with as the philosophy of Pythagoras or Johannes Philostratus, but it is a distinctly modern mysticism which is making considerable quiet gain among a certain type of university men who, although professors, are only half-educated, lacking, as they do, the finishing touches of the laboratory. Lombroso has escaped criticism for his opinions of spiritualism because, perhaps, his perfectly original work in anthropology has furnished material enough.

Lombroso was requested not long ago to write over his own signature his opinion upon the alleged life after death. His reply was short but full of meaning.

It had been demonstrated beyond controversy, he said, that when men die there remains behind, in an invisible sphere an intelligence which can make itself known. This fragment of the man does not seem to possess the mental power or capacity of the normal man when in a living body.

But that a remnant ~~as~~ as this persists after the death of the body there is no room for doubt.

Spiritualism has been investigated by other men of science in Europe, among them Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, who has earned nothing but jeers from his fellow astronomers, probably because he seems disposed to throw wide open the gates of probability and, Frenchlike, to accept everything and anything possible; a state of mind which should commend itself to the cautious scientific man in view of the new theory of the ultimate constitution of matter, which has quietly undermined the whole foundation upon which physics and chemistry rest.

In our own country Professor James of Harvard and Professor Hyslop of Columbia University have given much of their time to the investigation of spirit mediums, and their conclusions seem to go farther than those of Crookes, while they are almost in accord with those of Wallace and Lombroso. The standing of Mr. James (at least in America) is unquestioned. He is easily the first of American psychologists, quite as capable of undertaking a scientific investigation as anybody. His accession to a little party of scientific men who are convinced that there is life after death is exceedingly gratifying to the leading spiritualists here and abroad, while at the same time it has created no particular stir among American psychologists.

Other American men of science, such as chemists, physicists, and zoologists, have not, I believe, examined Mr. James' work, but the fact that they are letting him alone is a most hopeful sign. Spiritualism, like hypnotism, has had a hard row to hoe, but perhaps, like hypnotism, it will in time

come in for serious and general investigation, although it is doubtful whether any special good will come out of such an investigation beyond that of putting the stamp of scientific approval on the "phenomena", or the reverse. Negative results have come from the work of several commissions—the Philadelphia one, notably—but negative results from such investigations amount to nothing. That fifty, or fifty thousand, mediums have been found to be frauds, does not invalidate the importance of one fact which is incontestably genuine evidence of an undiscovered country.

We have to consider, furthermore, whether scientific approval would be of special advantage to anybody in this same matter of spiritualism. No special knowledge of any kind is needed for the investigation of this order of facts. The verdict of a shrewd, resourceful man, no matter what his occupation, would be quite as trustworthy as that of a Lord Kelvin himself. "Test conditions," as they call them—conditions which make deception impossible—can be imposed by an intelligent business man quite as competently as by a chemist, physicist, or psychologist. Crookes and Wallace, it will not be disputed, understood as well as anybody the value of the "control experiment" in scientific investigation, and it is idle to charge that in the investigation of this particular problem they forgot or neglected the very safeguards which they were using every day in their own practical and theoretical work. Their earnest plea for consideration in this respect; their prayer asking their friends to give them credit in this work for the same caution and precaution which was freely accorded them in other work, is pathetic. Yet that credit has never been given them. "Dupe" is the word written

across all their labors. Thus we see how much has been accomplished by scientific approval as far as it has gone. And it is hard to say that the case for spiritualism would be strengthened, if all of the faculties, including geology and archaeology, were to be convinced, as were the two great Englishmen. The work of Charcot established the facts of hypnotism beyond cavil—facts which, until the work of Charcot, were in as bad repute as those of spiritualism are at present. Nobody now denies the facts of hypnotism. And yet how much farther are we along because of it?

There is one tremendous advantage, however, which this same scientific approval would give. It would stimulate research as to the *causes* of the facts themselves and thus, perhaps, push outwards the confines of human knowledge to illimitable extent. Specially fitted for such an investigation would be the physicist, not the psychologist or the zoologist. For if Crookes and Wallace, Lodge and Lambroso, James and Hyslop, have, in reality seen that which they so fervently proclaim they have seen, if Dr. Raupert is to be credited with having as much intelligence as an ordinary city detective, if pencils can be made to write by invisible fingers, (or other instrument of force) and a human form can conjure itself into visibility where apparently nothing was before—it is to the physicist we must turn for an explanation of these things and for a method by which they can be produced at will. Demonstration of that kind would be the most desirable thing that could happen to the human race; for, in its present state, science is perfectly bankrupt, its only asset being an agnosticism which, when regarded closely and face to face, is as hideous as the thought of annihilation.

The scientific argument against the probability of a life after death is very strong. If there is a life after death for man, it can with reason be contended, there must also be a life after death for all animal and plant life, for each individual cell in the body of a living thing, and even for the molecule itself when it splits into its constituents. Nay, even a life after death for the atom that dies, and life after death for the universe itself. If all this is not absurd it at least sounds so to one whose mind has busied itself with the disquisitions of modern science. Wallace overcomes these objections by a bold stroke. He holds (with somewhat tenuous support, it is true) that man is unquestionably a singularity in the scheme of things; that this earth not only, but this entire star system, has passed through an evolution which has culminated in the production of man; and that ages of evolution still await man in other states of matter.

This, however, is carrying speculation quite out of the reach of present possible demonstration. It is a dream of the future. But it is up to the spiritualists, or rather it is up to the scientific champions of the genuineness of the spiritist phenomena, to attack their problem from a new direction and to dig out a method of demonstration which shall not be at the mercy of the medium's changeful susceptibilities.

Professor James, Professor Hyslop, and the others, must find a way to conserve the medium fresh, so that everybody, who really cares to do so, can see the thing for himself under the conditions irrefragible.

If there is life after death the whole world hungers to see that most salutary and sweet fact proved beyond all

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possibility of doubt. If when men die there remains a intelligent, invisible residue, conscious and willing, in a invisible sphere here upon this earth, that fact, is the most important fact that any man can think of.

If death be the gateway to a new life, wider or narrower, higher or lower, the demonstration of that fact will alter the face of society and the lives of individual men.

Dr. Raupert and his mission are worthy of the most serious consideration. He urges upon his hearers the fact that several men of science in Italy have been for years quietly investigating spiritualism at the instance of the Church, and that the Church did not without due reflection decide to send a special delegate abroad to speak upon the matter. It sounds a note of danger for those who, unprepared for the task, would investigate the subject for themselves.

He calls attention to the well-known fact that the majority of genuine mediums (not the fraudulent, pretended mediums who prey upon the credulity of men) degenerate in health and mentality and not infrequently become insane.

These things Dr. Raupert tells us as from his own knowledge, and from that of his friends in Italy and in England. He is not himself a spiritualist, and he repudiates the spiritualists' theories as to the causes of the remarkable facts he recites.

He hints his belief that these mysterious intelligences that can take on the human form and converse, indirectly in human language, are not in reality the remains of human beings at all. If not, we should very much like to know what they in reality are, and this is the problem which science

must investigate and solve—granted that the genuineness of the facts becomes generally recognized

This is the new time. Strange vistas dimly open before us in science, in religion, in social and political progress, in industry.

Is it possible also, that the Twentieth Century will lift the stone from the tomb, and point upwards to a life hereafter?



MATERIALISATIONS IN AN 'UNDARKENED ROOM.'



AN old spiritualist thus describes an interesting seance in an issue of the *Two Worlds* in which materialised forms appeared in full light :—

On the 3rd September last I gladly availed myself of an invitation to attend a seance in a London suburban villa. The drawing-room in which the meeting was held is 32 feet long by 15 feet wide. The 3ft. octagon table at which we sat was near the front window. The curtain was hung across a corner at the further end of the room, ~~about~~ five or six feet from the floor. Behind the curtain a chair was placed for the medium should the spirits desire her to sit there. Materialisations are sometimes obtained while the medium is sitting in the circle in her normal condition. The medium is not a professional one, and there was nothing to pay.

On entering the room I was surprised at the absence of any special arrangement to exclude the light which was coming in through the windows. The front window, with its two narrow side windows, had only venetian blinds, and light from an electric lamp in the road came in between the laths, and also along the ends of them; and when the electric trams passed the light from their electric lamps passed through

the room. On the back window there was only a pair of curtains.

I have been at many materialisation seances during the past thirty years, with five professional mediums and with seven non-professional, but I had never been at a seance where less preparation had been made to darken the room. I felt inclined to protest that my friends were not supplying proper conditions for a good materialising seance, but I waited patiently the course of events, and I was rewarded by getting a unique experience.

We were six in number. Soon the medium became entranced and was led into the cabinet. That is, she sat in a corner of the room behind a curtain, but with light from the adjoining back window reaching her over the top of the curtain. We five were sitting near the front window, so there was a clear space of twenty-two feet from the table to the cabinet. As the spirits materialised the outlines of their forms and their movements were clearly visible against the back window with its thin lace curtains. We forgot that the magnetism from the eyes of the sitters sometimes affects the forms, and we sat gazing at the spirit friends as they came slowly along the twenty-two feet from the table to where they sat. As they neared the table the light from the electric lamp the road showed the forms clearly.

What surprised me very much was that when the electric tram cars passed along the front of the house and their strong light flashed into the room the materialised forms did not appear to be incommoded; or, at all events, not greatly.

The first form to appear was a brother of the medium. He spoke to the sitters in an audible voice, conversed

with them, answered questions concerning his spirit home, and gave some instructions to be observed at the next seance. He said, "It is really amusing to watch new-comers, they are so astonished at seeing everything so natural and so home-like. Many think for a long time that they are dreaming." He described my dear wife as being *very happy*, and named relatives who are with her in her spirit-home. He said, "She comes to see me every night, sometimes accompanied by our son or our daughter or by another bright spirit, who is not a relative, but who loves us and helps us." He also said that when his father and I pass to spirit-life we would be able to return with great ease, and will also be able to communicate with any one we choose to, owing to our having done so much to keep intercourse open with the spirit-world.

The second spirit to greet us was a younger sister of the medium. Before she passed on I saw her often, and I have seen her materialised several times. She kissed her father, and greeted me in the same way.

Then came my spirit daughter—light of heart and light of foot, bright and active—floating rather than walking round the sitters, touching each and showing her face to each by means of a luminous card; then, prancing delightedly about me, she kissed me repeatedly, and placed her cheek to my lips that I might kiss her. Pressing her cheek against mine, she held the bright, luminous card under our chins to show both our faces close together; then throwing part of her robe over me, she gave me a hug and another kiss, and whisked away.

Near the back window a taller form came into view. As she moved gracefully toward me I thought, "How like

my dear wife!" Yes it was her. "She came direct to me put her arm round my neck, and kissed me, fondly. I kissed her hand, her cheek, and her lips. She put her fine white drapery over me, and patted my back while I talked to her of old times; but she shook my shoulder reprovingly when she thought I was praising her too highly, to which reproof I could only say, "Well, but mamma, it is true."

Then came one to whom I am greatly indebted for her successful efforts on various occasions to improve my health and also for her aid in psychical photographic experiments. She passed to spirit-life 27 years since, at the age of 25; that would make her, by earthly reckoning, 52, but her appearance is always that of a pretty young woman. Her portrait is on page 7 of the 2nd edition of "Talks with the Dead," by Mr John Lobb.

When she was approaching the circle, and about fifteen feet from it, an electric tramcar passed, the lights from which flashed right across her body. She stopped and remained motionless a few seconds, then resumed gliding towards us and greeted each one.

Next came a very dear friend, the mother of the medium, who, in her earth-life, did a great deal to spread the knowledge of Spiritualism. She came to her husband, and remained beside him for some time, giving him healing magnetism by holding her hands on his back and his breast. She then came to me and cured me of headache by rubbing my brow very gently till the pain was gone.

Finally, there came a sister-in-law of the medium. Her brother was one of the sitters. She passed from earth-life

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when but four years of age—36 years ago—so, according to
out time, she would now be 40 years of age: but when she
was standing beside me she had the appearance of a young
woman of about 20 years of age. How nice to be always
young, and pretty, and good. Let wisdom and love go hand
in hand with truth.

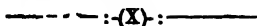
Then the mighty with the might and the truth shall be,

And come what there may to stand in the way,

That day the world shall see,



CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.



HOW SPIRITS COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER.

WE quote the following from an address delivered by one Dr Robinson through that mysterious medium, Charles Bailey and published in the Dec. No. of the *Harbinger of Light*

In the spirit world, we do not use writing, nor do we use speech as you speak to one another. We have, as it were, an universal tongue, but we do not speak to each other as you do upon the earth's plane, producing sounds from the larynx or voice box. The thoughts that emanate from the brain while you are in the flesh, when emanating from the spirit produce certain vibrations. Those vibrations pass from spirit to spirit, and take the place of language and spoken sounds. I hope that you get the idea. Per medium of the vibrations we, on the spirit side, may be said to hear, to see and to smell. The colours, the thought forms, the perfumes, and the sounds of the spirit world, are conveyed to us per medium of vibrations caused in the etheric ether. You will say, "I do not understand that expression—etheric ether." It is ether rendered doubly sensitive, and attenuated ether is the ether. It is perhaps, hard for you to understand and, possibly, you will not quite comprehend it until you get

into spirit life. There is a gross ether surrounding your atmosphere; the objects brought to this meeting are reduced to a gross ether, but in and permeating that gross ether is a finer, a more subtle ether still, which permeates that ether. It is this attenuated ether which is called the etheric ether. It is so sensitive, so fine, so subtle, that it produces sounds, perfumes, and enables us to see, to hear, and to speak. It is hard to be understood, you say that is perfectly true. It can be apprehended only by the spiritually developed person.

A REMARKABLE HOME CIRCLE.

The *Progressive Thinker* has been strenuously advising the formation of Home Circles, and an experience of many years with them has convinced me that these circles, when carefully formed, will ultimately solve the many vexed questions now agitating Spiritualists throughout the world.

For many years I have held such a circle, weekly, in a room devoted exclusively to this work, and the results have been satisfactory. The present circle is composed of three members, harmonious in their make up and devoted to the work. The medium is the president of a large corporation and is unknown to the public, Mr. F. A. Baker is a trained lawyer, and, being also an expert stenographer, he takes down *verbatim et literatim* all the instruction we receive; I am the third member.

When these spirit entities come to us, they speak on various subjects and invite spiritual, philosophical and scientific questions. Sometimes one entity will hold a medium for an hour, or even longer. As far as the personal identity of the

communicating spirits are concerned we have taken every possible precaution to assure ourselves and we feel satisfied on that score.

On Sept. 30 last, two spirits were brought to us for instruction and on their departure, Spirit Thomas Paine, who frequently honors us with his presence, took possession of the medium and spoke as follows:

Paine—Good evening, my friends! How do you do to-night? Well, I am glad to be with you once more. I haven't seen you for some time.

Baker—I think this is Mr. Paine.

Paine—Exactly, I am pleased to see you. I have been standing around here witnessing this little affair.

McA.—Did we do any good?

Paine—Well, there was an object in it. I don't know as I had better talk much.

McA.—Oh, yes! Go on. You are always instructive.
Mr. Paine, Do you think we have succeeded in enlightening those two spirits?

Paine—I guess you did. Now, my friends, it comes into my mind that I ought to say a word right here. You know that there are a great many people on our side of life who have impressions to do certain work, and they get a great deal of assistance from the earth side, and this is a benefit to them, and to show what sort of benefit it is to them, there is no better way than by these examples this evening. Now, these two entities have been brought before you to-night more especially for your own personal benefit and not by any means as showing what you are to do continually. They are samples of what is occurring daily on the spirit side

of life, to show you how they are permitted and encouraged and are helped.

You understand, do you not, that, first of all, light and darkness have no affinity for each other? Life is of a higher vibratory force and naturally is in a more elevated sphere. By nature they do not mix. Now, in order to bring this light down into dark places it is necessary that there should be a magnetic quality here that will attract it down and so, in that way, dispel darkness and let light in, so that the inhabitants of these dark places may see it.

It is, in a large sense, a revelation to them, and so soon as the idea gets into their minds that there is such a place outside of and above what they are in, then the desire for it, creeps into their minds, and when the messengers show themselves, by this attractive force which draws light down, it is like piercing the gloom in which they have been held bound and they struggle to get out.

So you see that the work that can be done upon the surface of the earth here, goes a great way toward creating a condition that enables these messengers to come into these dark places and to those who are there.

These things are brought to you to-night to show you the result of that kind of labor; not that you are to engage in it, because the work can go on without your being aware of every particular person or incident. That is not necessary, but as a concrete example of how they do the work is the reason it is brought to you to-night, and so that you can rest assured, with that bit of evidence before you, that it is going on.

STUDYING THE OCCULT.

THERE are several items of news relating to the occult in to-day's papers.

Dr. A. D. Deane last night addressed the Psycho-Therapeutic Society at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the difficulties of a general medical practitioner, who believed in treatment by means of human magnetism, hypnotism, and suggestion. Because his experience had led him to know up the power of thought and the finer or less evident forces of mind and body, some of the public had called him half a quack. Nevertheless, he felt the principles of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society were sound. One night into his consulting-room rushed a woman, anxious and breathless. "Doctor, look at baby." There in her arms lay the child, pale, motionless, pulseless. He said, "I am afraid that she has gone, but wait." And he leant over the child, passed his hands along it, and took hold of its wrists, for how long he did not remember; but it gave a gasp, soon it breathed, and shortly it came round. The mother had brought it a distance of half a mile in an apparently lifeless condition. Where did suggestion come in? They were only just being allowed to recognise thought as a force, but of the forces emanating from them, in connexion with them, and around them they were still in the dark. Personally, however, they were experiencing enough to make them hope for and expect much more.

"Science and the Unseen World" was the title of Dr. A. T. Schofield's address at the Victoria Institute, Adelphi. He said:

Whatever is meant by miracles, scientists are clear that they do occur. Every day the power we call vital suspends, alters, and modifies well known laws of nature. The constant movement is always from the occult and unknown to the scientific and the known, and innumerable phenomena, once regarded as the direct work of good and evil spirits, are now proved to be scientific facts, leaving, of course, behind them, again, an other dim series, in their turn at present quite unaccountable. For one, however, feels that, in view of the wonderful progress being brought to light and put to such remarkable use, many more of these mysteries of the unseen world will be cleared up, and the boundary between science and revelation made more apparent.

Dr. Stenson Hooker said that he could not come to any other conclusion from investigation than that there did emanate from the body a certain nervous force or invisible radiation which had been named from all time the aura, colored according to the disposition of the individual.

The "Daily Chronicle" gives an account of a seance under the most stringent conditions that experienced members of the Psychological Research Society could devise at a private house in Park-square, Regent's Park. Among those present were a well-known Duchess who prefers that her identity should not be revealed, Lady Warbeck, Sir Alfred Taylor, Mr. Wallace, General Sir Alfred Turner, Mr. W. T. Stead, two Oxford professors, and several members of the society. Sir William Crookes, who arranged the test as the result of a challenge, was, unfortunately, unable to be present.

The "medium" was Mrs. Clarence Thomson, who, with

her husband, recently gave at the Alhambra the performance known as "The Master Mystery." On arriving at the house Mr. and Mrs. Thomson were taken to separate rooms and examined by medical men. Mr. Thomson then dressed in a suit of Mr. Stead's clothes, and Mrs. Thomson put on a skirt provided by the hostess and a heavy outdoor jacket worn by one of the ladies present.

Notwithstanding this and other precautions, a figure draped in gauzy white appeared in all seven times, and a piece of curious drapery, cut off at the request of one of the appearing figures, could not be matched at any West End shop yesterday.—*The West Munster Gazette*.

N O T E S .



THE account published elsewhere of the ghbſtly pranks played at Kankurgachee, in the ſuburbs of Calcutta deſcribed with ſo much fidelity and minuteness, proves one thing concluſively. It is that there are inviſible agents who are ſo intelligent that they can open boxes, ſteal ſovereigns, and return them afterwards. Of courſe, this inviſible agent at Kankurgachee does not ſay that he is the ſpirit of a man. Yet we know from ghſts who play ſimilar pranks that they are ſo. .

FLAMMARION, the French ſcientiſt, has ſtudiſd the claims of ſpiritualiſm with care, and in his book "Psychic Forces" admits the exiſtence of inviſible forces, which produce the phenomena attributed by ſpiritualiſts to the ſpirits of men. In ſhort, to put it in plain language, he admits that there is a psychic force which is inviſible and which ſhews intelligence. He, however, ſays that he is not certain whether theſe inviſible and intelligent forces are ſpirits of men or other creatures of God. So far it is all right, but he ought to have added alſo that if they are not the ſpirits of men they are ſpirits, for they all claim to be ſo. So, according to the great ſcientiſt Flammarion, who has very carefully inveſtigated the

phenomena attributed to spirits by spiritualists, the following propositions are proved :—

(1) There is no doubt about the existence of the phenomena attributed to spirits by spiritualists.

(2) They are produced by intelligent energies, who are invisible.

(3) These intelligent energies declare, in a body, that they are the spirits of men, so they are either spirits of men or lying invisible and intelligent forces.

It seems quite clear, therefore, that M. Flammarion is, in his heart, as good a spiritualist, as Dr. Peebles is; only he does not choose, as a scientific man, to declare himself openly as one of us.

COMPLAINTS are often heard in India that mediums are very scarce here, while they are so plentiful in America. The reason is this : To obtain startling phenomena, by the formation of circles, requires patience and perseverance. Two very good mediums from England, Messrs. James Etheridge and Thomas Potts, went to Denmark at the invitation of a gentleman from that country. A Danish paper describes their seances thus:

"The seances took place in a feeble red light, but strong enough for all the sitters to see each other and the medium, so, at the commencement and close of each seance, left his place and stood up in front of the cabinet to give a short address. Seven or eight forms were seen at each seance, some of which came more than once. But none of them came right put into the circle, and only a few came completely out of

the cabinet. Among the most notable phenomena was that of a little girl who called herself "Widow" and is a regular visitor to the circle. She came to the cabinet, turned round and nodded in all directions, shook hands with the chairman, and touched some of the nearest sitters at their own request. An Indian woman, "Miriam," was also well materialised, and the descriptions given of her appearance by various sitters fully coincided. "One evening another" little girl, rather smaller than "Wisdom," was seen, and together with her the form of a very tall man. "They could not speak, so that definite recognition could not be said to take place, except that those who came near them once, such as 'Miriam' and the little girl, were recognised on their return. But the most important point is this: the two little girls, who tripped around, while their shining garments fell in conspicuous folds around their limbs, left no doubt whatever in the minds of the spectators as to the reality of the phenomena."

Now, how did the above two mediums acquire such wonderful gifts? Well, Mr. Potts has been a spiritualist for twenty-five years. He had occasionally taken part in seances with the table until nine years ago Mr. Etheridge became a spiritualist, and together they formed a small circle, which increased to twelve members. Seances were held weekly, but four years elapsed before they obtained materialization! So you see about a dozen men persistently sat for phenomena weekly for four years, and they at last obtained what they wanted. And what did they obtain? They now sit and spirits materialize themselves and come before them and company in good light. If they laboured for four years, their reward also is more valuable than the

acquisition of a kingdom. We are indebted for the above facts to that excellent English paper, *Light*.

"THE Watseka Wonder" is the title of a pamphlet which gives an account of a hundred-day, possession of a girl by name Lurancy Vendum. This pamphlet ought to be in the hands of every one, who is in search of conclusive proof of the truth of spiritualism. We have sent for the pamphlet for sale and when it arrives shall let the reader know about it. In this we find a girl, Mary Roff, who died twelve years before, possessing another girl (Lurancy Venum) and occupying her body for about one hundred days, all the while living with the parents and relations of the dead girl. This girl gave proof abundant to her father, mother, sister and other relations that she was no other than Mary Roff whom they had lost twelve years before. For the hundred days that Mary remained with her parents in the body of Miss Venum, she made the latter feel that they had got back their lost daughter. They tested her in every way and were at last satisfied that it was Mary who had come back and no other.

A HINDU gentleman of South India, a fond husband and the Editor of a newspaper, went to America to secure, if possible, a picture of his dead wife, though he had a photograph of her. Fancy, how Hindu India has fallen from her high estate, a Hindu going for a spiritual gift to money-making America from this country where the Yoga system was discovered! But that is neither here nor there. He tested the capacity of many mediums and at last succeeded in getting hold of that for which he had undertaken the voyage to America, viz. his wife's

full-sized picture! This feat was performed by the Bangs sisters. The lucky individual has kindly sent us an excellent account of his successful adventure which we shall publish in our next. Fancy a full sized picture was drawn of this Hindu lady in 24 minutes, before the husband, in broad daylight, by invisible agents!

In a lecture, Mr. J. M. Craig (vide Review, December 1908,) says -

Continuing my experiments in regard to psychic matters, I once had a most interesting experience here in Sydney. A lady, in great distress, asked me if I knew anything about haunted houses. I told her that I did not, but I had been in search of one for a long time, and should like to see one. She then asked me to form a circle in her house, as they were troubled with strange weird noises. She said that suddenly doors would fly open, tables turn round on their legs, and windows rattle, and altogether the house seemed surrounded by a most unearthly atmosphere.

"In company with a few others I went to her house and we formed what is commonly called a circle. No sooner had we sat together than I felt a most peculiar influence come over my head. The discarnate intelligence, as I recognized it to be, immediately started to place a pressure on the back of my head. I felt as though my head was being twisted from my shoulders, and for the first time in any of my experiences I was pushed off my chair on to the floor, though I resisted with all my might.

"After resuming my seat I felt as though I were going out through the top of my head, and in a little while I became

unconscious. My organism was then used by a discarnate intelligence who told those in the circle that he had been a seaman, and had died a violent death, his neck being broken, and that he had a daughter in Scotland with whom he desired to communicate. He had at one time lived in this house, so he thought he would come back to it and try to make the people give this communication to his daughter. The gentleman controlling the circle said: "Yes, but why did you take such an extraordinary method of making these people understand? You have been a perfect nuisance. You have not frightened them, but have made them very much inclined to leave the house altogether. In fact the place has a reputation for being haunted, and if these people had left would probably have remained empty." He replied: "I am pleased to have been able to communicate, and you can tell the lady of the house that she is a medium, and that it was from her I drew the physical magnetism that rattled her chairs and tables." He gave his name and also the address of his daughter in Scotland. Marvellous to relate, three or four days after, one of the sitters came to me and said: "I have found that which we were told the other night is true. I have been brought into communication with a lady who tells me she knew this man and he did live in this house."

Such manifestations are very common here.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

With the present issue the "Hindu Spiritual Magazine" will complete its third year. Subscribers are, therefore, requested either to send their next year's subscription by M. O. or to write to us and we shall be glad to send the March number per V.P.P. charging Rs. 6-2.



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